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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED DAYS, OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

WITH

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

FROM ALL THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"Ah! Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!" said Napoleon.—"How, Sire?"—"Are you not my Secretary?"

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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R.A. 11h. 6.9
Hercules
Aries
Taurus
Gemini
Cancer
Leo
Virgo
Libra
Scorpio
Ophiuchus
Sagittarius
Capricornus
Aquarius
Pisces
R.A. 23h. 59

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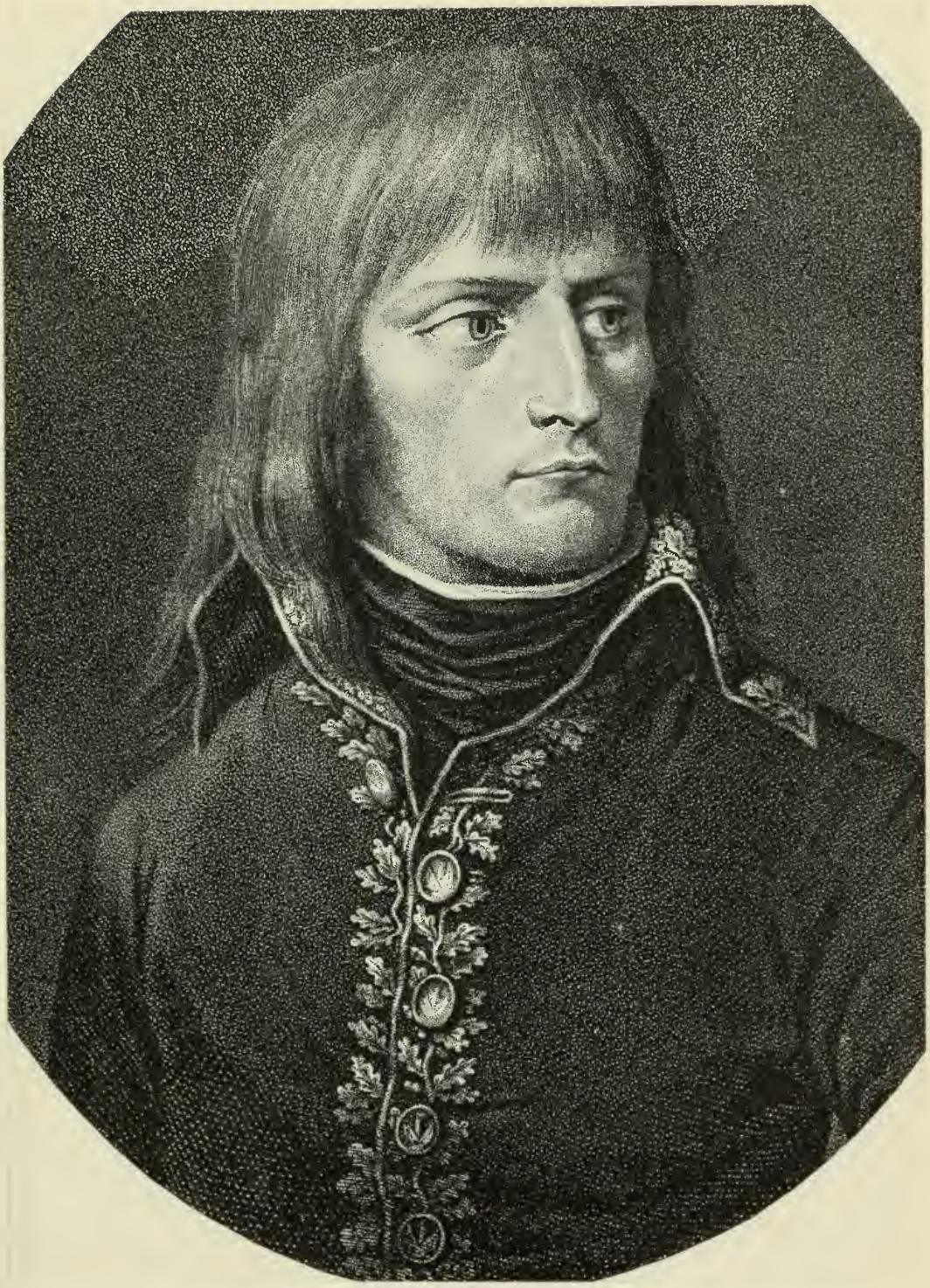

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

1800.

Suspension of hostilities—Letter to the consuls—Second occupation of Milan—Bonaparte and Massena—My conversation with M. Collot—Recollections of the 18th and 19th Brumaire.

What little time, and how few events sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention, concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me at Torre di Garafolo, the following letter to his colleagues:

The day after the battle of Marengo, Citizens Consuls, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts, requesting permission to send General Skal to me. During the day, the convention, of which I send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct of their army.

Bonaparte.

The only thing worthy of remark in this letter, would be the concluding sentence, in which the first consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words "Citizens Consuls," were evidently foisted in with a particular design. The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this, it was necessary that the two other consuls

should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the inferiors of the first consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that city was marked by continued acclamations, wherever the first consul showed himself. At Milan, the first consul now saw Massena for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable defence of Genoa. He marked him out as his successor in the command of the army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the first consul in that command. The first blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency, requiring the presence of a skilful, experienced general, well acquainted with the country. And, besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the cabinet of London.

On the eve of our departure from Milan, I had, with M. Collot, a conversation, which may conveniently be related here. In again bringing before the reader the events of the 18th Brumaire, I may observe, that M. Collot saw these events in a nearer and different point of view than that in which I observed them. I made notes of the conversation which I am now about to describe. Did I not mention this fact, M. Collot might naturally be surprised at the supposed fidelity of my memory.

On the day of our conversation, M. Collot had been on an excursion with Joseph Bonaparte to the Borromean Islands, and I recollect his telling me, that when he called for the new counsellor of state, he found him in very bad company. Be this as it may, the following are some facts I collected from the mouth of M. Collot, and which have not hitherto been related in the course of these memoirs.

On his return to Paris from Egypt, Bonaparte repaired to the Directory so precipitately, that the directors had not made up their minds as to the way in which they would receive him. He was announced by an usher. The directors, hesitating about what they should do, allowed him to remain a few minutes in the waiting-room. He became impatient, and went out for the purpose of getting into his carriage, to drive home again.* The directors being informed of this, sent after him. He returned, and in his way met one of the five sovereigns who was going in pursuit of him. On being introduced to their presence, he addressed them with the confidence of a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct, rather than to justify his own.

In the evening, M. Collot, who went a great deal into com-

* I did not accompany Bonaparte in this first visit to the Directory, and I was rather astonished that he did not relate to me what passed, as he was then in the habit of doing whenever he went any where without me.

pany, saw several persons who were of opinion that the Directory should have punished the insolence of the general; that they should have tried him by a court-martial, and have shot him as a deserter, and a violator of the quarantine laws of the country. But all this clamour was vain. Bonaparte had formed too accurate an estimate of the weakness of the government, to fear the adoption of any authoritative measure. Could he be mistaken as to the sentiments of France, when the acclamations, of which he was the object, were mingled with well-merited reproaches on the Directory?

On the day after Bonaparte's visit to the Directory, all the influential men eagerly thronged to congratulate him on his return. He could easily perceive that their wishes directed him to the helm of government. On this occasion, one thing which struck the general as very remarkable, was the absence of M. Collot. He directed Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély to write a letter to M. Collot, as if it were his own voluntary act. In this letter, Bonaparte instructed Regnault to say, "You would have been glad to have been in my pocket yesterday. You would, for the space of an hour, have received compliments that must have gratified you. You would have heard it affirmed, that you were a good, feeling, and benevolent man, and that you were the object of interest and esteem. All this was said by Bonaparte to Arnaud and me. Go then, and see him; he will receive you with pleasure."

Next day M. Collot called on Bonaparte. He found him in his drawing-room, standing with his back to the fireplace, surrounded by all the retinue who had been, on the preceding day, to pay their court to him, and sound his projects. Bonaparte listened, and spoke little, confining himself merely to such remarks as were calculated to keep up the conversation, and give it the direction he wished. It lasted three hours, and concluded with these remarkable words: "My situation is very peculiar. Many persons come to offer me power, as if it were at their disposal. If it were, they would have already seized it; *but that is no easy matter, particularly now.*"—"These last words," said M. Collot, "were pronounced in something like a tone of defiance, and yet with an air of simplicity which prevented them from giving offence." The circle withdrew, and Bonaparte detained M. Collot. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise that he took so little pains to conciliate the deputies, generals, and magistrates who then ruled France. The fact was, he conceived that under a rotten government nobody can possess any real power, or be of any real utility; and he would not accept the services of any party, to avoid being afterwards importuned by their demands. By accepting the support of any particular party, he feared he should appear, in the eyes of France, as the head of a faction, while he then sincerely aspired to be regarded as the peaceful restorer of the state, which was sinking beneath a weight of disgrace.

When we set out on the Egyptian expedition, M. Collot accompanied us; but he stopped at Malta on account of some little differences between him and the general-in-chief. If, on Bonaparte's return to Paris, M. Collot had called upon him, he feared he should be set down as one of the mean worshippers of fortune's favourite; and for that reason he waited for a letter of invitation; he explained himself in the same way to Bonaparte. "You had no such fear," said the general, "you had too well proved to me that you were neither hunting after money nor favours. Say, rather, that you were deterred by a feeling of embarrassment, or rather by pride; it was that which separated us at Malta. But for that, you would have gone with me to Egypt. You remember the letter you wrote on leaving me?"—"Yes, general."—"There was something rather pointed in it."—"If I had thought so, I would have thrown down my pen. It was the sincere effusion of my feelings."—"Oh! but it was rather sharp, I assure you. However, let us forget the past."

Bonaparte certainly did forget the past, as long as M. Collot could be of use to him; and he only recollected it when he found he could dispense with him. M. Collot saw the general every day, and the following is a proof of the confidence Bonaparte reposed in him: on the 16th Brumaire he said to him, "Collot, hire a house at Saint Cloud, and get it ready as soon as possible for a supper-party of five-and-twenty or thirty persons." M. Collot immediately sent a confidential person to Saint Cloud; the house was hired and got ready; and on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte said to Collot, "We shall sup there to-morrow."

M. Collot was acquainted with all the plots and intrigues that were hatched in Paris, as well by Bonaparte and his adherents, as by the men who acted in opposition to them. It has already been seen that, at the period to which my conversation with M. Collot refers, Bonaparte had formed the resolute determination of overthrowing the Directory; but, at the same time, he wished it to fall quietly. I knew this well; but being always confined to the cabinet of Bonaparte, if I understood better than any one his secret projects, I was not so intimately acquainted with what was going on elsewhere. It is therefore with no small degree of satisfaction that I find in my Milan notes, many interesting particulars. I there find it stated, that MM. de Talleyrand and Fouché were the first to testify by the reports which they circulated in Paris, that they were ready to enter into Bonaparte's plan, and that they could gain over Siéyès without difficulty. I also find that attempts were made to negotiate with Moreau; and, though his language indicated that he would take no part in the affair, yet his character afforded ground for believing that he would raise no obstacle to it. Nothing was said on the subject to Jourdan, Bernadotte, or Augereau. They were known to be too closely connected with the party of Saliceti, Garreau, Aréna, Destrem, and some other deputies. To-

wards them a certain degree of reserve was maintained, because it was known that they would be difficult to manage, and because it was also known that they were anxiously watching every motion of Bonaparte, and the persons who frequented his house. They foresaw that something was brewing against the government; but that government was sunk so low, that no one could venture to defend it, or even to acknowledge it; so that Bonaparte's antagonists, without a leader or rallying-point, were reduced to the necessity of looking to their own safety, under the vain pretence of fidelity to a constitution already violated, and to a Directory, which they were the first to despise. Against the projects of Bonaparte, they could not do more than they did; that is to say, make a noise; and in politics, nothing is more absurd than resistance, when accompanied by the conviction of its inutility.

Sebastiani, the commander of a regiment of dragoons, garrisoned in Paris, and Jubé, who commanded the guard of the Directory, assured Bonaparte of the favourable sentiments of those two corps. On the 15th Brumaire, every thing was finally arranged, for it was then ascertained that Bonaparte had no obstacle to fear. It was then that he directed M. Collot to hire the house at Saint Cloud. On the 17th, it was determined that Bonaparte should repair to the Tuileries at daybreak, and the troops, for whom the two commanders had become responsible, were to be stationed in the neighbourhood.

On the 18th, Bonaparte accordingly proceeded to the Tuileries on horseback, as I have already mentioned; and it is curious, that while all Paris was informed of this movement, the Directory alone was ignorant of it. Ouvrard, and Madame Tallien hastened to convey the intelligence to Barras, whom they roused out of his sleep.* They informed him that his guard had deserted the Luxembourg, and was obeying the orders of Bonaparte. Barras immediately rose, and despatched his secretary, Bottot, to the Tuileries, to learn from Bonaparte himself what was going on.

Bottot arrived, said Collot, at the very moment when the general was alighting from his horse. Here I will let M. Collot speak for himself:—"You cannot imagine, my dear Bourrienne," said he, "how Bonaparte looked when he saw Bottot. He went straight up to him, and apostrophizing him as if he constituted the whole Directory in his own person, said, 'What have you done with France? You know Bonaparte is not always eloquent. But I know not what genius inspired him at that moment. Sublime expressions and images flowed from his lips, in a torrent of eloquence. He described the state of France when he left the country; her arsenals full, her territory extended, her troops well clothed, well fed, every where victorious;

* The visit which I made to Barras on the night of the 17th in Bonaparte's stead, and by his direction, may account for Barras being in bed at this time.

he exhibited her adorned with triumphs, peaceable at home and respected abroad, powerful in every direction. Then suddenly transporting himself to our recent fields of battle, he pictured the soldiers, who, under him, were acquainted only with victory, lying dead on the scenes of their defeat. He painted in glowing colours the humiliated survivors of those disasters, returning to France covered with wretched rags;—our laurels tarnished—our frontiers invaded—our arsenals deserted—our fortresses dismantled—our magazines empty—our finances exhausted—the citizens discontented—disorder, licence, and oppression prevailing every where—finally, infamy and opprobrium resting on the palace of the Directory. All this was described in language so forcible and impressive, and pronounced in so imposing a tone of authority and grief, that every individual who heard him was filled with indignation against the Directory. Bottot was paralyzed, and did not open his mouth. He saw that from that moment the Directory ceased to exist, and he hastened to announce its fall to Barras, and the rest of his colleagues.

"You know better than I do," continued M. Collot, "what passed on his return to the house in the Rue Chantereine; but I regret that you were not able, like myself, to see the general in the council of Five Hundred. Assuredly, after the reception he met with on the 18th, he could not have anticipated the scene at St. Cloud on the day after. He entered, and was instantly saluted with the name of the saviour of his country. Such of the representatives as had been initiated the preceding evening, the creatures of Fouché, who had been sent beforehand to take possession of the saloon, hailed his arrival with unprecedented acclamations. The rest, surprised or intimidated, led away by example, joined in the acclamations, and then the decree was passed which filled us with joy, giving the general the command of the armed force. Had you been present at this spectacle; had you beheld Napoleon coming out triumphant, clothed in his new title, and certain of the removal of the national representation to St. Cloud; had you seen the chamber of the Ancients, and the chamber of the Five Hundred instantly abandoned, you would have felt yourself carried back to the period of the decay of the Roman empire, when the senators of Rome, compelled to acknowledge a prince whom they had not chosen, eagerly saluted him with the titles of liberator, friend of the people, father of the country, the divine, in short with all those titles which adulation invents, and fear repeats. You would have seen before you a living and animated translation of the most beautiful passages of Tacitus.

"It is necessary, however, to render justice to truth. All the praises bestowed on Bonaparte were not dictated by flattery. Many were the result of gratitude and admiration. Still more sprang from hope. France entertained no doubt of his genius, and was disposed to believe in his virtue."

This was the tenour of M. Collot's communication to me; but on looking over my notes made at Milan, I recollected a circumstance which I learned at the time from Regnauld St.-Jean-d'Angély, but which I had forgotten, namely, that on the evening of the day when Bonaparte gave so energetic a reprimand to Bottot, several persons who were powerfully excited by Bonaparte's language, assembled at Regnauld's, and endeavoured to reduce what he had said to writing, in order to send it to the journalists. After long efforts, every one was dissatisfied with his performance, and it was agreed that Rœderer's edition of the mass of ideas, which were possessed amongst them in common, should be adopted. M. Collot, to whom I spoke respecting the account which appeared in the Moniteur told me that it was vapid and faint compared with the colossal, energetic, and majestic picture which Bonaparte had exhibited at the Tuileries. However, I speak of Bonaparte's eloquence on the authority of M. Collot. I have already stated that his eloquence fell far below mediocrity on the following day in his presence.

Fouché's lynx eyes were constantly fixed upon the proceedings of the opposite party. He got information of their meeting, and hastened at ten o'clock at night to Bonaparte. He instantly convoked the principal actors in the enterprise commenced under such happy auspices. After having described the actual state of affairs, Fouché proposed that at the assembly of the next day, in which a new constitution was to be promulgated, only those representatives should be admitted who had already given pledges of their concurrence. "We will," said he, "issue tickets of admission. All who present themselves without these tickets, shall be excluded." This proposition was strongly supported.

But Bonaparte, who flattered himself with the idea of attaining power without any obstacle; who had been told till he was tired of hearing it repeated, that France wished to invest him with supreme authority; who felt that France had every thing to gain by bestowing it on him; and who, above all, aspired to be elected with a great appearance of liberty, declared that he would not be otherwise elected, and rejected Fouché's proposition, which appeared to him of too timid a character. Neither Moreau nor Lannes were present at this meeting. The former had been appointed chief of the staff, and specially charged with the care of the Directory, and Lannes had received from Bonaparte the command of Paris.

Fouché and several other influential persons, vainly endeavoured to overcome the general's scruples. They told him his scruples were puerile, and that he would endanger the success of an enterprise on which the safety of France depended.

Notwithstanding the force of their reasoning, Bonaparte remained firm in his opinion. Blinded by the success of the

morning, he believed himself certain of a triumph the next day, and put an end to the meeting by this short and solemn declaration: "I do not wish for power, unless I am legally invested with it by the two bodies appointed to delegate it." But night brought better counsel, or rather the events arose of themselves.

The members of the opposition, according to an agreement they had entered into on the preceding night, took care to assemble before their colleagues in the room appropriated to the council of Five Hundred, on the 19th Brumaire. The orangery was the place chosen for the purpose. As the weather was cool, stoves were lighted, and a kind of porch, lined with wadded tapestry, sufficiently large to contain about forty or fifty persons, had been constructed to serve as an antechamber, or lobby.

It is well known that at the opening of the sitting, it was proposed to take a new oath to the constitution; but I need not repeat what has already been stated. The reader probably has not forgotten that I was with Bonaparte when he made his stammering speech before the Ancients; but that being desired to forward information to Madame Bonaparte of what was going on, I did not accompany him to the council of Five Hundred. M. Collot was there, and it is impossible to describe the pleasure which Collot and I took, when, in a long conversation at Milan five days after the victory of Marengo, we exchanged recollections, then still fresh, respecting the strange and complicated destinies which had presided at the birth of a government already powerful, although it had not been in existence more than eight months.

I return to my notes. Fouché had great influence on Bonaparte's conduct, on the day of the 19th Brumaire. In fact, Fouché had discovered, by his agents, that the members of the opposition, imboldened by their first clamour, had despatched expresses to Paris, to strengthen the belief of their success, and to stimulate the zeal of their partisans. He informed Bonaparte of it, and urged him to precipitate the crisis.

What occurred in the council of Ancients has already been stated. The following is M. Collot's description of what afterwards took place: "On leaving the council of Ancients, Bonaparte proceeded to the Five Hundred, accompanied by his grenadiers, marching three abreast. He no sooner appeared, than all who were in the antechamber hastened to open a passage for him. He entered, but his escort, less favoured, could not follow; and Bonaparte, turning round, after having for a long time listened to cries of 'Outlaw him!' and other exclamations which resounded through the hall, saw that he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers, who alone had succeeded in introducing themselves with him. Astonished at finding himself thus alone, he regained the door, and descended

into the court, where you rejoined him. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, in the saloon of the Five Hundred, his party was not strong enough to save him; and if, the instant after, his bloody head had been exhibited at the balcony, and himself pronounced a traitor to the country, the soldiers, little affected at this punishment, would neither have demanded nor executed vengeance; but the opposition members lost half an hour in clamour, dispute, and abuse, and Lucien was dexterous enough to encourage and prolong this tumult.

"When at last Murat charged into the hall, at the head of the grenadiers, taking it by storm, as it were, Bonaparte's adherents, among the representatives, in order to accelerate the dispersion of the members, cried, 'The soldiers are going to fire! Let us fly!' At these words, the assembly, which just before was so bold, was instantly intimidated, and the members all fled precipitately. Those who could not get out at the doors escaped through the windows, which were not very high from the ground; and those men whose language had been so fierce and threatening, availed themselves of the darkness of night, and fled to the thickets of the park, or wherever they could conceal themselves.

"Among these prudent legislators a great many were attached to Bonaparte's party, but alarmed at the consequences of such an act of violence, they did not venture to return and range themselves under his banner. The members of the council of Five Hundred bore no slight resemblance to pigeons returning one by one to a dove-cot after being scared from it by the firing of a gun."

I related to M. Collot what passed at the meeting of the conspirators, and he completed the picture of the night of the 19th Brumaire, by giving me the following details, respecting the nocturnal sitting at which the consular government was riveted.

"You know," said he, "what noise and tumult accompanied the flight of the deputies, and what an ominous calm succeeded it. You, doubtless, are aware of all the difficulties which were experienced in forming even the shadow of an assembly. About twenty-four deputies, I think, of both chambers, were got together. That was the utmost. I recollect Bonaparte's anxiety during this time. His usual confidence deserted him for some moments, and he was much indebted to the presence of M. Talleyrand, who encouraged him. At ten o'clock, according to his wish, the sitting was opened. I was there. What a spectacle did this nocturnal sitting present in the place which had been so lately polluted by the presence of armed men! From this legislative outhouse proceeded the consular government.

"Picture to yourself a long, wide place, like a barn, filled with overturned benches, and the president's chair placed close against the bare wall. A little in front of the chair stood a table and two seats. There were two candles on the table, and

one on each side of the chair; but neither chandelier, nor lamp, nor indeed any light but these four candles. Imagine the pale countenance of Lucien, who was sitting in the chair, reading the new constitution, and at the table two deputies taking notes. On the opposite side was a group of representatives, indifferent to all that was going on. Most of them were reclining on three benches; one of which served as a seat, another as a footstool, and a third as a pillow. Amongst them, in the same position, were mingled indiscriminately some private individuals, who took an interested part in the business of the day. At a little distance behind were some servants, who had come in to shelter themselves from the cold, and were sleeping while they waited for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus which gave a new government to France.

"I must, however, acknowledge that amongst these ephemeral senators who disposed of the destiny of France, if some followed the dictates of ambition, cupidity, or perhaps fear, most of those with whom I had occasion to converse during the day, and since, were influenced by a more noble motive—the desire of preserving the state from a fatal crisis, and by meeting together to give at least an appearance of legality to the consular committee.

"Be this as it may, you know to what a state of disorganization, contempt, and wretchedness France was reduced. She required a powerful hand to rescue her from the abyss into which she had fallen. No other hand than Bonaparte's could have raised her up.

"I stayed till the conclusion of the sitting, which lasted till midnight. I then retired to the house which I had hired, by Bonaparte's direction, and, as you may suppose, there were little thoughts of the supper which I had ordered. However, eight or ten persons came in, amongst whom were M. de Talleyrand, M. de Semonville, Regnauld de St.-Jean-d'Angély, and Arnaud. The others who had been invited hastened back to Paris, harassed with fatigue, and impatiently looking forward to the following day.

"The morning was ushered in more calmly than could have been hoped for. The vanquished party, not daring to rally, remained in quiet and timid retirement. Indeed, as you know, some members of that party greeted Bonaparte with the title of consul. I recollect that the man whom Bonaparte saw return to him with most satisfaction was Augereau; and that Bernadotte was the one whom he was most vexed not to see among his adherents. I never could imagine why Bonaparte, who had the power of choosing his colleagues, should have selected Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, for they enjoyed no share of public favour. Siéyès, however, was not for a moment deceived as to what would be the result. On quitting the first consul, he said, in a tone of simplicity, 'Really, I believe that this man

MURAT.

From an engraving by Rosmcesler, after Gros.

Zwickau (no date).

is working for himself,' and on parting from the second consul, he observed, ' We have given ourselves a master.' Two months after the master dismissed them both with a little gold, tainted by corruption.

" Do you think," asked M. Collot, " that the first consul and Fouché will agree long?"—" I don't know, but I fear they will; for Fouché exercises an ascendancy over him which I cannot understand. But then it must be acknowledged, he is of great use to him, and informs him accurately of all that is said of him." —" And, perhaps, of some things that are not said of him. I suspect Fouché has had some share in the coolness which Bonaparte now shows to me. You remember how alarmed he was, on his return from Egypt, at finding Fouché at the head of the police. To Bonaparte's imagination, Fouché always appeared accompanied by a train of terrors. Some friends of Bonaparte, astonished that he afterwards chose Fouché, and aware of the sinister impression that such a choice would produce in Paris, spoke to him on the subject. I was one of those persons, and I perceived, from the indifference with which he listened to my representations, without making any reply, that he was already the dupe of the fox's wiles."

The foregoing is, if not the literal text, at least the faithful import of my conversation with M. Collot at Milan.*

* At this crisis of his fortunes Napoleon owed almost every thing to his brother Lucien and Murat. Some fourteen years later when the *Emperor* quarrelled with the *King of Naples*, Murat wrote a stinging letter to Bonaparte, in which he reminded him that he (Murat) had kept up his flagging courage on the 19th Brumaire, when a want of confidence and decision must have proved fatal. We shall introduce a version of this letter, which is in every way a remarkable production, at a future stage of our labours. The letter is given by General Colletta in his excellent history of the kingdom of Naples.—*Editor.*

CHAPTER II.

1800.

Letter from Lucien to Joseph Bonaparte—The first consul's return to Paris—Accidents on the road—Difficulty of gaining lasting fame—Assassination of Kleber—Situation of the terrace on which Kleber was stabbed—Odious rumours—Arrival of a courier—A night scene—Bonaparte's distress on perusing the despatches from Egypt.

WHILST victory confirmed, in Italy, the destinies of the first consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France.

They loved money, as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien, to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin,

shows how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the opinion that family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had Bonaparte, like Desaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is, besides, curious to observe the philosopher Lucien causing *Te Deum* to be chanted, with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien's letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics, and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

June 24th.

I send you a courier; I particularly wish that the first consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty-four hours beforehand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The people wish to prepare triumphal arches for him, and he must not disappoint them.

At my request Te Deum was chanted yesterday. There were sixty thousand persons present.

The intrigues at Auteuil continue. It has been found difficult to decide between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter in marriage to me. Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I do not know yet whether the high priest* has decided for one party or the other. I believe that he would cheat them both for an Orleans, and your friend of Auteuil was at the bottom of it all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the high priest certainly spent three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to us, had the victory of Marengo closed the first consul's career, we should now have been in banishment.

Your letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry you have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect peace as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the first consul. The family is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Morfontaine. Why do you return with the first consul? Peace! and Italy!! Think of our last interview. Ever yours.

On the margin is written—

Read the letter addressed to the consul, and give it to him after you have *carefully closed it.*

Forward the enclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to him for a month.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

The first consul, confirmed in his power by the victory of

The Prince de Talleyrand is alluded to here.

Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan, to settle the affairs of Italy. He directed me to furnish Madame Grassini with money to pay her expenses to Paris.* We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. In passing over Mount Cenis we observed the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to meet her husband. The first consul, on recognising the lady, stopped his carriage and congratulated her on the gallant conduct of her husband at the battle of Marengo. The first consul stopped at Turin for some hours, and inspected the citadel which had been surrendered to us in pursuance of the capitulations of Alessandria.

On our arrival at Lyons, we alighted at the *Hôtel des Célestins*, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel, obliged Bonaparte to show himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings destined to efface one of the disasters of the revolution.

Previous to the performance of this ceremony he dictated the following letter to the consuls :

Citizen Consuls,

I have arrived at Lyons, and intend to stop here to lay the first stone of the square of Bellecour, which is about to be rebuilt. This circumstance alone delays my arrival in Paris ; but I could not withstand the desire of hastening the restoration of a place which I have seen so beautiful, and which now presents so melancholy an aspect. They give me hopes that it will be entirely finished in two years.

I trust that before that time the commerce of this city, which was the pride of Europe, will have resumed its original prosperity.

Bonaparte.

We left Lyons that evening, and continued our journey by the way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town, the inhabitants gave way to frantic demonstrations of joy. I never saw a more captivating sight than that which was presented by a group of beautiful young females, crowned with flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the revolution had renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The first consul's carriage broke down between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a courier to inform my mother that he would stop at her house till his carriage was re-

* The first consul saw Madame Grassini at a concert at Milan, and was struck with her beauty. He was introduced to her, and at the expiration of a few weeks the conqueror of Italy counted one conquest more. Madame Grassini proceeded to Paris, where she subsequently became one of the singers of the court concerts.—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

paired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and as we were driving at a very rapid pace, the carriage was overturned on the bridge, at a short distance from Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The first consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt, by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, the 2d of July.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative when travelling; and as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, from Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "that you have already, done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," resumed he, "I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but, for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history." He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading; and the duration of a reign or of a life, is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and all the devastations of Timur and Genghis Khan. We are, indeed, acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

On the very day when Desaix fell on the field of Marengo, Kleber was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleyman Haleby, who stabbed him with a dagger, and by that blow decided the fate of Egypt. Thus was France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, deprived of two of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kleber, and the first consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable. I have a few words to say, respecting the tragical death of Kleber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kleber lived after his departure, had a terrace leading from a saloon to an old reservoir or cistern, from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into the garden. This terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Beguyeh, which was to the right on coming out of the saloon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favourite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him. I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even showed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to at-

OM THE PAINTING BY HORACE DE CALLIAS. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KLÉBER AT CAIRO, JUNE 14, 1800.

tempt his life, and then escape, either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kleber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.*

I shall not stop to refute all the infamous rumours which were circulated respecting Kleber's death. When the first consul received the unexpected intelligence, he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and, on reading the particulars of the assassination, he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir —a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kleber's talents —the fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavoured to transmit to him, repel at once the horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

It is very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kleber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Desaix. Kleber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kleber spoke of him, which

* The Duke of Rovigo, in his Memoirs, gives a more minute account of the assassination of Kleber. It is as follows:

"Kleber was walking one morning upon the terrace of his garden, and in conversation with an architect respecting certain plans of improvements which he contemplated for his residence, when his attention was drawn to a wretched fellah (a peasant), who had just issued from a group of fig-trees almost in a state of nudity, and who handed, on his knees, a folded paper to the general: the architect had turned his head to the other side of the terrace whilst Kleber was unfolding the paper. The wretch availed himself of this moment to stab Kleber to the heart with a dagger which he had kept concealed under his cloak, and repeated the blows until Kleber fell to the ground. The architect, Protain, ran up with the measure he held in his hand; but having also received a wound, was unable to lay hold of the assassin: his cries, however, drew people to the spot; but it was too late; Kleber was expiring. The fellah was found concealed in the garden, and arrested: he was interrogated, brought to trial, and condemned to death. He met the punishment of having his right hand cut off, and of being empaled, with the same indifference which he had displayed in the perpetration of the crime. This fellah was, at most, eighteen or twenty years of age: he was a native of Damascus, and declared that he had quitted his native city by command of the grand vizier, who had intrusted him with the commission of repairing to Egypt, and killing the grand sultan of the French; that for this purpose alone he had left his family, and performed the whole journey on foot, and had received from the grand vizier no other money than what was absolutely requisite for the exigences of the journey. On arriving at Cairo, he had gone forthwith to perform his devotions in the great mosque, and it was only on the eve of executing his project that he confided it to one of the scherifs of the mosque."—*Editor.*

was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Kleber said to me, "That little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villanous expedition he has involved us in." Kleber often made the same remark to others, as well as to me. I am not certain that it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others, did not spare Kleber.

Kleber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded, for his country's sake, the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was what might be called a grumbler by nature; yet he never evinced discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was indeed courage personified. One day, when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!"—"Why," replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to France. He was convinced, that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy, or a powerful government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe, than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and before the ruins of Syria. Kleber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and he was not blind to any of his faults.

Bonaparte alleged that Kleber said to him, *General, you are as great as the world!* Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kleber's character. He was too sincere to say any thing against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to keep Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kleber to *speak*, because he *acted* at the same time. He knew that Kleber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish to his views and plans. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris. Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence, gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuileries. In his hurry, the first consul could not wait to rouse a servant to call me up. I had informed him, some days before, that if he should want me during the night, he must send for me to the

Kléber.

Kléber

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corridor, as I had changed my bedchamber, on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself, and instead of knocking at my door, knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door, to his surprise beheld the first consul, in his gray great-coat, and holding a candle in his hand. There was a little step leading into the room, and Bonaparte, not being aware of it, slipped, and nearly fell. "Where is Bourrienne?" exclaimed he. My secretary, amazed at this unexpected apparition, stammered out, "How!—General!—Is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne, I say?" The secretary pointed out my door, and Bonaparte, having apologized for disturbing him, I speedily dressed myself, and we went down stairs. The first consul threw on the table the immense packet of despatches which he had just received. They had been fumigated, and steeped in vinegar. When he read the announcement of the death of Kleber, the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind. I read in his face, *Egypt is lost!*

CHAPTER III.

1800—1801.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria—An emigrant's letter—Domestic details—The bell—Conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Harrel, and others—Bonaparte's visit to the opera—Arrests—Harrel appointed commandant of Vincennes—The Duke d'Enghien's foster-sister—The 3d Nivose—First performance of Haydn's Creation—The infernal machine—Congratulatory addresses—Arbitrary condemnations—M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished—M. Truguet—Bonaparte's hatred of the jacobins explained—The real criminals discovered—Justification of Fouché—Execution of St. Regent and Carbon.

The happy events of the campaign of Italy had been crowned by an armistice, concluded on the 5th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavoured to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the first consul, is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest, was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant, who had fled to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars, relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th of July, 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains:

I trust, general, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an affair should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with money, and he asked me for twenty-five louis, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had no opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and, previous to the breaking out of the revolution, I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.

I am sorry, general, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But, such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where every thing is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.

At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, without interruption, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on the scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants; I say emigrants, for I am obliged to be one against my will.

I read this letter to the first consul, who immediately said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel, that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the convention have done! I can never repair it all." Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done immediately.

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken, of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not

improperly be called *domestic*, and afterwards describe a conspiracy, which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

At the Tuileries, where the first consul always resided during the winter, and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand saloon was situated between his cabinet and the room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When in this audience-chamber, if he wanted any thing, or had occasion to speak to any body, he pulled a bell, which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the first consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rang, it was usually for the purpose of making some inquiry of me, respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and saloon to answer the bell, and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by this running about, Bonaparte, without saying any thing to me, ordered the bell to be altered, so that it should ring within the cabinet, and exactly above my table. Next morning, when I entered the cabinet, I saw a man mounted upon a ladder. "What are you doing there?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, sir." I called Landoire, and asked him who had given the order. "The first consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to call the first consul, and read the papers to him, I said, "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake, I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: who then could it be for?"—"What a stupid fellow that Landoire is!" said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambacérès was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said, "The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger, were those of the sculptor Céracchi, and of the fanatic of Schœnbrun." I was not at Schœnbrun at the time; but I am convinced that

Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed, on unquestionable authority, that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Staps, and felt the hilt of the dagger under his cloak. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young illuminato, who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain, that, on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena Narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic, more dangerous than Staps, attempted the life of Napoleon.*

The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Cérachi's conspiracy.

The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the first consul had been exposed.

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow, called Harrel; he had been a *chef de bataillon*, but he had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the first consul, who, on his part, was no friend to Céracchi and Aréna, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the first consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the opera.

On the 20th of September, 1800, Harrel came to me at the Tuileries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act, if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I however could not reject, without incurring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the first consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention the affair to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the first consul, who was not sorry to find Aréna and Céracchi deeply committed. But the time passed on, and nothing was done. The first consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that he had no money to purchase

* At the time of this second attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madman who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, what were his plans, and what was the result of them.

arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say, that the gunsmith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now found necessary to communicate the business to Fouché, in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gunsmith, which I was not empowered to do.

On the evening of the 10th of October, the consuls, after the breaking up of the council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them, in my presence, whether they thought he ought to go to the opera. They observed, that, as every precaution was taken, no danger could be apprehended; and that it was desirable to show the futility of attempts against the first consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a great-coat over his green uniform, and got into his carriage, accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre, between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour, the first consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the lobby. Scarcely had I left the box than I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the first consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries. Harrel's name was again restored to the army-list, and he was appointed commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster-sister to the unfortunate prince, and that she recognised him when he entered the prison, which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

With regard to the conspiracy of Céracchi and Aréna, it is certain that its object was to take the first consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could further the accomplishment of their atrocious design. The plot, however, was known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion.

Carbonneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Céracchi and Aréna, and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivose, I shall relate these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance, they were, at least, alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life, as if with the view of rendering his resemblance to Cæsar so complete, that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the royalist

party, and, in their wish to destroy the first consul, they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivose, for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and secondly, because conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases, confession can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous; viz., the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes influenced the conspirators of the 3d Nivose, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated *infernal!*

On the 3d Nivose, the first performance of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation took place at the opera, and the first consul had expressed his intention of being present. I did not dine with him that day; but as he left me, he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the opera to-night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the carriage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the masterpieces of the German school of composition. I got to the opera before Bonaparte, who, on his entrance, seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eyes of all present were fixed upon him, and he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the first consul, on his way to the opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated, in the Rue St. Nicaise, by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape, added Lauriston, "the coachman, having turned the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, stopped to take the first consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'Drive to the opera.'"*

* The following particulars respecting the affair of the infernal machine are related by Rapp, who attended Madame Bonaparte to the opera. He differs from Bourrienne as to the total ignorance of the police:

"The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessières, the aide-de-camp on duty, and Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Placenza, were all assembled in the saloons, while the first consul was writing in his closet. Haydn's oratorio was to be performed that evening; the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort piquet was ordered out; and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessières and the aide-de-camp on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. 'Allow me to observe, Madame,' said I, 'that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance.' She good humouredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation, we heard Napoleon depart. 'Come, sister,' said Madame Murat, who was impatint to get to the theatre; 'Bonaparte is going.' We stepped into the carriage: the first consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the Place Carrousel.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE-MARIE DUBUFE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, DUKE OF OTRANTO.

On hearing this, I immediately left the theatre, and returned to the place, under the expectation that I should speedily be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home, and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris, the grand saloon, on the ground floor, was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. "This," exclaimed he, vehemently, "is the work of the jacobins: they have attempted my life! . . . There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair! . . . . . I know what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers, who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cut-throats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial, are the authors of all the crimes committed against established governments! If they cannot be checked, they must be crushed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte pronounced these words. In vain did some of the councillors of state, and Fouché in particular, endeavour to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty, it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated, with increased violence, what he had before said of the jacobins; thus adding, not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

Fouché had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the ministers endeavouring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the first consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event, was a circumstance not very favour-

We drove after it; but we had scarcely entered the Place when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. Saint-Regent, or his French servant, had stationed himself in the middle of the Rue Nicaise. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water-carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre, and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report; the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted, and crossed the Rue Nicaise, which was strewed with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the consul nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre, Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. 'Josephine,' said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. 'The rascals,' said he, very coolly, 'wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the oratorio.'"—*Memoirs of General Count Rapp.* (*Editor.*)

able to Fouché. He, however, was like the reed in the fable; he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skilful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accosted.

Fouché, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me clearly to understand, that he did not think the jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the first consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouché," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouché's conduct now."

On the day after the explosion of the infernal machine, a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuileries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris, and came at their head to wait on the first consul. In his reply to their address, Bonaparte said, "As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me, personally, I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. Some of these wretches, who have libelled liberty, by perpetrating crimes in her name, must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conversed with the ministers, the councillors of state, &c., on the event of the preceding day: and as all knew the first consul's opinion of the authors of the crime, each was eager to confirm it. The council was several times assembled, when the senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouché, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the first consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time, the journals were filled with recollections of the revolution, raked up for the purpose of connecting with past crimes, the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed, that a hundred persons should be banished; and the senate established its character for complaisance by passing a *senatus consultum*, conformable to the wishes of the first consul.

A list was drawn up of the persons styled jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several, whose opinions had, perhaps, been violent, but whose education and private character presented claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When, in 1815, Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris,

M. Tissot came to the prefecture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum, assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer, yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiments of generosity and honour! I shall never forget the way in which the author of the "Essays on Virgil" uttered the words *Domus mea.*

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this, I shudder to think of the way in which men, utterly innocent, were accused of a revolting crime without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinions, perhaps, only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the consuls, dated 4th of January, 1801, confirmed by a *senatus consultum* on the next day, banished from the territory of the republic, and placed under special inspectors, one hundred and thirty individuals, nine of whom were merely designated by the qualification of Septembrizers.

The exiles, who, in the reports and in the public acts, were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes with so much indignation, that the military were compelled to interfere, to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the consuls, few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed, that without denying the government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies, he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that——— Here the first consul, interrupting him, exclaimed, "To what pamphlets do you allude?"—"To pamphlets which are publicly circulated."—"Name them!"—"You know them as well as I do."*

After a long and angry ebullition, the first consul abruptly dismissed the council. He observed that he would not be duped; that the villains were known; that they were Septembrizers, the hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting, three days before, "If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The event is, to me, merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2d September, for the 31st May, for Babœuf's conspiracy—or any thing else."

On leaving one of the sittings of the council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me, that he had been a little ruffled; that he had said, a violent blow must be struck; that blood must be spilt; and that as many of the guilty should be shot, as there had been victims

* The *parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte,* of which I shall speak in the ensuing chapter, is here alluded to.

of the explosion (from fifteen to twenty); that two hundred should be banished, and the republic purged of these scoundrels.

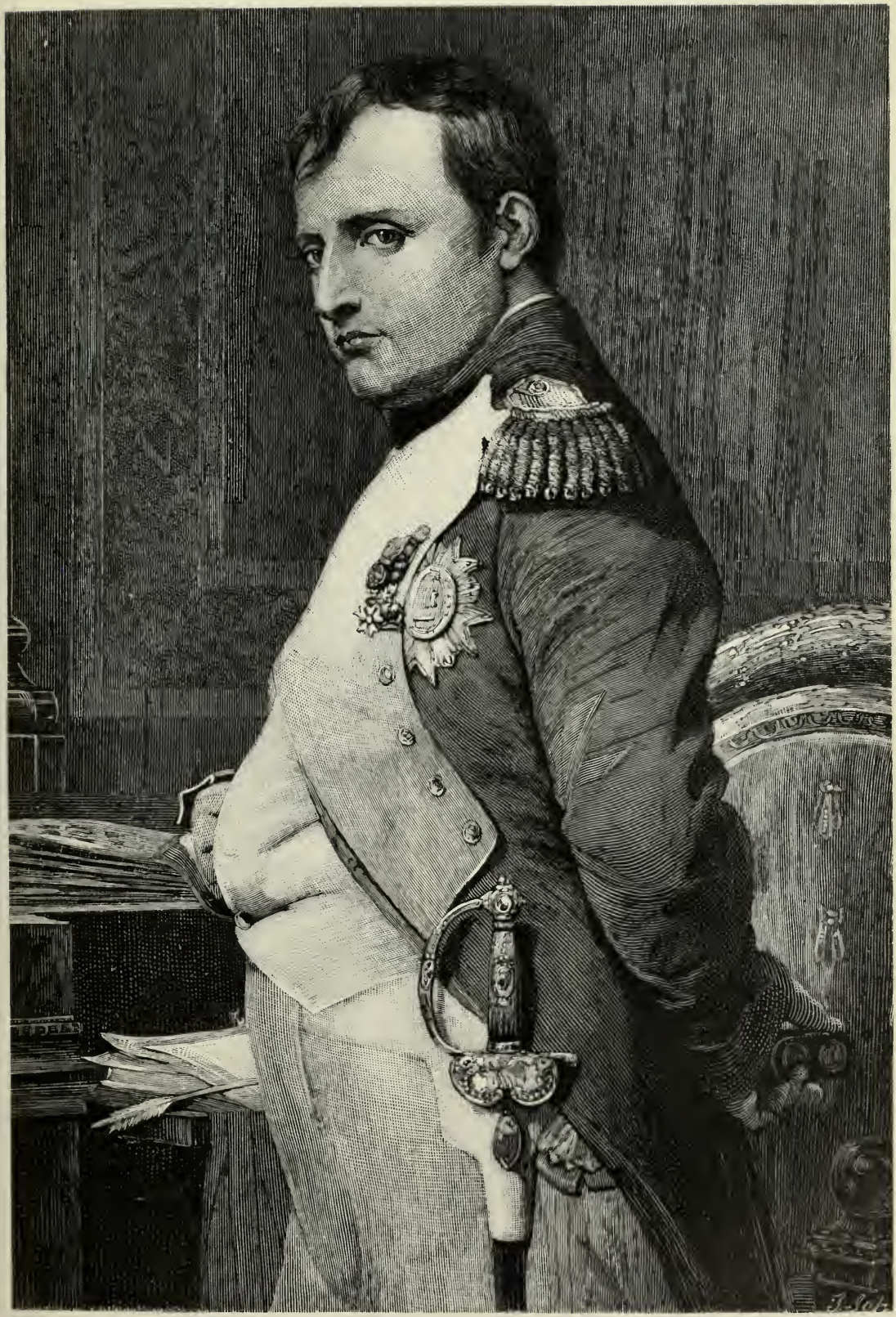
The illegality of the proceeding was so evident, that the *senatus consultum* contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivose, which was very remarkable. It was, however, declared, that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the constitution. This was promising.

The first consul manifested the most violent hatred of the jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed, if, under the title of jacobins, he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly labouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason, he was more afraid of those whom he called jacobins, than of the royalists.

I am here recording the faults of Bonaparte, but I excuse him; situated as he was, any other person would have acted in the same way. Truth now reached him with difficulty, and when it was not agreeable he had no disposition to hear it. He was surrounded by flatterers; and the greater number of those who approached him, far from telling him what they really thought, only repeated what he had himself been thinking. Hence he admired the wisdom of his counsellors. Thus Fouché, to maintain himself in favour, was obliged to deliver up to his master one hundred and thirty names, chosen from among his own most intimate friends, as objects of proscription.

Meanwhile, Fouché, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, set in motion, with his usual dexterity, all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were for some time unsuccessful; but at length, on Saturday, the 31st January, 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison, Fouché presented himself, and produced authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject; and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivose was the result of a plot hatched by the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of *the jacobins*, had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus, the consequence of the 3d Nivose was, that both the innocent and guilty were punished; with this difference, however, that the guilty, at least, had the benefit of a trial. When the jacobins, as they were called, were accused, Fouché had no positive proofs of their innocence; and therefore their illegal



PAINTING BY PAUL-HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH. ENGRAVED BY

NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY.

condemnation ought not to be attributed to him. A sufficient load of guilt presses his memory, without his being charged with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say, that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte, in the first burst of his fury, he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuileries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouché always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the minister of police; but as proof was wanting, he replied to me with a triumphant air, "Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouché. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate, I shall get rid of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the royalists, they also shall be punished."

The real criminals being at length discovered, St. Regent and Carbon expiated their crimes by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the first consul gained his point, and justice gained hers.

CHAPTER IV.

1800—1801.

Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte—Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouché—Pretended anger—Fouché's dissimulation—Lucien's resignation—His embassy to Spain—War between Spain and Portugal—Dinner at Fouché's—Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte—A trick upon the first consul—A three day's coolness—Reconciliation—Public acclamations, and the voice of Josephine—Stray recollections—Organization of Piedmont—Sabres of honour—Rewards to the army of the Rhine—Pretended army of reserve—General Zach—Anniversary of the 14th of July—Monument to Desaix—Desaix and Foy—Bonaparte's speech in the Temple of Mars—Arrival of the consular guard—The bones of Marshal Turenne—Lucien's successful speech.

I HAVE often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life, must have also remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth, that public opinion wastes itself on the rumour of a project, and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power, a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it:

In the month of December, 1800, while Fouché was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, a small pamphlet, entitled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell,

and Bonaparte," was sent to the first consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the minister of the interior, and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it, I laid it on the table. In a few minutes Bonaparte entered, and, taking up the pamphlet, pretended to look through it: "Have you read this?" said he.—"Yes, general."—"Well! what is your opinion of it?"—"I think it is calculated to produce an unfavourable effect on the public mind: it is ill-timed, for it prematurely reveals your views." The first consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day, after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day the prefects in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris sent a copy of it to the first consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that in one of their letters, it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poniards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence, he said to me, "Bourrienne, send for Fouché; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter." In half an hour, Fouché was in the first consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered, than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic composure of the other.

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?"—"General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency."—"Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?"—"General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author!"—"Consideration for the author! What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple."—"But, general, your brother Lucien patronises this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the minister of the interior."—"No matter for that! Your duty, as minister of police, was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can commit me?"

With these words the first consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouché, I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile, which had, more than once, curled his lips, during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. "Send the author to the Temple!" said Fouché; "that would be no easy matter! Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the first consul's handwriting."

ALEXANDER I.

From an engraving by Ant. V. Cardon, after Gerard Küchetchen.

London, 1804.

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure of the pamphlet, he also came to the Tuileries, to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the first consul. "You have allowed yourself to be caught. So much the worse for you. Fouché is too cunning for you. You are a mere fool compared with him." Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage. It was necessary that time should veil the Machiavelian invention of the *Parallel*. Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavours to induce Spain to declare against Portugal, in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The first consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wished that Portugal should no longer favour England in her commercial relations, but that, like Spain, she should become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the ministers of Charles the Fourth in prevailing on the king to invade Portugal. The king declared war, but it was not of long duration, and terminated almost without a blow being struck, by the taking of Olivenza. On the 6th of June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and some other fortresses, to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The first consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuileries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the saloons of Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the first consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the *Parallel*, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, "I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not yet ripe." The consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet, Fouché invited me to dine with him. As the first consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of the invitation I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph sat on the right of Fouché, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad

effect produced by it. In all that fell from him, there was a tone of blame and disapproval. I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me, that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day, the first consul said to me very coolly, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself." This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I knew came from the ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the first consul. I then covered them over with those which, judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the first consul was daily overwhelmed: these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket, so that the writer might have the benefit of *his* good luck—solicitations that he would stand godfather to a child—petitions for places—announcements of marriages and births—absurd eulogies, &c. &c.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph's treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill-humour, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after, I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. "What is the matter?" he asked with surprise. "General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, any thing to reproach me with, let me at least know it; for my situation during the last three days has been very painful."—"What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine, earnestly. "That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning to me, he said, "'Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very improper manner."—"I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conversation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I do the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother,

IE PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T.

Louise de Navarre

could I regard him as an inquisitor?"—"I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from Joseph, I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine."—"The quarantine has lasted three days, general; surely that is long enough."—"Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and, besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other."

I fancy I still hear the amiable Josephine saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manœuvres!"—"Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gewgaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the first consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.

I am frequently led to violate the chronological order of the events I describe, by the wish to pick up any stray recollections which have been left behind on the road. Having omitted the mention of some circumstances which succeeded the battle of Marengo, I here subjoin them.

After our return from that battle, the popular joy was general and heartfelt, not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the first consul was unfeigned. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me one day, when returning from the parade, "Bourrienne, do you hear the acclamations still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!"

During our last stay at Milan, Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory, because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis XIV. That monarch was the only king whom the first consul really admired. "If," said he one day, "Louis XIV. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune." He admired the resolution of the old king, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy, than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that the first consul was extremely pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made, that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that

the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favour.

The first consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a senate, which, as may naturally be imagined, he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partisans of France. He stated, as the grounds of this arrangement, that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General Dupont president of the senate, with the title of minister extraordinary of the French government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment, I had mechanically written, "Minister extraordinary of the French republic."—"No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the republic; say of the government."

On his return to Paris, the first consul gave almost incredible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellerman a general of division, which, on every principle of justice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honour, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself: "Battle of Marengo, commanded in person by the first consul.—Given by the government of the republic to General Lannes." Similar sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers: and also muskets and drumsticks of honour to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men, who had fought under Moreau, should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He also had a medal struck, to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark, that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of *army of reserve*. By this artifice the honour of the constitution was saved. The first consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked every thing on a chance, it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an army of reserve, which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of *grand army*, before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing as he did an extraordinary mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte's designing attentions. I recollect, one evening, his saying to me, "Bourrienne, write to the minister of war, and tell him to select

a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and send them, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me to-day, and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I should like to give him a token of remembrance; besides, the matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may, perhaps, do good."

As soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris, Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, ordered preparations for the festival, fixed for the 14th of July, in commemoration of the first Federation. This festival, and that of the 1st Vendémiaire, were the only ones preserved by the consular government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the revolution appeared in its fairest point of view, France had never known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport, there was a feeling of regret. The fate of Desaix, his heroic character, his death, the words attributed to him, and believed to be true, caused mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to open a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here, upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time. France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators, and most eloquent defenders of public liberty, yet, for the monument to the memory of Desaix, scarcely 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a singular contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy? The pitiful monument to Desaix, on the place Dauphine, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much dissatisfied with it, gave the name of Desaix to a new quay, the first stone of which was laid with great solemnity on the 14th of July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ-de-Mars, and in the Temple of Mars, the name which, at that time, the church of the Invalids still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech on the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes made an appropriate address on presenting to the government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more speeches followed; one from an aide-de-camp of Massena, and the other from an aide-de-camp of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals, the first consul then delivered the following address:

The flags presented to the government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the commanders-in-chief, Moreau, Massena, and Berthier; the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants; and the bravery of French soldiers.

On your return to the camp, tell your comrades, that for the 1st Vendémiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect either peace, or, if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories.

After this harangue of the first consul, in which he addressed

the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chanted, the words of which were written by M. de Fontanes, and the music composed by Méhul. But the most remarkable circumstance in the whole solemnity was, the arrival of the consular guard from Marengo, in the Champ-de-Mars. These troops defiled before the first consul, not clothed in the gay uniform of a parade-day, but wearing the same dress in which they had left the field of battle, and marched over Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France. Their faces, tanned by the summer sun of Italy, their tattered clothes and battered arms, bore witness to the fatigues and conflicts they had encountered.

At the time of this fête, that is to say, in the middle of the month of July, the first consul could not have imagined that the moderate conditions he had proposed, after the victory, would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, therefore, of a peace, which could not but be considered probable, he, for the first time since the establishment of the consular government, convoked the deputies of the departments, and appointed their time of assembling in Paris, for the 1st Vendémiaire, a day which formed the close of one remarkable century, and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne, to which Louis XIV. had awarded the honours of annihilation, by giving them a place among the royal tombs, in the vaults of Saint Denis, had been torn from their grave, at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the College of Medicine, when M. Lenoir collected and restored them to the ancient tomb of Turenne, in the Musée des Petits Augustines. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relics in that sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could so well dispense. This was, however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France, and the future, to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments inspired by the solemn honours rendered to the memory of Turenne, would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he hoped to be able to make.*

* "After the violation of the tombs in the abbey of Saint Denis, where the remains of the marshal were reposing amongst kings, his coffin had been carried away, and deposited in the upper part of the surgical amphitheatre at the Jardin des Plantes, where it was still remaining on General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt. I recollect seeing it there at that time, when General Desaix was visiting the establishment; it was shown with great veneration, though having no mark to distinguish it from the other skeletons in the room. At a later period, a respectable citizen, having obtained leave to collect in the convent of the Grands Augustins, which he had transformed into a museum of French monuments, the mausoleums that had escaped the outrages committed at Saint Denis, had caused the body of Marshal de Turenne to be transported to this spot. The government removed it thence for the purpose of transferring it to the Invalids. The

However, the negotiations did not take the favourable turn which the first consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not heard without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech, quite to the taste of the first consul. After dilating for some time on the efforts of the government to obtain peace, he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the fatal influence of England, and added, in a more elevated and solemn tone, "At the very moment, when the consuls were leaving the palace of the government, a courier arrived, bearing despatches, which the first consul has directed me to communicate to you." He then read a note declaring that the Austrian government consented to surrender to France the three fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt. This was considered as a certainty of the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the first consul.

church had been decorated for the ceremony. The deputies from the departments, who had been invited, were already in their places when the body of the marshal was brought in. The clergy had not yet reappeared in France: there was no celebration of the divine office nor any other religious duty performed: the ceremony was purely one of oratorical speeches and pageantry."—*Rovigo's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

CHAPTER V.

1800—1801.

Austria bribed by England—M. de St. Julien in Paris—Duroc's mission—Rupture of the armistice—Surrender of three garrisons—M. Otto in London—Battle of Hohenlinden—Madame Moreau and Madame Hulot—Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter—Congress of Luneville—General Clarke—M. Maret—Peace between France and Austria—Joseph Bonaparte's speculations in the funds—M. de Talleyrand's advice—Post-office regulation—Cambacérès—Importance of good dinners in the affairs of government—*Edouard en Ecosse*—*l'Antichambre*—Steam-boats and intriguers—Death of Paul I.—New thoughts of the re-establishment of Poland—Duroc at St. Petersburg—Bribe rejected—Death of Abercrombie.

The armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken and then resumed, continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and the Imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of two millions sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de Saint Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the

court of Vienna disavowed them, and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna, for the imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance-posts. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the first consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation, and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he, "to enable me to organize the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo-Formio. What can she want more? I could make further exactions; but, without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides, I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior, and to send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will form my determination."

In his irritation the first consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice, and resume hostilities, unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube, by the surrender of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England insisted on taking part in the congress, but to this the first consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice, and cease to make common cause with Austria.

The first consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum to England, for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile, he was satisfied with the condescension of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat?

During these communications with Austria, M. Otto was in London negotiating for the exchange of prisoners.* England

* The following particulars, given by Napoleon himself, of these negotiations are interesting:

"A courier was despatched to M. Otto, who resided in London, as French commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. On the 24th of August, he addressed a note to Lord Grenville, informing him that Lord Minto having declared the intention of the English government to take part in the negotiations about to be opened with Austria, for the conclusion of a definitive peace between Austria and France, the first consul was willing to admit the English minister to the negotiations: but that this measure would make the work of pacification more difficult; that the interests to be discussed being rendered more numerous and complicated, the negotiations would unavoidably be prolonged; and that it was not consistent with the interest of the republic, that the armistices concluded at Marengo and Bayarsdorf should be further continued, unless a naval armistice should also be established by way of compensation.

"Lord Minto's despatches had not reached London; and Lord Grenville, much surprised at the receipt of this note, sent the principal of the transport-office to request M. Otto to furnish the documents on which it was founded; who immediately complied with this request. But the courier of the cabinet of St. James's soon afterwards arrived from Vienna. Lord Grenville replied to M. Otto, that the idea of an armistice applicable to naval operations was new in the history of nations. He declared, however, that he was ready to send a plenipotentiary to the place which should be specified for holding the congress; and

FRIEDLAND
ULM
AUSTERLITZ
PYRAMIDES
RIVOLI

TRIUMPHAL COLUMN.

The canal *de l'Ourcq*, was constructed for the purpose of procuring an abundance of water for the French capital, from whence, also, the various fountains were easily supplied.

The *Fontaine de la Victoire*, built upon the *Place du Châtelet*, in front of the *Pont au Change*, was one of the first established.

It was also one of the first monuments raised to record the glory of French arms. The architect Brasle, superintended its erection, as well as that of others of the same nature, placed in different parts of Paris, as much for utility as for ornament.

The conception of this is simple, and its execution leaves nothing to be desired. "It is full of remembrances: we have seen it subdue the Russian and Prussian soldiers, who have been encamped around it. How many times have we feared that the lever, or the petard, would be applied to its destruction! But the charm of the French eagle, and of Victory distributing her crowns, were there as safeguards, and served to awe the *vandal* conqueror. The glorious deeds of the five years were there recorded as so many talismans to conjure the storms. When the famous names of *Rivoli! Lodi! Arcole! Mont-Thabor! Pyramides! Marengo! Austerlitz! Ulm! Eylau! Friedland!* and *Dantzick!* were inscribed upon the column, who dare lay their sacrilegious hands upon it?"

would not hear of an armistice by sea, like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that in case

intimating that this plenipotentiary was to be his brother, Thomas Grenville, requested passports to enable him to proceed to France. This was evading the question; but M. Otto, on the 30th of August, demanded a positive answer before the 3d of September; considering that hostilities were to recommence in Germany and Italy on the 10th. Lord Grenville, on the 4th, requested to have a proposal in writing, because he did not perfectly understand what was meant by an armistice applicable to naval operations. M. Otto sent the proposal of the French government formally drawn up. The principal stipulations were the following: 1st, ships of war and merchant-vessels of both nations shall enjoy free navigation, without being subject to any kind of visitation; 2dly, the squadrons now blockading the ports of Toulon, Brest, Rochefort and Cadiz, shall return to their respective ports; 3dly, the maritime fortresses of Malta, Alexandria, and Belle-Isle, shall be placed on a footing with the fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt; and all French and neutral vessels shall accordingly be at liberty to enter freely into those ports.

"On the 7th of September, Lord Grenville replied, that his Britannic Majesty admitted the principle of a naval armistice, although contrary to the interest of England; that it would be a sacrifice on the part of his Majesty, made for the sake of peace, and for the advantage of Austria, his ally; but that none of the articles in the French proposals were admissible; and he wished the negotiations to be founded on a counter-proposal, which he sent. This counter-proposal specified: 1st, hostilities shall cease by sea; 2dly, the fortresses of Malta, Alexandria, and Belle-Isle, shall be allowed to be supplied with provisions for fourteen days at a time, according to the number of men of which their respective garrisons may consist; 3dly, the blockade of Brest and the other ports of the French and allies shall be raised; but none of the ships of war therein shall sail therefrom during the continuance of the armistice; and the English squadrons shall remain in sight of those ports.

"The French commissioner, on the 16th of September, replied, that his government left it to the option of his Britannic Majesty, either to let negotiations be opened at Luneville, and the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries be admitted to treat together, the war continuing by land and sea during their negotiations; or to establish an armistice by land and sea; or, finally, to let an armistice be concluded with Austria, and the negotiations at Luneville be carried on with that power only; whilst a peace with England might be treated for at Paris or London, and the maritime war be continued at the same time. He observed that the naval armistice was requisite to indemnify France for what she was losing by the prolongation of the armistice on the continent, during which Austria was recruiting her armies and providing her stores, whilst the impression of the defeats of Marengo and Moeskirch was at the same time wearing off from the minds of her soldiers; that during this prolongation, the kingdom of Naples, lately a prey to every species of dissension and calamity, was recovering itself and raising an army; and, lastly, that it was under the protection of the armistice that levies of men were making in Tuscany, and in the marquisate of Ancona.

"The victor had conceded all these advantages to the vanquished, only on their formal promise to conclude a separate peace without delay. The benefit France was to derive from a naval armistice, could not consist in supplying the ports of the republic, which was by no means deficient in internal channels of intercourse, but in the restoration of her communications with Egypt, Malta, and the Isle of France. On the 20th of September, Lord Grenville required fresh explanations; and M. Otto informed him, on the following day, that the first consul consented to modify his first proposal; that the French and allied squadrons should not be allowed to change their positions during the continuance of the armistice; that, with respect to Malta, no further communications should be authorized than would be necessary to furnish fifteen days' supply of provision at a time, at the rate of ten thousand rations per diem; and that Alexandria, not being blockaded

of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications, rendered these reasons plausible. The first consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successes in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible to the many proofs of moderation which the first consul evinced, the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved favourable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the first consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last in-

by land, and having provisions in sufficient abundance even to send them to England, France should be at liberty to despatch six frigates from Toulon to Alexandria, which should sail and return without examination, having on board an English officer with a flag of truce.

" These were the only two advantages which the republic could derive from a maritime suspension of arms. These six frigates armed, *en flute*, would have been able to carry a reinforcement of 3600 men: no more sailors than were absolutely necessary would have been put on board, and they might even have carried some thousands of muskets, and a great quantity of ammunition and other stores, for the army of Egypt.

" The negotiation being thus entered into, Lord Grenville thought proper to authorize Mr. Hammond, under-secretary of state, to confer with M. Otto, in order to ascertain whether any opening for conciliation existed. Mr. Hammond saw M. Otto, and proposed to him that the French army should evacuate Egypt, as a consequence of the treaty of El-Arish, concluded on the 24th of January, and broken on the 18th of March, on reception of the decision of the English government refusing to recognise this convention. Such a proposal required no answer; nor did Mr. Hammond urge it. After a few days discussion, the two commissioners agreed on every point, except the sending of the six French frigates to Alexandria. On the 25th of September, M. Otto declared the sending of these six frigates to be the *sine qua non*; and on the 9th of October, Mr. Hammond wrote to apprize him of the rupture of the negotiations."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

trenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England; and the English cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of two millions sterling, consented to the separation.

Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation in which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which, it was certain, would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Luneville. To this the first consul acceded; but as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the continent would be more to the disadvantage of France, than a long armistice by sea would be unfavourable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801, and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the first consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England; for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be therefore conceived, when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favour.

On the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau gained that memorable victory which at length put an end to the hesitations of the cabinet of Vienna.*

On the 6th of December, the first consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally leaped for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following.†

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden, Madame Moreau came to the Tuileries to call on the first consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her call several times with no better success. The last time she came, she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away, her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud before me and several persons of the household, that "it ill became the wife of the conqueror of

* On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, "I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements. They are all I could wish. To-morrow we will take from him ten thousand prisoners." Moreau took forty thousand, besides a great many flags.

† As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of the memorable battle of Hohenlinden, the reader will find, at the conclusion of the present chapter, an animated account of it extracted from Napoleon's Memoirs.—*Editor.*

Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way." This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and sometime after her departure, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The first consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so marked and offensive, that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologise, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden he spoke of him in the highest terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion: but he could not endure his wife's family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.

Luneville having been fixed upon for the congress, the first consul sent his brother Joseph to treat with Count Louis Cobentzel. On his way, Joseph met M. Cobentzel, who had passed Luneville, and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the first consul, they set out next day for Luneville, of which place Bonaparte appointed general Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden, M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some decrees made in council. While affixing the signatures, and without looking up, the first consul said to M. Maret, who was a favourite with him, and who was standing at his right-hand, "Are you rich, Maret?"—"No, general."—"So much the worse: a man should be independent."—"General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The first consul then raised his eyes to Maret, and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary-general was gone, he said to me, "Maret is a clever fellow: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the congress of Luneville, peace was signed between Austria and France. Thus was France restored to that honourable position which had been put in jeopardy by the feeble government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France, at Luneville, was speculating on the rise of the funds, which he thought the

peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were, like him, in the secret, sold out their stock, at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage, on the signature of peace. However, the news had its effect, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who was unable to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was exceedingly sorry to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know; but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied, with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is that all? Oh! that is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the funds."—"But the money."—"Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the Mont-de-Piété, or the sinking fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses." M. de Talleyrand's advice was adopted, and all succeeded as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse, can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his inflexible coolness, the fixed, unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.

During the sitting of the congress, the first consul learned that the government couriers conveyed to favoured individuals, in Paris, various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued, Cambacérès entered the saloon, where I was alone with the first consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: "Well, Cambacérès, what brings you here at this time of night?"—"I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the post-masters. How do you think a man can make friends, unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of government." The first consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambacérès, the couriers shall continue to bring you your *dindes aux truffles*, your Strasburg *pâtés*, your Mentz hams, and your other titbits."

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambacérès and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who knew the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambacérès, he did not believe that a good government could exist

without good dinners: and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage, was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.

About the end of February, M. Duval's play of "Edouard en Ecosse" was performed at the Théâtre Français. The royalists and emigrants went in crowds to see it. It contained numerous allusions to the Bourbons. The play was highly successful, as it deserved to be. After it was accepted at the theatre, some thought that the censorship would not allow it to be performed. The minister of the interior at first made some objection to it. M. Chaptal was applied to on the subject, through the medium of M. Maret and Mademoiselle Contat. The latter was an enthusiastic admirer of the piece; and, indeed, no one could venture to speak ill of it without being looked upon as devoid of taste and feeling. Whilst these green-room negotiations were pending, the first consul had gone to Saint-Quentin, to examine the canal which bears that name. The piece was performed during his absence. I had occasion to write to him twice every day, and I sent him very contradictory reports about it. Some, I told him, were of opinion that the performance of the piece should be prohibited, because they regarded as dangerous the applications to which it gave rise. Others, and I was of that number, advised him to let the piece go on; because it was right to accustom the public to comparisons, with which many of our tragedies and comedies abound: and because the system of suppression and mutilation would banish all our dramatic masterpieces from the stage. The first consul, on his return, at first inclined to this latter opinion. He ordered a second performance of "Edouard en Ecosse," and I accompanied him to the theatre to witness it. He was dissatisfied at the repeated plaudits excited by several allusions. These plaudits were, indeed, prolonged in a marked way. I assured him that the same thing had happened on the first performance, at which I was also present. He was quite out of humour, and said, "This is too much; I will not allow it to be played;" and, as we were driving home, he said, "How silly of the censorship to approve of such a play! Why allow political pieces to be performed without consulting me? I would not suffer the performance of the 'Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.' which you must confess was not half so bad as this." All remonstrance was in vain, and I believe that the result of the business was, that M. Duval was obliged to absent himself.

A short time after this, a piece was brought out at the Opéra Comique, entitled "L'Antichambre." This was supposed to contain allusions to the three consuls. In one scene, a lackey said, "I am on duty," to which another replied, "And I also; *we are colleagues.*" It was alleged that the manners of the first

consul were mimicked, and that the dresses worn by the servants in the piece were a burlesque imitation of the consular costume. "This," said the first consul, "is a pendant to Edouard. Was there ever such a censor? This is not to be endured."

Chaptal affirmed that he had no knowledge of the piece, which had been examined by one of his clerks. M. Arnault, now so eminently distinguished, then held a situation in the office of the minister of the interior. Reproach fell upon him; but the influence of his brother-in-law, Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angély, averted the little persecutions which Cambacérès endeavoured to excite against him. The first consul ordered the dresses of the valets in "L'Antichambre" to be examined. "If there be any truth in the alleged imitation," said he, "they shall be taken to the Place de Grève, and torn to pieces by the hand of the executioner."

M. Dupaty would, no doubt, have suffered some punishment; but, fortunately for him, it was discovered that the piece was written before the consulate, and that the dresses bore no resemblance to the costume of the consuls. "L'Antichambre" is the same piece which was performed a long time after, under the title of "Picaros et Diego."

These two successive events induced Bonaparte's flatterers to solicit the prohibition of many of our finest dramatic productions. On the condemned list were inscribed, "Mérope," "Tancrède," "Le Tartufe," "La Mort de César," and, above all, the opening lines of the tragedy of "Héraclius." The works of our great poets were, without mercy, subjected to the mutilation of hired writers. To interest the public, in behalf of exiles, was displeasing to the first consul; and to expose and satirize hypocrisy was offensive to the clergy who had been restored. The play which Bonaparte liked best to see performed was "Cinna," on account of its long tirade against popular power.

At the commencement of 1801, Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steam-boats. I urged a serious examination of the subject. "Bah," said he, "these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don't trouble me about the business." I observed that the man whom he called an intriguer was only reviving an invention already known, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without examination. He would not listen to me; and thus was adjourned, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given such an important impulse to trade and navigation.

Paul the First fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March, 1801. The first consul was much shocked on receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the Moniteur:

Paul the First died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connexion which probably exists between these two events.

Thus were announced the crime of the 24th of March, and the not ill-founded suspicion of its authors.*

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been daily strengthened. "In concert with the czar," said Bonaparte, "I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects." This resolution, and the admiration of the autocrat of Russia for the head of the French Republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul's death. The individuals generally accused at the time, were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign, which, in my mind, leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed, that the conduct and character of Paul the First, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot, which deprived the czar of his throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne, the ideas of the first consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were revived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to re-establish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and, by that grand reparatory act, to restore the equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the Moniteur articles tending to prove, by various arguments, that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoliations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles, instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favourite of the first consul. He

* We do not attempt to rescue the fair fame of our country. This is one among many instances in which Bourrienne was misled.—*Editor.*

never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one, or busying himself as an agent for favour; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities, joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency of circumstances. This year also saw dated the re-establishment of the African Company, the treaty of Luneville, which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the treaty of Campo-Formio, and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by means of Lucien. On the subject of this peace, I may mention, that Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, eight millions of francs if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honour for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though, in fact, no such proposition was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations, little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April, 1801, an English paper—the London Gazette—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle given by the English, and the death of the general. I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the first consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him. He doubted its truth, or, at least, pretended to do so. Several officers and aides-de-camp, who were in the saloon, coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessières, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the first consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, "Bah! you do not understand English. This is the way with you: you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good." These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said, with some warmth, "How, general, can you believe that the English government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair, the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue, after it had been published in the London Gazette? I believe it to be true, and the jeering smiles of these gentlemen will not alter my opinion." On these observations, the first consul rose and said, "Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library." After we had left the saloon, he added, "This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed

at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came, But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them."— "I ask your pardon," said I, "but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it."

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

"On the 1st of December, at break of day, the archduke deployed 60,000 men before the heights of Ampfingen, and attacked Lieutenant-general Grenier, who had only 25,000 men, in front; whilst another of his columns, debouching by the bridge of Crayburg, marched to the heights of Achau, in the rear and on the right flank of Grenier. General Ney was at first obliged to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, but rallied, returned to the attack, and broke eight battalions; but the enemy continuing to deploy his numerous forces, and debouching by the valleys of the Issen, Lieutenant-general Grenier was compelled to retreat. Grandjean's division of reserve advanced to his support; at night, Grenier took up a position on the heights of Haag. Great alarm prevailed in the French army; the general-in-chief was disconcerted. The enemy, in a powerful mass, was attacking his separate scattered divisions. General Legrand, after sustaining a very brisk action in the valley of the Issen, had evacuated Dorfen.

"The manœuvre of the Austrian army was a very fine one, and this first success augured others of great importance. But the archduke did not know how to profit by these circumstances; he did not make a vigorous attack on the corps of Grenier, who only lost a few hundred prisoners and two pieces of cannon. On the following day, the 2d of December, he made only petty movements, did not pass Haag, and gave the French army time to rally and recover from its first surprise. He paid dearly for this error, which was the principal cause of the catastrophe of the following day.

"Moreau, having had the whole of the 2d to reconnoitre his forces, began to hope that he should have sufficient time for all his divisions to join. He sent orders to Sainte-Suzanne, whom he had unluckily left on the Danube, to proceed with his three divisions on Freisingen; where they could not arrive before the 5th: to Lecourbe, to march all day on the 3d, to approach him on the right, and take up the positions which Richepanse occupied at Ebersberg, in order to mask the debouché of Wasserburg; he could only reach his destination in the course of the 4th: to Richepanse and Decaen, to proceed to the debouché of the forest of Hohenlinden, at the village of Altenpot; they were to effect this movement in the night, in order to anticipate the enemy; the former had only two leagues to march, the latter four. Grenier's corps took up a position on the left of Hohenlinden: Ney's division supported its right on the road, Hardy's division was

in the centre, Legrand's division observed Lendorf and the debouchés of the Issen; Grandjean's division of which General Grouchy had taken the command, intersected the road, supporting the left on Hohenlinden, and refusing the right along the outskirts of the wood. According to these dispositions, General Moreau would have had, on the 4th, eight divisions in line; on the 5th he would have had ten. But the Archduke John, although he had committed the capital error of losing the whole of the 2d, did not fall into that of losing the 3d also. At break of day he began to move, and the dispositions made by the French general to effect the junction of his army became useless; neither Lecourbe's corps nor that of Sainte-Suzanne could take part in the battle; the divisions of Richepanse and Décaen fought separately; they arrived too late on the 3d to defend the forest of Hohenlinden.

"The Austrian army came on in three columns; that of the left, consisting of 10,000 men, between the Inn and the Munich road, directing its march on Albichengen and Saint Christopher; that of the centre, 40,000 strong, proceeded by the road leading from Mühldorf to Munich, by Haag, towards Hohenlinden; the grand park, the waggons and baggage, took this road, the only one which was firm. The column of the right, 25,000 strong, commanded by General Latour, was to march on Bruckrain; Kienmayer, who, with his flankers of the right, constituted part of this corps, was to proceed from Dorfen on Schauben, to turn all the defiles, and place himself in a situation to debouch in the plain of Amzing, where the archduke expected to encamp that evening, and to wait for Klenan's corps, which was proceeding thither up the right bank of the Iser.

"The roads were much cut up, as is usual in the month of December; the columns of the right and left marched by almost impracticable cross-roads; the snow fell heavily. The column of the centre, followed by the parks and baggage, having the advantage of the high-road, soon distanced the others; its head penetrated into the forest without impediment. Richepanse, who was to have defended it at Altenpot, had not arrived; but this column was stopped at the village of Hohenlinden, which was the *appui* of Ney's left, and the station of Grouchy's division. The French line, which had thought itself covered, was at first surprised; several battalions were broken, and some disorder prevailed. Ney hastened up; a terrible charge carried death and consternation into the head of a column of Austrian grenadiers; General Spanochi was taken prisoner. At that moment the vanguard of the Austrian right debouched from the heights of Bruckrain. Ney was obliged to gallop to his left in order to face them; his efforts would have been insufficient had Latour supported the Austrian vanguard; but he was two leagues distant from it. In the mean time the divisions of Richepanse and Decaen, which ought to have arrived before daybreak at the debouché of the forest, at the village of Altenpot, being embarrassed in the midst of the night in dreadful roads, and the weather being tremendous, were wandering a great part of the night on the edge of the forest. Richepanse, who marched at their head, did not reach Saint Christopher's till seven o'clock in the morning, where he was still two leagues from Altenpot. Convinced of the importance of the movement he was operating, he accelerated his

march with his first brigade, leaving the second considerably in the rear. When the Austrian column of the left reached the village of Saint Christopher's, it cut him off from his second brigade; General Drouet, who commanded it, deployed. Richepanse's situation became frightful; he was half-way between Saint Christopher's and Altenpot; he resolved to continue his movement in order to occupy the debouché of the forest, if it should not be in the possession of the enemy; or to retard his march, and to concur in the general attack by throwing himself on his flank if the archduke should have already penetrated into the forest, as every thing seemed to indicate that he had. On arriving at the village of Altenpot, with the 8th, the 48th of the line, and the 1st chasseurs, he found himself in the rear of the enemy's parks, and of all his artillery which had defiled. He passed through the village, and drew up in line on the heights. Eight squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, which formed the rear-guard, deployed; the cannonade commenced; the 1st chasseurs charged, and were repulsed. The situation of General Richepanse became more and more critical; he was speedily informed that he was not to depend on Drouet, whose progress had been arrested by considerable forces; and of Decaen he had no intelligence. In this dreadful predicament he took a desperate resolution; leaving General Walter with the cavalry, to keep the cuirassiers of the enemy in check, he entered the forest of Hohenlinden at the head of the 48th and 8th of the line. Three battalions of Hungarian grenadiers, forming the escort of the parks, formed; they advanced on Richepanse with the bayonet, taking his soldiers for an irregular force. The 48th overthrew them. This petty engagement decided the fortune of the day. Disorder and alarm spread through the convoy: the drivers cut their traces and fled, abandoning eighty-seven pieces of cannon and three hundred waggons. The confusion of the rear spread to the van. Those columns which were far advanced in the defiles fell into disorder; they were struck with the recollection of the disastrous campaign of the summer; besides all which they were in a great measure composed of recruits. Ney and Richepanse joined. The Archduke John retreated with the utmost confusion and precipitation on Haag, with the wreck of his corps.

"General Decaen had extricated General Drouet. He had kept the left column of the enemy in check at Saint-Christopher's with one of his brigades, whilst with the second he had advanced into the forest to complete the rout of the battalions which had taken refuge there. Of the whole Austrian army, only the column of the right, commanded by General Latour, now remained entire; it had joined Kienmayer, who had debouched on his right by the valley of the Issen, ignorant of what had passed in the centre. This column marched against Lieutenant-general Grenier, who had with him the divisions of Legrand and Bastoul, and General d'Hautpoult's cavalry. The action was extremely obstinate; General Legrand drove Kienmayer's corps into the defile of Lendorf, on the Issen; General Latour was repulsed, and lost some cannon; he commenced his retreat, and abandoned the field of battle as soon as he was informed of the disasters which had befallen the principal corps of his army. The left of the Austrian army repassed the Inn over the bridge of Wasserburg, the

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES DURUPT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTOINE RICHEPANSE.

centre over the bridges of Crayburg and Mühldorf, the right over the bridge of Oetting. General Klenan, who had put his troops in motion to approach the Inn, fell back to the Danube to cover Bohemia, and to threaten and engage the Gallo-Batavian army. The evening after the battle, the head-quarters of the French army were transferred to Haag. In this battle, which decided the success of the campaign, six French divisions, composing half the army, alone engaged almost the whole of the Austrian army. The forces on the field of battle were nearly equal, being about 70,000 men on each side. *But the Archduke John could not possibly have assembled a greater number, whilst Moreau might have brought twice as many into the field.* The loss of the French army was 10,000 men, killed, wounded, and taken, either at the actions of Dorfen and Ampfingen, or at the battle of Hohenlinden. That of the enemy amounted to 25,000 men, exclusively of deserters. Seven thousand prisoners, amongst whom were two generals, one hundred pieces of cannon, and an immense number of waggons, were the trophies of this day."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

CHAPTER VI.

1801—1802.

Royal experiment—Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa of Spain—Creation of the kingdom of Etruria—The Count of Leghorn in Paris—Entertainments given him—Bonaparte's opinion of the King of Etruria—His departure for Florence, and bad reception there—Negotiations with the Pope—Bonaparte's opinion on Religion—Te Deum at Notre Dame—Behaviour of the people in the church—Irreligion of the consular court—Augereau's remark on the Te Deum — First Mass at St. Cloud — Mass in Bonaparte's apartments — Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows—My appointment to the council of state.

Before he placed two crowns on his own head, Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the house of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen, that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work, when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May, 1801, the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV., visited Paris. The Infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798, to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favoured the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring

about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied the Duchy of Parma, which in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to the son of the Duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his wife, they left Madrid, and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to the attentions which the prince and princess received on their journey. Among the fêtes, in honour of the illustrious couple, that given by M. de Talleyrand, at Neuilly, was remarkable for magnificence.

When the Count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison, Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that every thing was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet, and said to me, somewhat out of humour, "Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit of the Alps, pointing to Lombardy, and commanding the conquest of it. I have ordered its removal. How mortifying it would have been if the prince had seen it."

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison, represented the first consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps, before the battle of Marengo.

The Count of Leghorn's visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said, "He made kings, but would not be one!"

At the representation of "Œdipus," the following expression of Philactetes was received with transport:

"J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être."

Monarchs I've made, but one I would not be.

The first consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed.

This king, who, though well received, and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the first consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to

take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on any thing but his pleasures; in a word that he was a fool.

One day, after the first consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me, "I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he can answer none. He is obliged to consult his wife, who makes him understand, as well as she is able, what he ought to say." The first consul added, "The poor prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do." I observed, that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany intrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied, "Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings." The prince fully justified, in Tuscany, the opinion which the first consul formed of him.*

In order to show still further attention to the King of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the first consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law, Murat, for that purpose.

The new king of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th

* "This unfortunate prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit to Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the queen to her own apartments; and as the first consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the aides-de-camp were under the necessity of keeping the king company, and of endeavouring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us; we lamented to see a tall, handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow men, trembling at the sight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide and seek, or at leapfrog, and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals. Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed.

"When he left France to repair to his kingdom, 'Rome need not be uneasy,' said the first consul to us, after the farewell audience, 'there is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

"I once heard the first consul, in a conversation with his colleague, Cambacérès, treat his royal protégé, the king of Etruria, very severely. Of course his majesty was not present. 'This good king,' said he, 'evinces no great concern for his dear and well-beloved subjects. He spends his time in gossiping with old women, to whom he is very lavish of his praise to me, though in secret he murmurs bitterly at the thought of owing his elevation to the hateful French republic.'—'It is alleged,' observed M. Cambacérès, 'that you wished to disgust the French people with kings, by showing them this fine specimen of royalty, as the Spartans used to disgust their children with intoxication, by showing them a drunken slave.'—'Not at all, not at all,' resumed the first consul, 'I have no wish to excite a distaste for royalty: but the presence of his Majesty, the King of Etruria, will vex a good many worthy folks, who are striving hard to revive a taste for the Bourbons.'"—*Mémoires de Constant.*

of April, 1801; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The king died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807 the queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the pope, and to establish a Gallican church, the head of which should reside in France. They thought to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power, which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain Catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervour, the schism of a part of their fellow-citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people; and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

The first consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his government: and he had been occupied ever since the commencement of 1801, in preparing a concordate with the pope. It was signed in the month of July, in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived, in the month of June, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy, sent by the holy father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished. He was a member of the pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues, that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honours conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The concordate was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, and made a law of the state in April, 1802. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were, Joseph Bonaparte, Creset, and the Abbé Bernier, ex-Bishop of Versailles.

A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame, on Sunday the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood, during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would presume to say, that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp?

Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true, that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony expressed, in their countenances and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure, than of satisfaction or of reverence, for the place in which they were. Here and there murmurs arose, expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made, which were far from being moderate. Some would turn their heads aside, on purpose to take a bit of chocolate-cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

The consular court was, in general, extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to carry off a painting than to hear the mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the first consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But on the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the first consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the general; "there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up." Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.*

During the negotiations with the holy father, Bonaparte one day said to me, "In every country religion is useful to the government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican church, and make myself its head: but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure,

* According to a gentleman who played a part in this empty pageantry, Lannes, at one moment, did get out of the carriage; and Augereau kept swearing, in no *low whisper*, during the whole of the chanted mass. Most of the military chiefs, who sprung out of the revolution, had no religion at all, but there were some who were Protestants, and who were irritated by the restoration of Catholicism as the national faith.—*Editor.*

the pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, general, and you recal to my memory what Cardinal Gonsalvi said:—'The pope will do all the first consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an idiot. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But, with me, immortality is the recollection one leaves in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than to leave behind him no traces of his existence."

Many endeavours were made to persuade the first consul to perform in public the duties imposed by the Catholic religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration: "Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are." *

I have read in a work, remarkable on many accounts, that it was on the occasion of the concordate of the 15th July, 1801, that the first consul abolished the republican calendar, and re-established the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The *senatus consultum*, which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to commence in the French empire from the 11th Nivose, year XIV. (1st January, 1806), was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September, 1805), more than four years after the concordate. The introduction of the ancient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe, on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced, in order that those who would only make a scoff at it, might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the first consul determined to hear mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the palace, a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Ann of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week, this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday, the door of communication was opened, and we heard mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four, and the first consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the first consul had heard mass in his

* Bonaparte was a hypocrite vicariously: his generals, his ministers, &c. affected to be good catholics for him.—*Editor.*

apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his.

On the 19th of July, 1802, a papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grant, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This statement sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte, on becoming emperor, wished to restore that decorum which the revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grant. It is alleged that the minister at first refused to marry the lady; but that he at last found it necessary to obey the peremptory order of his master. This pretended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The bull was not registered in the council of state until the 19th of August, 1802.*

I will end this chapter by a story, somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th of July, 1801, the first consul, *ex proprio motu*, named me a counsellor of state extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to have an elegant but somewhat ideal costume made for me. It pleased the first consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time, and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte, since his elevation, shown himself so amiable as on this occasion.

* "The first consul had, on several occasions, urged M. de Talleyrand to return to holy orders. He pointed out to him that that course would be most becoming his age and high birth, and promised that he should be made a cardinal; thus raising him to a par with Richelieu, and giving additional lustre to his administration."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

CHAPTER VII.

1802.

Last chapter on Egypt—Admiral Gantheaume—Way to please Bonaparte—General Menou's flattery and his reward—Davoust—Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercromby—M. Otto's negotiation in London—Preliminaries of peace.

For the last time in these memoirs, I shall return to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode which embraces so short a space of time, and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests, he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the glory of his name throughout the east. Accord-

ingly, he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kleber, he said, "You are as able as I am to understand how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish empire, in which the symptoms of decay are every where discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the possession of some other European power." The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry assistance to Kleber was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the first consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte's own plan, his determined character and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favourable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed. This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honourable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return. Gantheaume, by his indecision and creeping about in the Mediterranean, had already failed to execute a commission intrusted to him. The first consul, upon finding he did not leave Brest after he had been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, "What the devil is Gantheaume about?" With one of the daily reports sent to the first consul he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:

"Vaisseaux lestés, tête sans lest,
Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume;
Il s'en va de Brest à Bertheaume,
Et revient de Bertheaume à Brest!"

With ballast on board, but none in his brain,
Away went our gallant Gantheaume,
On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,
And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again!

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure, and his return to that port on the 19th of February, 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercromby of Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succour and reinforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then dreaming that many French families would carry back civilization, science, and art, to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed, that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kleber's death, and the choice of Moreau for his successor.

A sure way of making court to the first consul, and gaining his favour, was to eulogize his views about Egypt, and to appear

zealous for securing the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country, he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of Senegal, Mozambique, Mehedie, Marabout, and other barbarous countries, which were, all at once, to assume a new aspect, and become civilized, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favourable reception given him by the first consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed the English to get possession. The first consul appointed him governor of Piedmont, and, at my request, gave my elder brother the situation of commissary-general of police in that country: but I am in candour obliged to confess, that the first consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favour, in consequence of my brother's making an abuse of it.

It was also by flattering the first consul, on the question of the east, that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800, in consequence of the convention of El-Arish, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces, and, if he did not deserve, obtained his favour. At that time, Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in the subordinate ranks, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the consular guard, and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him, I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid fellow?"—"Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will come over to my opinion."—"I hope so." The first consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility against me ceased but with his life.

The first consul could not forget his dear conquest in the east. It was constantly the object of his thoughts. He endeavoured to send reinforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having intrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kleber by Solyman Haleby. But Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying every thing, creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo, instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the first consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the

principles of strategic science, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercromby a few isolated corps, which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated, had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness for that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced, under the name of Abd-Allah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte; the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity. This alone can account for the first consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity, lost it. What was the result of that memorable expedition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories, and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The first consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was not very encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great, if the events, which took place at the end of August, had been known in London, before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The first consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch, containing a copy of the preliminaries, ready to be adopted by the English ministry. Neither this despatch, nor the answer, were communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. The first consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was, for his health, taking the waters of Bourbon-l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that the delay might

cause the face of affairs to change. I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did; for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived in London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the first consul, by letter, that Lord Hawkesbury, in communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him, he was very glad every thing was settled, for it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same bases, after the arrival of such news. In reality, we consented at Paris to the voluntary evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated, by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August, 1801; and thus, the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear, was rendered useless, or rather injurious.

CHAPTER VIII.

1802.

The most glorious epoch for France—The first consul's desire of peace—Malta ceded and kept—Bonaparte and the English journals—Mr. Addington's letter to the first consul—Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier—Le Clerc's expedition to Saint Domingo—Toussaint Louverture—Death of Le Clerc—Rochambeau, his successor, abandons Saint Domingo—First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady—Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense—Falsehood contradicted.

The epoch of the peace of Amiens must be considered as the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, and the more brilliant era of the empire. The consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope; whereas, those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things, could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals which the first consul made, in order to obtain peace, sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if, in the commencement of his administration, he could couple his name with so hoped-for an act, he should ever experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments, than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the grand signior, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice, and of the Mediterranean, to the states to which they had previously belonged; to surrender Malta to the Order, and even to

raze its fortifications, if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon remained to him, and he required the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope, and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibralta of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravanserai of the Indies. She was, therefore, unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said, that an arrangement might be made, by which it would be rendered independent both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that the maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us. They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. Our whole colonial system is absurd; it forces us to pay for colonial produce at a rate nearly double that for which it may be purchased from our neighbours.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to evacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Britain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put, by way of postscript, at the bottom of his note, "We will keep Malta, in spite of you." I always told the first consul that if he were in the situation of the English, he would act the same part; and it did not require much sagacity to foretel that Malta would be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion; but at that moment he thought every thing depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that Malta caused the renewal of war. The English, on being called upon to surrender the island, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples; that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too cool a piece of irony.

I will here notice the quarrel between the first consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his love of the freedom of the press. However, this liberty of the press did *once* contribute to give him infinite gratification; namely, when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London, on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The first consul was, at all times, the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and, therefore, he ruled the journals with

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS HOCQUART DE TURTOT. ENGRAVED BY T. JC

JACQUES-ALEXANDRE-BERNARD LAW, MARQUIS OF LAURISTON.

ANTOINE-CHARLES-LOUIS COLLINET

PAINTING BY PIERRE PRUD'HON, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. MARCILLE. ENGRAVED BY R. G

PAULINE BONAPARTE, WIFE OF GENERAL LECLERC, AND AFTERWARD OF PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE.

a hand of iron. I have often heard him say, "Were I to slacken the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France, he wished, if he could, to impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called L'Ambigu, conducted by Peltier, who had been the edtior of the Actes des Apôtres in Paris. The Ambigu was constautly teeming with the most violent attacks on the first consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and he revenged himself by violent articles which he caused to be inserted in the Moniteur. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official note, against a system of calumny, which he believed to be authorized by the English government. Besides this official proceeding, he applied, in his own name, to Mr. Addington, the chancellor of the exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and to take the earliest opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the first consul seized the moment of signing the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the first consul, which I translated for him. The English minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He admitted that its abuse was sometimes a real evil, but the English constitution allowed every man to use his pen, it being at his own risk and peril if he made a bad use of it. Men were punished for offences committed through the instrumentality of the press, in the same way as for offences committed through other means. He confessed, that sometimes libels would elude the severity of the law; but there was no remedy, for it was impossible to touch the liberty of the press, which was ingrafted in the habits of the people. Mr. Addington declared that the English people owed much to the liberty of the press, and that no minister would be so bold as to submit to parliament any measure for its curtailment, as the freedom of the press was most dear to Englishmen. He also informed the first consul, that though a foreigner, it was competent in him to institute a complaint in the courts of law; but that, in such case, he must be content to see all the scandalous statements, of which he complained, republished in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having, in some degree, prevented a trial taking place at that time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens, the first consul prosecuted Peltier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against him.

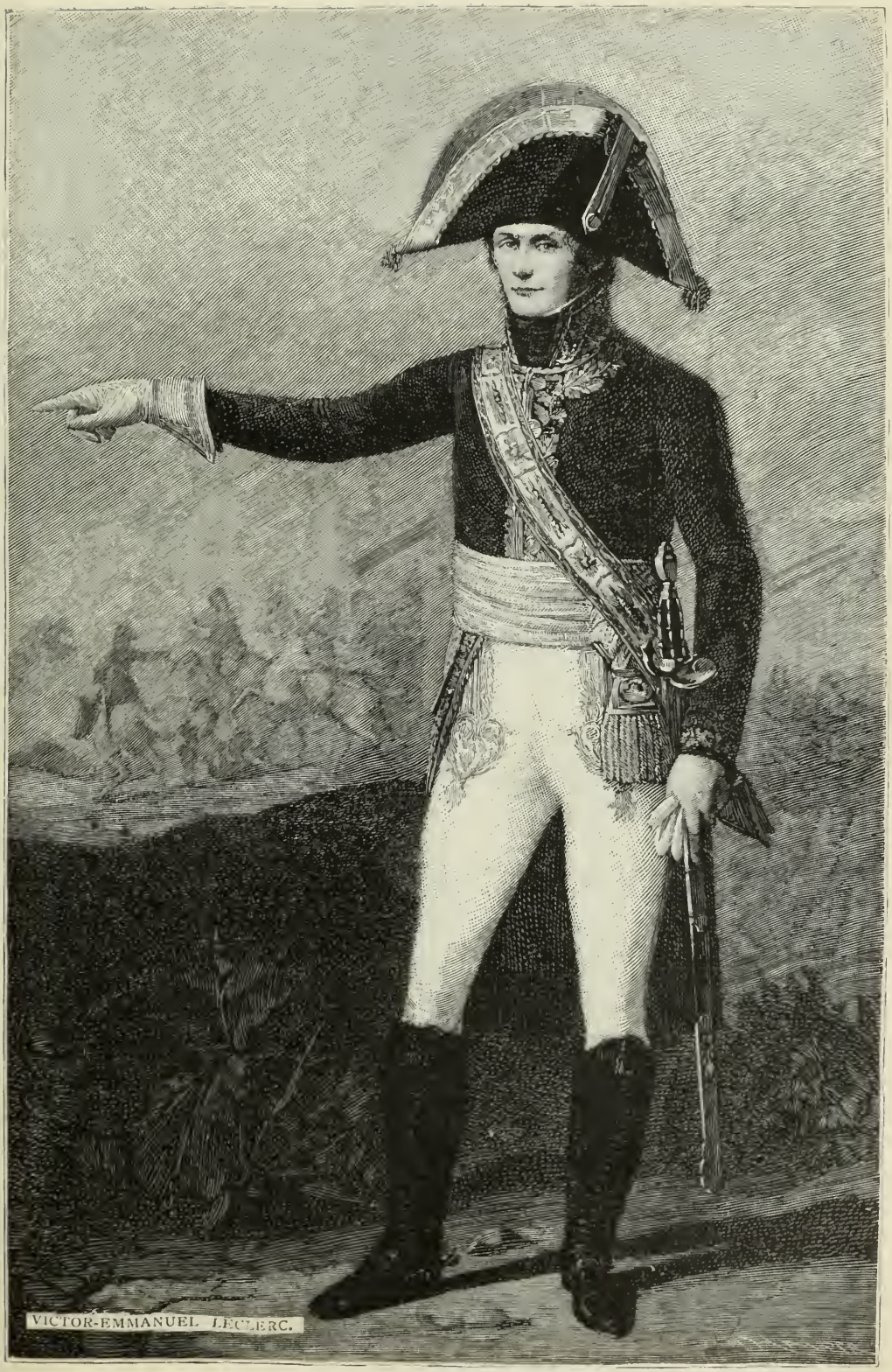
Peltier was defended by the celebrated Mackintosh; yet, in spite of the eloquence of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility to the libels of the English papers contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than, the consideration of great political interests, to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things, if they could only look under the cards.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The first consul, after dictating to me during nearly the whole of one night instructions for that expedition, sent for General Le Clerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your purse. Go, and no longer tease me with your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December, 1801, and arrived off the Cape on the 1st of February, 1802. The fatal result of the enterprise is well known, but we are never to be cured of the folly of such absurd expeditions. In the instructions given to Le Clerc, every thing was foreseen; but it was painful to know that the choice of one of the youngest, and least capable, of all the generals of the army, left no hope of a successful result.

This enterprise, planned rashly, and in some degree through ill-humour, occasioned by the vexatious and uncertain character of the preliminaries, appeared to me a great fault. I never met any one who augured well of it. The chances were a hundred to one that the result would be fatal, and that Bonaparte's fortune would on this occasion totally abandon him. This hazardous project cost us a fine army, and large sums of money. It was condemned by all contemporaries, except the most servile flatterers; and it certainly will not escape the censure of posterity, if posterity trouble itself about the matter. The funds belonging to the chest of the Naval Invalids were appropriated to the first expenses of the expedition; and this sacrilege created no favourable foreboding of its success. The colony has at last been sold to the negroes, which was the best thing that could be done, provided they pay. But that they will not do; and it would be absurd and disgraceful to attempt to bring back to the condition of beasts of burden an entire population, which has



VICTOR-EMMANUEL LECLERC.

NG BY KARL ANTON HICKEL, IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. ENGRAVED B

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

FROM THE BUST BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CLAUDE-EUGÈNE GUILLAUME, PRESENTED TO THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE BY PRINCE NAPOLEON.

BONAPARTE AS A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

been emancipated by the course of events, and which has acquired a rank in the scale of human society.

The expedition to St. Domingo was one of Bonaparte's great errors. Almost every person whom he consulted endeavoured to dissuade him from it. He attempted a justification through the medium of his historians of St. Helena; but does he succeed when he says, "That he was obliged to yield to the advice of his council of state?" He, truly, was a likely man to submit a question of war to the discussion of the council of state, or to be guided in such an affair by any council!

Bonaparte dictated to me a letter for Toussaint, full of sounding words and fine promises, informing him that his two children, who had been educated in Paris, were sent back to him, offering him the title of vice-governor, and stating that he ought readily to assist in an arrangement which would contribute to reconnect the colony with the mother country. Toussaint, who had at first shown a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but being attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to oppose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He capitulated and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Le Clerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Paris in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Château de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous: few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollection of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of our climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no credit. I should add, that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him—"The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites!" Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnapping and transportation of Toussaint.

Le Clerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him, and was as unsuccessful as Menou had been in Egypt. The submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavoured to compel by violence. At last, in December, 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Dessalines.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt that his suffering was occasioned by the commencement of that malady which terminated his life at St. Helena. These pains affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Le Clerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o'clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bedroom. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor, when he was rudely run against by a man, who was endeavouring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The first consul did not fall, because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we found Josephine, who having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made, it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation, and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.

On the 7th of January, 1802, Mademoiselle Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet resumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was, on this occasion, privately given by a priest at the house, Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of his sister Caroline,* which had taken place two years before, to be consecrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he then an idea of separating from Josephine, and therefore an unwillingness to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony, arose from indifference.

Bonaparte said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that "they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was, also, the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her account in it." One fact is certain, and that is, that they did not love each other at all. Hortense was passionately attached to Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal ardour. The first consul consented to their marriage; but Josephine, who was desirous of obtaining some support against her brothers-in-law, who never ceased to persecute her, wished to have Hortense united to Louis. She acquainted me with her wish, and I told her that she had concealed her intentions too long, as I had promised my services in favour of the young lovers, and had done so the more willingly because I knew the first consul's opinion was favourable to the union with Duroc. I added, that her daughter

* The wife of Murat, and the cleverest of Bonaparte's sisters.

could not restrain her tears when Louis was mentioned to her as a husband. The first consul, in the expectation that Duroc's marriage with Hortense would take place, had sent to him his brevet, as general of division, by an extraordinary courier, who went to Holland, through which Duroc had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg.

During Duroc's absence, the correspondence of the lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing, and run to her chamber, where I followed, and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the saloon.

When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side ; I even congratulated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after, Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed to win the first consul to her purpose. On the 4th of January the first consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was employed. "Where is Duroc?" he inquired.—"He has gone to the opera, I believe."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs, and name him commandant of the eighteenth military division ; but he must set out the day after his marriage, with his wife, for Toulon. We must live apart ; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know, to-night, whether this plan will satisfy him."—"I think it will not."—"Very well! then she shall marry Louis."—"Will she like that?"—"She must like it."—The first consul gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half-past ten in the evening, Duroc returned ; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the first consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," said he, "tell him he may keep his daughter, for me. I am going to see the ———," and, with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat and went off.* The first consul, before

* Constant mentions that Duroc subsequently married Mademoiselle Hervas d'Alménara, the daughter of a wealthy Spanish banker. The lady was neither handsome nor amiable ; but she possessed a vast fortune, and Bonaparte himself solicited her hand for his aide-de-camp.

going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have forced on him as a wife, a woman, who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible. She always manifested as much indifference for him, as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments are not yet effaced.†

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say, that I never heard a word of this niece, either from himself, his wife, or his daughter; and I rather think, that at that time the first consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected, that we were now in the year which saw the consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the empire. Napoleon said truly to the companions of his exile, that "Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues," but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc. Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law, have, as the ancient knights used to say, "lied in their throats."

† "The marriage of Louis Bonaparte took place on the 7th of January. The bride and bridegroom were exceedingly dull, and Mademoiselle Hortense wept during the whole of the ceremony. Josephine, knowing that this union, which commeneed so inauspiciously, was her own work, anxiously endeavoured to establish a more cordial feeling between her daughter and son-in-law. But all her efforts were vain, and the marriage proved a very unhappy one."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

CHAPTER IX.

1802—1803.

Bonaparte president of the Cisalpine republic—Meeting of the Deputation at Lyons—Malta and the English—My immortality—Fête given by Madame Murat—Erasures from the emigrant list—Restitution of property—General Sebastiani—Lord Whitworth—Napoleon's first symptoms of disease—Corvisart—Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper—Articles for the Moniteur—General Andréossi—M. Talleyrand's pun—Jerome Bonaparte—Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers—M. Collot and the navy contract.

Bonaparte was anxious to place the Cisalpine republic on a footing of harmony with the government of France. It was necessary to select a president who should perfectly agree with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he appointed to meet the deputation at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you were the object of so much homage?"—"I certainly should," replied the first consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January, 1802, we set out. Bonaparte, who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him King of Italy, in imitation of Charlemagne, of whom in anticipation he considered himself the successor. He saw that the title of President of the Cisalpine Republic was a great advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of president without much difficulty on the 26th of January, 1802. The journey to Lyons, and the

conferences, were only matters of form ; but high-sounding words and solemn proceedings had their effect on the public mind.*

The attempts which had been made on the life of the first consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety during this journey to Lyons. I never saw those precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated, " That whoever would risk his own life, might take his." He therefore travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.

On the 25th of March of the same year, England signed, at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, as I have already said, that England would not evacuate Malta ; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the first consul, had, at length, treated with him as the head of the French government. This, as Bonaparte was aware. boded well for the consolidation of his power.

At that moment, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me, in one of our walks at Malmaison, " Well, Bourrienne, you also will be immortal ! "—" Why, general ? " —" Are you not my secretary ? "—" Tell me the name of Alexander's," † said I. Bonaparte then turned to me, and laughing, said, " Hem ! that is not bad." There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not, in that instance, deserve the censure he often bestowed on me, for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand fête in honour of Bonaparte, at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He eat fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came, he said to her, " Oh ! I know yours." This was a great deal for his gallantry, and the other ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which

* Ugo Foscolo, the author of the " Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," a work which enjoys great and merited reputation in Italy, was at Lyons at the time of the meeting of the Cisalpine Senate.

† Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander's secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Callisthenes. He wrote Alexander's Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte's : but notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither expect nor desire the immortality of my name.

had been made in Paris about a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen, because it was the colour of the house of Artois. On reading that, a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, "What are these animals dreaming of? They must be joking, surely. Am I no better than M. d'Artois? They shall soon see the difference."

Until the middle of the year 1801, the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the minister of police. The first consul having been informed that intrigue and even bribery had been employed to obtain them, determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other affairs took up his attention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After *Te Deum* had been chanted at Malmaison for the concordat and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. "You have," said I, in a half-joking way, "reconciled Frenchmen to God—now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be made, daily." He immediately seized the idea. "We shall see," said he; "but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are, or have been, connected with royalty or the court."

I said, in the chamber of deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating here, that the plan of the *senatus consultum*, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those exceptions, he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the state, and had not been sold.

The first consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a grand council to submit it to their consideration. I was in an adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the first consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, "You cannot but perceive, general, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the state possesses, takes from the recal all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such an unreasonable and selfish opposition."—"The revolutionary party," replied he, "had the majority in the council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?"—"General,

you can revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of."—"That would be difficult," he said; "they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively arranged. We shall see what can be done." The *senatus consultum*, published on the 6th Floréal, year X. (26th of April, 1802), a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.

The royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased with the illiberal conditions of the recal of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand, were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the first consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct, when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the grand signior to renew his amicable relations with France.

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria, might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favourable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavouring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary states, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Isles. Every where he drew a highly-coloured picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England.* He strengthened old connexions, and contracted new ones, with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian Isles, that they might rely on the powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labours of a single individual, furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the Moniteur. The secret information, respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India, was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things, it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with six thousand men, and that the Ionian Isles were disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be no doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and de-

* This general, or Count Sebastiani, is now ambassador for Louis Philippe at our court.—*Editor.*

)M THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

LORD CHARLES WHITWORTH.

clared that she would not resume them till the King of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shown herself very ready to execute.

Bonaparte, waving the usual forms of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador at St. Petersburg previously to the rupture which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation; but all was in vain. In signing the treaty of Amiens, the British minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802, Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat, exclaim, "What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bed-chamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty, I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after, he called in Corvisart, who, at a subsequent period, was appointed first physician to the emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good-humoured countenance at once made favourable impression on him.

The pain Bonaparte suffered augmented his irritability, and influenced many acts of that period of his life. He would often destroy in the morning what he had dictated over-night; and sometimes I would take upon me to keep back articles which he had ordered to be sent to the Moniteur, and which I thought likely to produce a mischievous effect. In the morning he would sometimes express surprise at not seeing in the Moniteur an article he had dictated the night before. After making some excuse for not sending it, I would show it him, that he might look it over again. Having read it and made some observations on it, he usually tore it up, saying it would not do.

After the peace of Amiens, the first consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes—for what reason I know not—on General Andréossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte re-

plied, " I have not determined on it: I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject." When we were at Malmaison in the evening, M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the first consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named, the first consul said, " I believe I must send Andréossi." M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed, in a dry sarcastic tone, " You must send André *aussi!** Pray, who is this André?"—" I did not mention any André; I said Andréossi. You know Andréossi, the general of artillery?"—" Ah! true; Andréossi: I did not think of him: I was thinking only of the diplomatic men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andréossi is in the artillery!" The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens; but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802, Jerome was at Brest, in the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau.*† He launched into expenses, far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money, which the first consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger. The epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving; and ended by stating, that he should draw on me for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply.

I have read your letter, Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau; and I shall be glad to hear that you are studying, on board your corvette, a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all.

Jerome never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her king; and his subjects did not without reason surname him Heliogabalus in miniature.

The first consul was harassed by the continual demands of money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Morfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph fifteen thousand francs a year out

* Perhaps this witticism may require a little explanation to be rendered intelligible to the merely English reader. *André* (Andrew) is a common French name: *aussi*, means also. The two words pronounced together come near enough to the name of Andreossi; but the double meaning of Talleyrand was, " You must send Andrew also; who is this Andrew?"—*Editor.*

† A rank in the navy equivalent to that of our lieutenant.—*Editor*

of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was any thing but advantageous to M. Collot. I think a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the first consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy-office. Upon which the consul angrily interrupted him, saying, "Do you think I am a mere capuchin? Decrés must have one hundred thousand crowns, Duroc one hundred thousand, Bourrienne one hundred thousand; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories. It is the business of my ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decrés, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dismissed M. Collot. I learned afterwards that he did not get a settlement of the business until after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate, he should have had it. All I want now is, to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason and honour on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

CHAPTER X.

1802.

Proverbial falsehood of bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honour—Opposition to it in the council, and other authorities of the state—The partisans of an hereditary system—The question of the consulship for life—M. de la Fayette's intercourse with Bonaparte—His letter, and conditional vote.

The historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, and proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too, that Bonaparte attached great importance to the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburg beef, at Moscow.

The official documents were almost always incorrect. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and

falsity again in the suppression or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

Another thing, which always appeared to me very remarkable, was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestable superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and to throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious, that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte, on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins; which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta, compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling; though the general had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The mistatement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois, the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly, on the 4th of September, 1800, he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts require to be stated, in order the better to understand what follows.

On the 22d February, 1802, a person of the name of Doublet, who was the commissary of the French government at Malta, when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuileries. He complained bitterly, that the letter which he had written from Malta to the first consul, on the 2d Ventose, year VIII. (9th February, 1800) had been altered in the Moniteur. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the Moniteur, and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which I was discharging a public function, that gave weight to my words." I observed to him, that as I was not the editor of the Moniteur, it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the first consul, and

FROM THE DRAWING BY ANDRÉ DUTERTRE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

FRANÇOIS LANUSSE. KILLED AT BELBEYS, EGYPT, MAY 19, 1801.

communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs: "Hasten to save Malta with men and provisions: no time is to be lost." For this passage these words were substituted in the Moniteur: "His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions."

Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I showed this letter to the first consul. He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, laughing, "Take no notice of him: he is a fool; give yourself no further trouble about it."

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the first consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily understand how particular motives might be alleged in order to justify such falsifications; for when the path of candour and good faith is departed from, any pretext is put forward to excuse bad conduct. What sort of a history would he write, who should consult only the pages of the Moniteur?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to the duration of Bonaparte's consulship, he created, on the 19th of May, the order of the Legion of Honour. The noblesse were mightily pleased with this institution. Thus, in a short space of time, the concordate to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the church; the decree to recal the emigrants; the continuance of a consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the consulship for life, and the possession of the empire; and the creation, in a country which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the Legion of Honour.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the first consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was, indeed, so precipitate, that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the Legion of Honour, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the button-holes of the foreign ministers. He would frequently exclaim, "This is well! These are the things for the people!"

I was, I must confess, a decided partisan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well-conducted state, the chief of the government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honour of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time, to warn the first consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess, that on this occasion I was soon freed from all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the council, and in the other constituted orders of the state.

On the 4th of May, 1801, he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the council of state, the question of the establishment of the Legion of Honour, which on the 19th following was proclaimed a law of the state. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the first consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense influence of his position, could procure him no more than fourteen votes out of twenty-four. The same feeling was displayed at the tribunate, where the measure only passed by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. The balance was about the same in the legislative body, where the votes were one hundred and sixty-six to one hundred and ten. It follows, then, that out of the three hundred and ninety-four voters in those three separate bodies, a majority only of seventy-eight was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority, the first consul said in the evening, "Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly."—"Be calm," rejoined I: "without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary circumstances from this creation—you will soon see them."

In April, 1802, the first consul employed all his artifice to get himself declared consul for life. It is, perhaps, at this epoch of his career that he most brought into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavellian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation, put into play with more talent or success.

In the month of March, hereditary succession and a dynasty were in every body's mouths. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned, that, by his brother's confession, he published in 1800 a pamphlet, enforcing the same ideas; which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his pro-

jects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be otherwise than favourable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were " stability and order," under cloak of which the downfall of the people's right was to be concealed. At the same time, Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them *idéologues,* or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of councils which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially, with her, on politics or public affairs. " Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were, Lucien, Rœderer, Regnault de St.-Jean-d'Angély, and Fontanes. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing general tranquillity for a time, afforded the first consul an opportunity of forwarding any plan.

At this period, when the consulate for life was only in embryo, flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the first consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. " The present state of things, this consulate of ten years," said he to me, " does not satisfy me; I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles." On the 7th of July, 1801, he observed, " The question whether France will be a republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in less than five or six years." It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people's delegate, and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the first consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I saw him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power, beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were firm, but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the senate, who voted only ten years more power to Bonaparte.

The first consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the senate on the subject of

that nomination, he returned a calm, but evasive and equivocating answer; in which, nourishing his favourite hope of obtaining more from the people than from the senate, he declared with hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the senate authorized." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which was soon to be trampled under his feet.

An extraordinary convocation of the council of state took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the senate's consultation, but also of the first consul's adroit and insidious reply. The council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the first consul ten years of prerogative, the council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine, they decided that the following question should be put to the people: "Shall the first consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion; for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a consul for life, with the right of naming a successor. The decisions on these questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The first consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated with himself. On receiving the decision of the council of state, the first consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had been carried by a small majority.

An account of the liberation of the prisoners detained at Olmutz has already been given. Bonaparte made great efforts to attain that object, and showed much greatness of character in the course of the negotiation. He confessed himself that of all the demands he ever made in his life, that was the most difficult of accomplishment. M. de La Fayette visited the first consul after the battle of Marengo, and remained above two hours with him. I recollect after he left, the first consul told me, "There is nothing to be done with him: I am tired of him. He will hear nothing I have to say. He is a man whose principles are estimable, but there is a spice of prejudice and exaggeration in them."

Shortly after, in the beginning of September, 1800, M. de La Fayette was invited by Joseph Bonaparte to the entertainment given to the Americans on the occasion of the treaty of commerce and amity just concluded with the United States. The first consul,

whose intrigues were then going on successfully, and who had reasons enough for his satisfaction, offered M. de La Fayette a seat in the senate. M. de La Fayette declined the offer, but continued, nevertheless, to see the consul, and to be with him on terms of reciprocal esteem. The period when Bonaparte wished to become consul for life, put an end to these friendly relations. M. de La Fayette was opposed to the measure, unless a sufficient guarantee was given for political liberty. To justify his opposition, he wrote Bonaparte the following letter:

Lagrange, 1 Prairial, year X.

General,

When an individual, penetrated with the gratitude due to your merits, and too sensible to glory not to admire that which attaches to you, puts restrictions on his suffrage, those reservations will be looked on with little suspicion, since it is known that no one more than myself would desire to see you the first magistrate of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and my memory naturally recurs to that period, when I think on the liberal professions with which you identified your name; since that period, all have perceived in the consular power that healing dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has performed such great things; less great, however, than would be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, general, the first among that class of men, who, to compare or to rank themselves, must look through all ages, can wish that such a revolution, that so many victories, and so much blood, so many sorrows, and so many prodigies, should have for the world, and for you, no other result than an arbitrary government. The French people know their rights too well altogether to forget them; and perhaps they are now in a fitter condition to exercise those rights, than they were during the previous state of effervescence: and you, by the force of your character, and the confidence reposed in you by the public, by the superiority of your talents, by the influence of your life, of your fortune, may, while establishing liberty, control every danger, and dissipate all apprehensions. I should thus have only patriotic and personal motives for wishing, that in the completion of this work you may establish a permanent magistrateship for your glory. But it is due to the principles, the engagements, the actions of my whole life, not to give my vote until I ascertain that it can be founded on bases worthy of the nation and of you.

I trust, general, you will, as you have ever done, see that adherence to my political principles is accompanied with sincere wishes for your welfare, and a deep feeling of my obligations towards you.

Health and respect,

La Fayette.

To this letter was subjoined the following vote:

Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life?

I cannot vote for such an office until political liberty be sufficiently guaranteed: that done, I shall vote for Napoleon Bonaparte.

The first consul, as may readily be conceived, was by no

means pleased with M. de La Fayette's scruples. He impatiently ran over his letter and said to me, "I told you, truly, M. de La Fayette labours under a political monomania; he is obstinate; he does not understand me. I am sorry for it, as he is an honest man. I wanted to make him a senator, but he refused. Well! so much the worse for him; I can do without his vote."

CHAPTER XI.

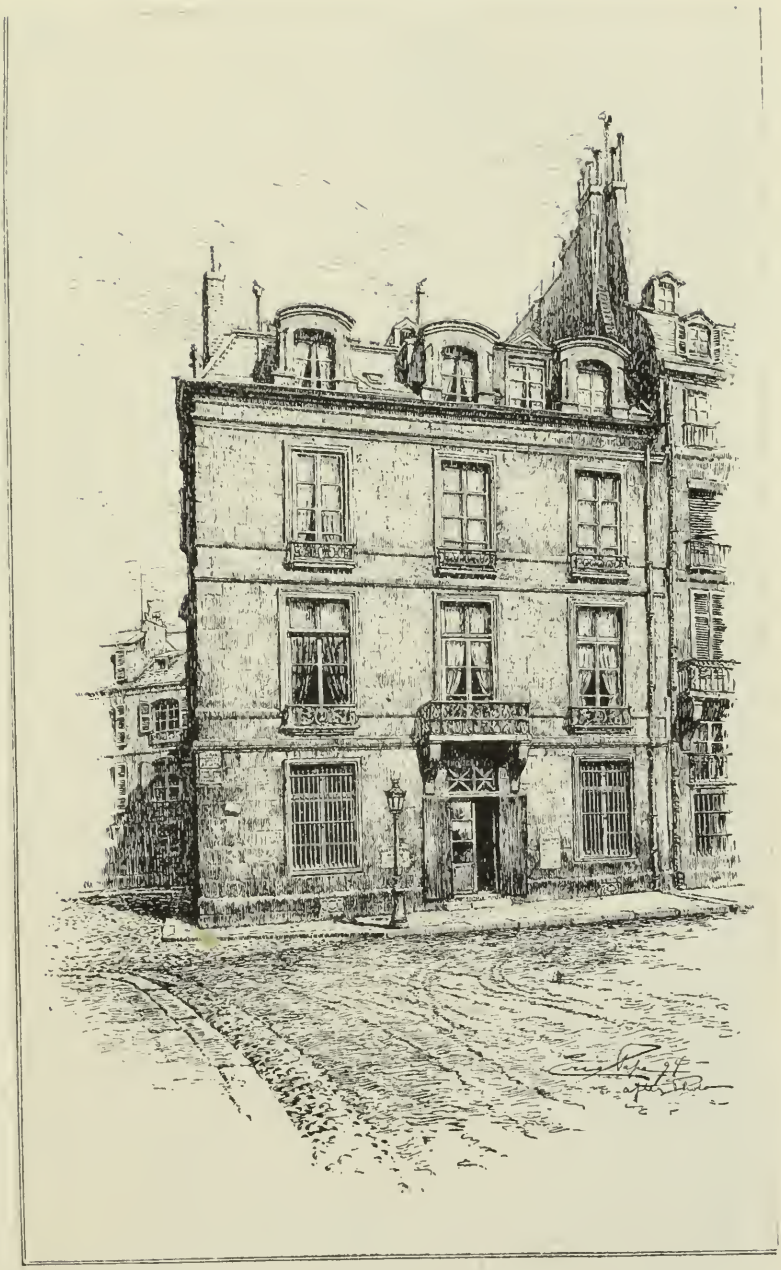
1802.

General Bernadotte pacifies La Vendée, and suppresses a mutiny at Tours—Bonaparte's injustice towards him—A premeditated scene—Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed—The first consul's residence at St. Cloud—His rehearsals for the empire—His contempt of mankind—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte—Information of plans of assassination—A military dinner given by Bonaparte—Moreau not of the party—Effect of the *senatus consulta* on the consulate for life—Journey to Plombières—Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine—Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison—Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded—Canova at Saint Cloud—Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

Having arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, before I advance further, I must go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce into this chapter some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them.

It was evident that Bernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace, for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of the overthrow of the Directory. The first consul, however, did not dare to revenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to intrust him with missions for which no precise instructions were given, in the hope that Bernadotte would commit faults, for which the first consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the consulate, the deplorable war in La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy; because, from the success of the Vendeans might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendeans spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and, besides, there was no hope of reconciliation between France and Eng-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE HÔTEL SILLERY, 13 QUAI DE CONTI, PARIS, THE HOUSE IN WHICH BONAPARTE LIVED WHILE THE GUEST OF THE PERMONS. BONAPARTE'S ROOM WAS IN THE ATTIC, ON THE LEFT.

land, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, a rebellious disposition manifested itself at Tours, amongst the soldiers of the fifty-second regiment. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as commander-in-chief of the army of the west, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where, at the very head of the corps, the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested, without any resistance being offered. Carnot, who was then minister of war, made a report to the first consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnot's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was, however, desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the margin of the report: "General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means of re-establishing order in a town, the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers."

A few days after, the first consul having learned that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the general, and the dicated the following letter to me:

Paris, 11 Vendémiaire, year XI.

Citizen General,

I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendémiaire. Tell that officer that the government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of colonel to that of general of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honour to a soldier.

Bonaparte.

Thus in the same affair, Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame, dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to

make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the general-in-chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the further he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power, the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time, the persons about Bonaparte, who practised the art of flattering, failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day, when there was to be a grand public levee, seeing Bonaparte so much out of temper, that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied, impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see. It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the first consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levee was to open. When he left me to go down to the saloon, I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the saloon was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck, Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window, which looked on the square of the Carrousel. To cross the saloon, and reach the general, was the work of a moment. "General!" said I, "for God's sake retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character, and his nice sense of honour, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The first consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the levee was over, he said to me, "What do you think of it, Bourrienne?—Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, general," was my reply. The first consul, on returning to Josephine, before he went down to the saloon, found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte has always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind, which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte's unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased, the more sympathy and admiration I felt for the noble character of the latter.

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was

at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud. He was much pleased with that residence, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuileries. It was at St. Cloud that the first consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which pomp of ceremony, brilliancy of appearance, and richness of costume, exercised over the mass of mankind. "Men," he remarked to me at this period, "well deserve the contempt I feel for them. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them."

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that, although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements; and I mentioned the celebrated Fox, by way of example, who, previously to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The first consul said, "Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man, and pleases me much."

In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together, he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed that Mr. Fox, on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the first consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him, in time of war, of the plots formed against his life.* Less could not be ex-

* Bonaparte's friendship for Mr. Fox was perfectly sincere. It was a subject on which he often dwelt in his captivity at St. Helena:

"'Fox,' said he, 'was sincere and honest in his intentions; had he lived, there would have been a peace, and England would now be contented and happy. Fox knew the true interests of your country. He was received with a sort of triumph in every city in France through which he passed. Fêtes, and every honour the inhabitants could confer, were spontaneously offered, wherever he was known. It must have been a most gratifying sensation to him to be received in such a manner by a country which had been so long hostile to his own, particularly when he saw that they were the genuine sentiments of the people. Pitt, probably, would have been murdered. I liked Fox, and loved to converse with him. A circumstance occurred, which although accidental, must have been very flattering to him. As I paid him every attention, I gave orders that he should have free admission every where. One day he went with his family to see St. Cloud, in which there was a private cabinet of mine, that had not been opened for some time, and was never shown to strangers. By some accident Fox and his wife opened the door, and entered. There he

pected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proofs of the fact, that the English government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the consular or imperial government, but all plans of assassination, and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether first consul or emperor.* I must here request the indulgence of the reader, whilst I relate a circumstances which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer of 1801, the first consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favoured with his company was Veri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day, in the following manner: The ceremony of the dinner at Veri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at table in the rotunda, we were informed, by the waiter who attended on us, that General Moreau and his wife, with Lacuée, and two other military men, were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said every thing was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see the general and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going

saw the statues of a number of great men, chiefly patriots, such as Sidney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, &c., Lord Chatham, and amongst the rest, his own, which was first recognised by his wife, who said, 'My dear, this is yours.' This little incident, although trifling and accidental, gained him great honour, and spread directly through Paris. The fact was, that a considerable time before, I had determined upon forming a collection of statues of the greatest men, and the most distinguished for their virtues, of all nations. I did not admire them the less because they were enemies, and had actually procured busts of some of the greatest enemies of France, amongst others, that of Nelson. I was afterwards diverted from this intention by occurrences which did not allow me time to attend to the collecting of statues.'

"Napoleon then recounted the noble manner in which Fox had made known to him the proposal that had been made to assassinate him, which generous act he did not fail to compare with the treatment he now received, and with the attempts made upon his life by wretches paid by * * * * in 1803, and landed in France in British men-of-war."—*Napoleon in Exile.*

* Though this fact is placed beyond the reach of a doubt, many memoir makers, and other French writers continue, even now, to assert that our government hired assassins.—*Editor.*

publicly the same day to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

By the commencement of the year 1802, the republic had ceased to be any thing else than a fiction, or an historical recollection. All that remained of it was a deceptious inscription on the gates of the palace. Even previously to his installation at the Tuileries, Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court to be thrown down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the senatorial decisions of the 2d and 4th of August were published, it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the power of the first consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these consulta, Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the state merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his power. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him, than the republican forms. He was of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to every body will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted, There is no longer any person to deceive. Every body sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds, the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to Plombières. Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais-Lavallette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this party. It pleased the fancy of the jocund company to address to me a bulletin of the pleasant and unpleasant occurrences of the journey. I insert this letter merely as a proof of the intimacy which existed between the undersigners and myself. It follows, precisely as I have preserved it, with the exception of the *blots* for which it will be seen they apologized.

ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO PLOMBIÈRES.

To the Inhabitants of Malmaison.

The whole party left Malmaison in tears, which brought on such dreadful headaches, that all the amiable persons were quite overcome by the idea of the journey. Madame Bonaparte, *mère*, supported

the fatigues of this memorable day with the greatest courage; but Madame Bonaparte, *consulesse*, did not show any. The two young ladies who sat in the dormeuse, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame Lavallette, were rival candidates for a bottle of Eau de Cologne; and every now and then, the amiable M. Rapp made the carriage stop for the comfort of his poor little sick heart, which overflowed with bile: in fine, he was obliged to take to bed, on arriving at Epernay, while the rest of the amiable party tried to drown their sorrows in Champagne. The second day was more fortunate, on the score of health and spirits, but provisions were wanting, and great were the sufferings of the stomach. The travellers lived on the hope of a good supper at Toul; but despair was at its height, when, on arriving there, they found only a wretched inn, and nothing in it. We saw some odd-looking folks there, which indemnified us a little for spinage dressed with lamp-oil, and red asparagus, fried with curdled milk. Who would not have been amused to see the Malmaison gourmands seated at a table so shockingly served!

In no record of history is there to be found a day passed in distress so dreadful, as that on which we arrived at Plombières. On departing from Toul, we intended to breakfast at Nancy, for every stomach had been empty for two days; but the civil and military authorities came out to meet us, and prevented us from executing our plan. We continued our route, wasting away, so that you might see us growing thinner every moment. To complete our misfortune, the dormeuse, which seemed to have taken a fancy to embark on the Moselle for Metz, barely escaped an overturn. But at Plombières we have been well compensated for this unlucky journey, for on our arrival, we were received with all kinds of rejoicings. The town was illuminated, the cannon fired, and the faces of handsome women at all the windows, give us reason to hope that we shall bear our absence from Malmaison with the less regret.

With the exception of some anecdotes, which we reserve for chit-chat on our return, you have here a correct account of our journey, which we, the undersigned, hereby certify.

Josephine Bonaparte.
Beauharnais-Lavallette.
Hortense Beauharnais.
Rapp.
Bonaparte, *mère*.

The company ask pardon for the blots.

21 Messidor.

It is requested that the person who receives this journal, will show it to all who take an interest in the fair travellers.

This journey to Plombières was preceded by a scene, which I should abstain from describing, if I had not undertaken to relate the truth respecting the family of the first consul. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. "What a man—what a man is that Lucien!" she exclaimed, in accents of grief. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he

has dared to make to me! 'You are going to the waters,' said he; 'you must get a child by some other person, since you cannot have one by him.' Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice.—'Well,' he continued, 'if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it; for it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.'—'What, sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!'—'Well, madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that, is, that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, that at that period, Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself was incessantly labouring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things necessary to the success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the imperial government.

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene, which I have related, he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison, to witness a theatrical representation. "Alzire" was the piece performed. Eliza played Alzire, and Lucien, Zamore. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over, he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said to me, in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the saloon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand, that he must, for the future, desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison, he again spoke of what had passed with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves, upon the boards, almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said, that the turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman toga, or the robe of the high-priest of Jerusalem, all became him equally well; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our

company of actors at Malmaison; but there every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secret of our drama.

By the direction of the first consul, a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our usual actors were Eugène Beauharnais, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the palace, some other individuals belonging to the first consul's household, and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were very happy in the colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there to which youth does not add charms? The pieces which the first consul most liked to see us perform were, "Le Barbier de Seville" and "Défiance et Malice." In "Le Barbier," Lauriston played the part of Count Almaviva; Hortense, Rosina; Eugène, Basil; Didelot, Figaro; I, Bartholo; and Isabey, l'Eveillé. Our other stock pieces were, "Projets de Mariage," "La Gageure," the "Dépit Amoureux," in which I played the part of the valet; and "L'Impromptu de Campagne," in which I enacted the Baron, having for my Baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

Hortense's acting was perfection; Caroline was middling, Eugène played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Didelot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. If we were not good actors, it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes altogether and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot, whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, and which contrasted so singularly with the great theatre on which we did not represent fictitious characters! We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas, very well bound; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time to learn my parts. Then he would assume his coaxing manner, and say, "Come, do not vex me! You have such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these performances render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning.—In

fact, I sleep too much; is not that the case?—Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not over much amusement, as you well know."—"Ah, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement." After a conversation of this sort, I could not do less than set about studying my part.

At this period, during summer, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte, by studying a new part. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch, made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the bellman of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad, belonging to the village, brought me my watch. He had found it on the high-road, in a wheel-rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I related the circumstance, the same evening, to the first consul, who was so struck with this instance of honesty, that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learned that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave employment to three brothers of this family; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear, it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character—kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him; it was then impossible to control him. I had a remarkable proof of it about this very period.

Canova, having arrived in Paris, came to St. Cloud to model the figure of the first consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; butBonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte, notwithstanding, had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced, the first consul sent me to keep him company until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders, and say, "More modelling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!" Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject, damped the ardour of his imagination. Every body agrees in saying that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have shown the cause of it. The Duke of Wellington now possesses this colossal statue.

CHAPTER XII.

1802.

Bonaparte's principle as to the change of ministers—Fouché—His influence with the first consul—Fouché's dismissal—The departments of Police and Justice united under Regnier—Madame Bonaparte's regret for the dismissal of Fouché—Family scenes—Madame Louis Bonaparte's pregnancy—False and infamous reports to Josephine—Legitimacy and a Bastard—Rœderer reproached by Josephine—Her visit to Ruel—Long conversation with her—Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

It is a principle particularly applicable to absolute governments, that a prince should change his ministers as seldom as possible, and never, except upon serious grounds. Bonaparte acted on this principle when first consul, and also when he became emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte's tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded M. Gaudin time to establish a degree of order in the administration of finance, which before his time had never existed; and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decrès to reduce the ministry of marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw nothing in men but helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire, Fouché was a help. The first consul feared that he would become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouché's having any share in the government. But their disinterested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace; so influential a person had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché was identified with the republic by the death of the king, for which he had voted; with the reign of terror, by his sanguinary missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the consulate, by

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN THE DRESS OF A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

his real, though perhaps exaggerated, services ; with Bonaparte, by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated him ; with Josephine, by the enmity of the first consul's brothers. Who would believe it? Fouché ranked the enemies of the revolution amongst his warmest partisans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the head of the state, because the cunning minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was pro-consul, he had attacked in the mass. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout all France, Fouché obtained credit for extraordinary ability ; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouché's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the first consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouché had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards Fonché, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence, Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless—scandalous. All the reports from prefects and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouché's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still, under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him without the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of ministry of police, in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the minister. The first consul told Fouché that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than any thing else to give strength to the government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouché could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favourably to Fouché's recommendation.

Fouché, as has been stated, had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire. Every body who was acquainted with the first consul's character was unable to explain the ascendancy which he had suffered Fouché to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouché a

centre around which all the interests of the revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which inthralled him. When he spoke of Fouché in his absence, his language was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouché was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d Nivose.

The suppression of the ministry of police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th of September, we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouché, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the first consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouché came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The first consul transacted business with him as usual, without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambacérès to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he had hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavoured to modify his rigour. Having appointed Fouché a senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the senate to notify the appointment, "Fouché, as minister of police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the government, done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the senate, if events should again call for a minister of police, the government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence."

From this moment the departments of justice and police united were confided to the hands of Regnier. Bonaparte's aversion for Fouché strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have any thing to do with secret police, unless it be to condemn it. What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected, even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouché's disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only learned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouché against her husband's sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his ministers who told him the truth.

I have already spoken of Josephine's troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards

THE CITADEL OF VALENCE, NOW DEMOLISHED.

her; I will, therefore, describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouché, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. Having been the confident of both parties, and an involuntary actor in those scenes, now that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred, what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

Madame Louis Bonaparte was pregnant. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated, with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connexion between Hortense and the first consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavoured to console her by telling her, what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child; so that these seeming consolations, offered by self-love to Josephine's grief, gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity, Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard, if supposed to be a child of his—a singular mode, truly, of founding a new legitimacy.

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me, even now, excusable, well knew my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when, two years before, the question had been agitated on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s letters to the first consul. I remember that, one day, after the publications of the parallel of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine, having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good humour exhibited at breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and, thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself a king? It is that Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables!.....Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone." What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I often heard him declare

seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte, cannot be denied.

Fouché, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Rœderer inveighed with so much violence against Fouché in the presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied, with extreme warmth, "The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!" Josephine could not control this exclamation, as she knew that Rœderer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien's direction. I recollect, one day, when she had been to see us, at our little house at Ruel: as I walked with her along the high-road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers. "Madame," said I, "if we cannot succeed in dissuading the general from making himself a king, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty, he will, in all probability, labour for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavourable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years, when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses every thing but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame; but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made queen or empress."

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak without interruption, but when I pronounced the words queen and empress, she exclaimed, "My God! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the first consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself king."— "Madame," I replied, "times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the strongest minds, have resolutely and courageously opposed the tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed, his anger knows no bounds; his

language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him."—"Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you, that if you should try once more . . . . . ."—"Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides, what could I add to the remarks I made upon his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I fearlessly represented to him that, being without children, he would have no one to whom he could bequeath the throne—that, doubtless, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them?" Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, "My kind friend, when you spoke of children, did he say any thing to you? Did he talk of a divorce?"—"Not a word, Madame, I assure you."*

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to endeavour to compare with this, what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the memorial, Napoleon there stated, that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I recollect one day, that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe, "Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last * * *." I sincerely congratulated him, more, I own, out of courtesy, than from any hope I had of seeing him made a father by Josephine; for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and the wife are in contradiction, which is nothing uncommon. But on which side is truth? I have no hesitation in referring it to Josephine. There is, indeed, an immense difference between the statements of a woman intrusting her fears and her hopes to the sole confident of her family secrets, and the tardy declaration of a man, who, after seeing the vast edifice of his ambition levelled with the dust, is only anxious, in his compulsory retreat, to preserve intact and spotless the other great edifice of his glory. Bonaparte should have recollected that Cæsar did not like the idea of his wife being even suspected.

* For several imperative reasons, a few short sentences of this most interesting dialogue are omitted. At the end of it all Josephine exclaimed, "My God, how unhappy I am!"—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XIII.

1802.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch—Arts and Industry—Exhibition in the Louvre—Aspect of Paris in 1802—The Medicean Venus and the Velletrian Pallas—Signs of general prosperity—Rise of the funds—Irresponsible ministers—The Bourbons—Conversation between La Fayette and Bonaparte—The military government—Annoying familiarity of Lannes—Plan laid for his disgrace—Indignation of Lannes—His embassy to Portugal—The delayed despatch—Bonaparte's rage—I resign my situation—Duroc—I breakfast with Bonaparte—Duroc's intercession—Temporary reconciliation.

Citizen Fesch, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio, on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the general-in-chief's Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbé Fesch, as Bonaparte by his consular authority re-erected the altars which the revolution had overthrown. On the 15th of August, 1802, he was consecrated bishop, and the following year received the cardinal's hat. Thus Bonaparte took advantage of one of the members of his family being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church. He afterwards gave Cardinal Fesch the archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he is still the titular.

The first consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented. Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention was directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the Directory, than even during the reign of terror.

In his march of usurpation the first consul let slip no opportunity of endeavouring to obtain, at the same time, the admiration of the multitude, and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was sensible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of a government. It must, however, at the same time be owned,

CHAPTER VIII

[illegible]

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

CHASSEUR À CHEVAL UNIFORM WORN BY BONAPARTE DURING THE CONSULATE.

that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void, by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The first consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection the manufacturing arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners who resorted to Paris during the peace.

In fact, throughout the year 1802, the capital presented an interesting and animating spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and English, who drove about every where with brilliant equipages, contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carrousel on review-days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties at the Tuileries were brilliant and numerous, and nothing was wanting but the re-introduction of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalitscheff as Russian ambassador; the Marquis de Luchesini, the Prussian ambassador; and Lord Whitworth, the minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the first consul, who was well pleased that the court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the States-General had the theatres been so frequented, or fêtes so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented so cheering an aspect. The first consul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de Medicis, which had been robbed from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Every where an air of prosperity was perceptible, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as the author of it all. With what heartfelt satisfaction did he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of consulship for life and the *senatus consultum* of the 4th of August, when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect, the depart-

ments were in a state of perfect tranquillity, and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The court of Rome which, since the concordate, may be said to have become devoted to the first consul, gave, under all circumstances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first court which recognised the erection of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine, and Batavian republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics, were under the immediate influence of France. The isle of Elba, which Napoleon's first abdication has rendered so famous, was also united to France, still called a republic. Every thing now seemed to concur in securing his accession to absolute power. We were now at peace with all the world, and every circumstance tended to place in the hands of the first consul that absolute power, which indeed was the only kind of government he was capable of forming any conception of. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon's government, even under the consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free government, it is evident that he would have made the ministers responsible to the country; whereas, he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them, in fact, in the light of instruments, which he might use as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs. In order to make the irresponsibility of his ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his government signed merely by M. Maret, secretary of state. Thus the consulship for life was nothing but an empire in disguise, the usufruct of which could not long satisfy the first consul's ambition. His brothers influenced him, and it was resolved to found a new dynasty.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognising and treating with the consular government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a government which had resumed its monarchical form. The question regarding the Bourbons was in some measure kept in the back ground as long as France remained a republic; but the re-establishment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them. He, however, always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the consulship for life. With regard to that question, I have already noticed the offence given to him by La Fayette's suspensive vote, and the assigned reason. The first consul repeated to me the last

conversation he held with this man, so celebrated in the annals of liberty. Different estimates may be formed of La Fayette's character, but no one can deny him the possession of unchanging principles. Among other topics, the subject of the government of the United States of America had been discussed between him and the first consul. M. de La Fayette told Bonaparte that at the time of the formation of the Union, the question whether a president for life should be elected, had been considered. This question, it is well known, was decided in the negative; but Bonaparte, on the mere knowledge of its having been agitated, argued in support of the nomination for life, contending that the Americans knew not what they were about when they deprived themselves of what he regarded as the sole means of ensuring a country's prosperity. He firmly believed that where there was not a perfect unity of power no good could be done.* Indeed the first consul, being, as he was, opposed to every idea of liberty, could hardly be expected to agree for any length of time with La Fayette, a man bred up and imbued with liberal ideas. The very manner in which he returned to France had highly displeased the first consul. La Fayette, in fact, believing, or feigning to believe, that France was a free country, returned to Paris without a passport, saying, "I left my country when she was deserted by liberty: I return with that goddess, for she surely has returned, since Napoleon is her chief inter-

* "It has already been observed, that as consul and as emperor he always considered himself as holding a dictatorship until a general peace. That peace was, however, retarded, not by him, but by England; and herein rests the whole of this question. Napoleon was too enlightened to be the enemy of the liberty of the age in which he lived. If it is true, as his secretary has frequently alleged, that his ruling passion was the love of glory, and that he worshipped in anticipation the opinion of posterity, what could he wish for but the welfare of his country and his age? Was not the promotion of that welfare the only title with which he could present himself before that impartial judge, who cannot be deceived as long as the art of printing shall be preserved among mankind, and the liberty of the press exist in any corner of the globe. Is it supposed that Napoleon was an idiot? Does any one believe that he was incapable of carrying on the simplest process of reasoning? If not, then it must be concluded that what he did he believed it his duty to do. He was governed by no mean and sordid passions. He was not rapacious, nor dissolute, nor cruel. He loved glory and immortal renown; and, to merit the fame he so ardently pursued, he acted and thought like Corneille's heroes, who were the objects of his admiration, and often moved him to tears. I recollect that one day at the Théâtre Français, after hearing Monvel in the celebrated tirade 'Soyons amis, Cinna,' he said to me, 'What an instructor is this Corneille! Let us imagine that in a distant future age some great poet shall make us act and speak as we love to see those Romans do, just as Corneille represents to us the great Cæsar, the proud Cornelia, and the impassive Augustus. We ought to endeavour to be such as we love to see them—such as we should wish to see and hear ourselves represented hereafter, if a part of our present selves should survive. But our children remain, and are they not that part of ourselves?'"—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* We insert this note, but we are inclined to believe that Bourrienne's statement is more correct than the partial picture of Napoleon's brother.—*Editor.*

preter." Napoleon, however, took in very bad part this return of the apostle of American liberty, without a passport.

The government of the United States, the limiting of the term of presidency to two years, and the singular liberty of consular France, were not the only subjects on which La Fayette showed himself opposed in opinion to the first consul. He decried the concordate. He wished that Bonaparte, tolerating every form of worship, had placed all religions on an equal footing, as is the case in the United States. He would have rendered them entirely independent of the government, and have left it to the followers of each creed to agree among themselves in providing for the necessities of their worship and the maintenance of their ministers. I remember on this occasion Bonaparte said to me, "La Fayette may be right in theory; but what is theory after all? An absurdity, when it is endeavoured to apply it to masses of men. And then, he constantly thinks himself in America! As if Frenchmen were Americans. He is not going to teach me what I am to do in this country. The Catholic religion prevails here: besides, I have need of the pope, and he will do as I want him. But I must tell you what a droll expression La Fayette let fall." The first consul added, with a smile, "He told me I wanted to have the little phial spilled upon my head. We shall see—we shall see." * We have indeed seen.

Bonaparte laboured to establish in France, not only an absolute government, but what is still worse, a military one. He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue capable of transforming his generals into able diplomatists, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to show the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that he soon meant to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the court of Lisbon originated from causes which probably will be read with some interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends, when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person

* "Those who know the French and the Americans of the United States, will not find it difficult to agree with Napoleon, that 'the French are not Americans.' As to the little phial, we did not see it used, nor did the pope crown the emperor. He pronounced a benediction on the civil act of the coronation, and was there to testify that the imperial crown came from the people. It was from the hands of the grand elector that the elect of the nation received the crown; and thus was verified the old adage—*Vox populi, vox Dei.* It is well known that the inscription of more than one million five hundred thousand names certified this popular will. We should have to search far back in the annals of the world to find any other title granted and authenticated by an equal number of electors; that of the emperors of Germany was given by the seven electors of the empire."—*Note by Joseph Bonaparte.* (*Editor.*)

singular; but that general continued the familiarity of *thee* and *thou*, in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the first consul. Aware of the unceremonious candour of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go as great lengths in civil affairs, as on the field of battle, Bonaparte, on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris in order to ensure his absence from St. Cloud. After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the first consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a fellow-soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and, in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus, he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the first consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hôtel de Noailles—why don't you take it, and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candour prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the first consul. The Hôtel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at two hundred thousand francs.

General Lannes, having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs, the amount of the expense incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the first consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! What the devil am I to do then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to the paymaster of the guards, who made some objections, at first, to the advance required, but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the first consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the four hundred thousand francs, the paymaster received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for

the four hundred thousand francs, advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the paymaster alleged the authority of the first consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all about it. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the four hundred thousand francs to the guards' chest; and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to him he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that ——— ? Well, it cannot be helped; here are the four hundred thousand francs, take them to him, and let him go to the devil!" *

Lannes hastened to the first consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompence you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you play me such a foul trick as this! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward—humiliation. This cannot, this shall not, be. I will ———" Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the first consul, and, at the same time, calmed, in some degree, the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return, you will not want any one to pay your debts for you." Thus was Bonaparte's object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the first consul by his familiarities; for on his return he ceased to address him with *thee* and *thou*.†

Having described Bonaparte's ill-treatment of Lannes, I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between me and the first consul. So many false stories

* On this occasion, as on many others, our translation gives a very inadequate idea of the fierceness and obscenity of the language used. Even Bonaparte himself frequently employed language that would disgrace a London drayman.

† Joseph Bonaparte asserts that Lannes never did address Napoleon in this familiar style; but says nothing in contradiction of the extraordinary story here related. We have heard Bourrienne's statements confirmed by several unprejudiced contemporaries, and every body knows that poor Lannes was sent, as a sort of exile, to Lisbon.—*Editor.*

CH BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN THE COLLECTION OF BARON DE CREUTZER.

FRANÇOIS-JOSEPH LEFEBVRE, DUKE OF DANTZIC.

have been circulated on the subject, that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

Nine months had now passed since I had tendered my resignation to the first consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much endangered by over-application, that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me, that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart had, no doubt, spoken to the same effect to the first consul, for the latter said to me, one day, and in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, "Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live." This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loath to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion, when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me, at the table of Fouché. I remembered, also, the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was subjected, by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstance alone could extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon:

On the 27th of February, 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch, of considerable importance and urgency, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the minister for foreign affairs to come to the Tuileries next morning, at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger, that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came about mid-day. The first consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the minister had not received it until the morning. He immediately rang for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in a very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much fury, that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. "Why," he said, addressing me hastily, "why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?"

"I do not know: I put it into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent."—"Go, and learn the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. "Well?" said the first consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased.—"Well, general, it is not the fault of any body. M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office, or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends, where he was thought likely to be." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called the messenger, and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the first consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, still more irritated than he had left it. I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to sooth him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet, after him, he threw back the door with so much violence, that had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed, before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a —— fool." At an insult so atrocious, I confess, that the anger which had already mastered the first consul, suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward, with as much impetuosity as he had used in throwing it back; and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundred-fold a greater fool than I am." I then went up stairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the first consul. But what was done could not be undone; and, therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:

GENERAL,

The state of my health no longer permits me to continue in your service. I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

BOURRIENNE.

Some moments after this note was written, I saw Bonaparte's saddle-horses brought up to the entrance of the palace. It was Sunday morning, and, contrary to his usual custom on

that day, he was going to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone, than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning, at four o'clock, with Duroc, Bonaparte read my letter. "Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it, "a letter from Bourrienne." And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, "He is in the sulks.—*Accepted.*" I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned; but Duroc sent to me, when I was dining, the following billet:

The first consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you, that he accepts your resignation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers.

Yours,

DUROC.

P.S.—I will call on you presently.

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The first consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me, in a harsh tone, "Come, I have had enough of this! Leave me." I stepped down from the ladder, on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited, and hastily withdrew. I, too, had had quite enough of it.

I remained two more days at the Tuileries, until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the first consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the tribunate:—"That will not do for you," he said, "the members are a set of babblers and phrase-mongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of states proceed from such debatings. I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the tribunate, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.*

The following day, Tuesday, the first consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a reinstalment

* In 1802, the first consul made a reduction of fifty members of the tribunate, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed.

in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered, that I considered the evil beyond remedy; and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The first consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of goodwill towards me.

At five o'clock I was going down stairs to quit the Tuileries for good, when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the first consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said, "He wishes you to remain. I beg of you, not to refuse; do me this favour. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The first consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in the best of humours, said to me, "Are you still in the sulks?" and, leading me to my usual seat, he added, "Come, sit down." Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I resumed my usual office and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table: "You will dine with me?" he said. "I cannot; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break."—"Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock."—"I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the first consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

MEDAL OF THE THREE CONSULS.
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

CHAPTER XIV.

1802—1803.

Acts of the consular government—The house of Perigord—The Faubourg St. Germain and the revolutionary party—The concordate and the Legion of Honour—The council of state and the tribunate—Discussion on the word *subjects*—Chenier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the tribunate—The *marked proof* of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the *senatus consultum*—The people consulted—Consular decree—The most, or the least—M. de Vaublanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply—The address of the tribunate—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

Let us now take a glance at the most important acts of the consular government, previous to the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulate for life. It may truly be said, that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived republic a government more absolute than ever was Louis XIV's. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one man exercised over his fellow men. It is not length of time, but the events which fill it up, that mark great epochs. We know nothing of the centuries during which insignificant kings have vegetated; and the Pontificate of Leo X., who gave his name to the age he lived in, lasted only eleven years, Bonaparte reigned fourteen years, for the period of the consulate may properly be included in his reign: indeed, in his own imagination, he was sovereign the first night he slept at the Luxembourg.

M. de Talleyrand's name, and the antiquity of the house of Perigord, were great recommendations in the eyes of the first consul; and yet, by one of those singular incongruities which his mind presented, he was an advocate of equality among men, as much as he was an enemy to liberty. Such at least was his turn of mind as long as he continued consul; for, on his elevation to the imperial throne, it is well known how much he was dazzled by the illusion attached to great names.

Bonaparte called the Faubourg St. Germain a power, but it

was one which he would rather have gained over by fair means, than have put down by violence. There was another power of which he stood in far greater dread: this was the revolutionary party; namely, those who were firmly attached to liberty and the institutions which the revolution had created. The reason of this was evident: the men who were reluctant to see the sacrifice of a few dearly-bought ameliorations were precisely those who opposed the consulate for life, and, above all, hereditary power.

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The concordate had reconciled him with the court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the Legion of Honour, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the first consul's power, by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The council of state, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the consular government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent men in the different branches of administration; and though the majority evinced a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the council of state the projects of the government were discussed with freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the tribunate, and to the legislative body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme legislative tribunal, before which the tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the counsellors of state, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the government. This will at once explain the cause of the first consul's animosity towards the tribunate, and will show to what the constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

During the consulate, the council of state was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the first consul sent counsellors of state on missions to each of the military divisions, where there was a court of appeal, the instructions given them by the first consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports, collected and compared together, presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the state. The reports never conveyed the truth to the first consul, or at least, if they did, it was in such a disguised form, as to be scarcely recognizable; for the counsellors well knew, that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was, not to describe

public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the counsellors of state only furnished fresh arguments in favour of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that, in the discussions of the council of state, Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for being fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to gain information: indeed, it is scarcely conceivable how, in the short space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could not endure in the tribunate the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the council; and for this reason—that the sittings of the tribunate were public, while those of the council of state were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the legislative body, or to the tribunate, any law project of trifling importance; and he used then to say, that he had given them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the council and the tribunate, was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of the subjects of the two governments. This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the tribunate. Chenier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chenier's arguments, however, had no effect on the decision of the tribunate, and only served to irritate the first consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient voices, and the proportion of black balls in the legislative body was even less.

Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the first consul, who expressed his dissatisfaction in the evening. "What is it," said he, "these babblers want? They wish to be citizens—why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere manikin in the eyes of foreign courts, were I to yield to the stupid demands of the tribunate. Those fellows tease me so, that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them." I endeavoured to sooth his anger, and observed, that one precipitate act might ruin him. "You are right," he continued; "but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting."

The tribunate pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of

removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The tribunate resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the first consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l'Alliers, the president of the tribunate.

Having described the opening scene of the consulate for life, I will now show how the plot of the drama proceeded, and how the principal character, for whose benefit the whole was got up, kept as much as possible behind the scenes. Judging from the first consul's speeches, it might have been supposed that his intention on the present occasion was to act as he did with respect to his residence at St. Cloud; viz.—first refuse the offer, and afterwards to accept it.

The tribunate having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the first consul a *marked proof* of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though, in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the legislative body, and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword; yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversations with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp a power contrary to the constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty, it was all for her good, and out of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte's was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self-command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than his character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do, than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

In conformity with the usual form, the proposition of the tribunate was transmitted to the senate. From that time, the senators, on whom Bonaparte most relied, were frequent in their visits to the Tuileries. In the preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the senate, it had been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the *marked proof* of gratitude should be the consulate for life: it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prorogation of the dignity of first consul in favour of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacépède, acted accordingly, and limited the prorogation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the constitution. I forget which of the senators first proposed the

consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambacérès used all his endeavours to induce those members of the senate whom he thought he could influence, to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction, I know not, but the second consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success. Bonaparte, on hearing him, shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, "They will, perhaps, make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!"

It was proposed in the senate that the proposition of the consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prorogation; but this was not agreed to; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the *senatus consultum* published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated, that, "in testimony of their gratitude to the consuls of the republic," the consular reign was prolonged for ten years; but that the prolongation was limited to the first consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, the president of the senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the *senatus consultum* determining the prorogation, he said, in reply, that he could not be certain of the confidence of the people, unless his continuance in the consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. "The interests of my glory and happiness," added he, "would seem to have marked the close of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the state and the wishes of the public. You, senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorizes."

The true meaning of these words was not understood by every body, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's designs. He did not accept the offer of the senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the senate did not offer.

The moment arrived for consulting the council of state as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting of the council of state was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues laboured for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported

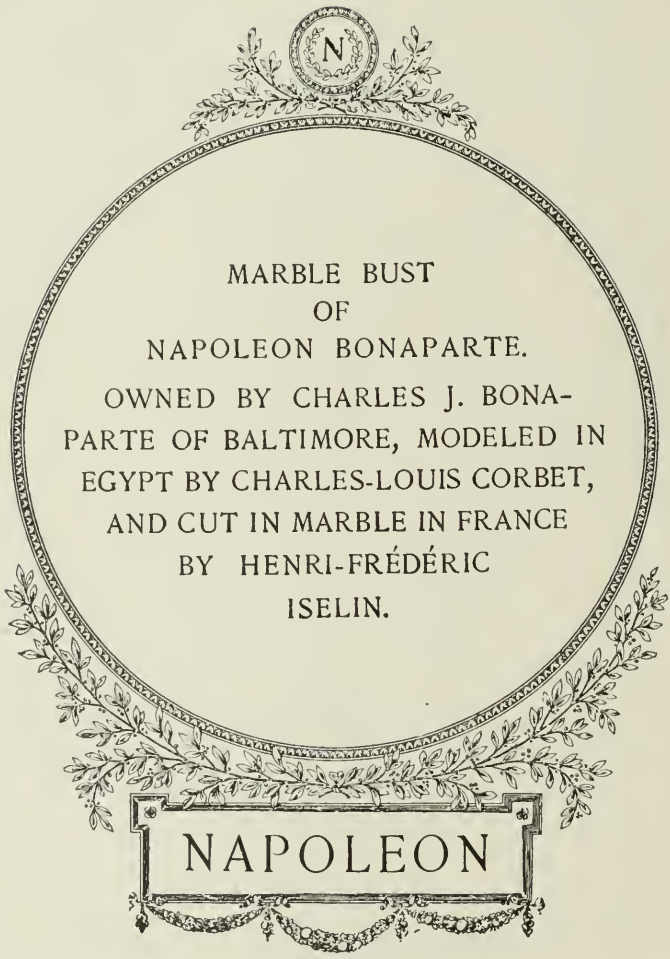
by several members of the council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the senate:

The consuls of the republic, considering that the resolution of the first consul is an homage rendered to the sovereignty of the people, and that the people, when consulted on their dearest interests will not go beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:—First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made consul for life.

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shows the policy of the first consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater: and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater, to show off his moderation by accepting only the less. The council of state sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the first consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the first consul declined this. Accordingly, the second consul, when he, the next day, presented the decree to the council of state, did not fail to eulogize this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus was the senate duped, and the decree of the consuls was transmitted at once to the legislative body and to the tribunate.

In the legislative body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the legislative body to the first consul. After having addressed the government collectively, he ended by addressing the first consul individually—a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put in practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc's speech had been communicated to the first consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently showed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by any thing like advice or comment. It was not so with the address of the tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events which actually ensued. The tribunate, said the address, required no guarantee, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those prin-


N
MARBLE BUST
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
OWNED BY CHARLES J. BONAPARTE OF BALTIMORE, MODELED IN EGYPT BY CHARLES-LOUIS CORBET, AND CUT IN MARBLE IN FRANCE BY HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC ISELIN.
NAPOLEON

ciples which brought about the revolution and founded the republic;—he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;—the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous: he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from the flatterers who were seeking to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself with those good men, who, having made the revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things, the consul replied, "This testimony of the affection of the tribunate is gratifying to the government. The union of all bodies of the state is a guarantee of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart."

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain, that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favour. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The republicans were rather shy in avowing principles from which people were now disenchanted;—the partisans of a monarchy without distinction of family, saw their hopes almost realized in the consulate for life;—the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune: but the great mass were for the first consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne had been so cautiously disguised, as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I and a few others were witnessed to his accomplished artifice and charlatanism, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realized the hopes of the first consul, and thus was founded the consulate for life.

CHAPTER XV.

1802—1803.

Departure for Malmaison—Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons—Distinction between two opposition parties — New intrigues of Lucien—Camille Jourdan's pamphlet seized—Vituperation against the liberty of the press—Revisal of the constitution—New *senatus consultum*—Deputation from the senate—Audience of the diplomatic body—Josephine's melancholy—The discontented—Secret meetings—Fouché and the police agents—The Code Napoleon—Bonaparte's regular attendance at the council of state—His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government—Napoleon's first sovereign act—His visit to the senate—The consular procession—Polite etiquette—The senate and the council of state—Complaints against Lucien—The deaf and dumb assembly—Creation of senatorships.

When nothing was wanting to secure the consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the first consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nullified the last *senatus consultum*. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed in the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said, "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of, I replied, that I did not think the pretender would relinquish his claims; that it was very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the government, though they might look forward to their return as probable.—"How so?"

BY REALIER-DUMAS. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

NAPOLEON AT MALMAISON.

Towards the close of the year 1799, Napoleon occupied the palace of the Luxembourg. Several courtiers thought that a palace in the country equally worthy should be allotted to his use. He had been resident at Malmaison, but this was considered unsuitable for the abode of the chief of a great republic. It was decided that St. Cloud should be offered for his acceptance. This he chose to decline.

In August, 1802, Napoleon was chosen consul for life. The court then became such as it had been at Versailles under the Bourbons. A French writer says, that when at the Tuileries, "he found it a tiresome abode; there he had no retirement—no liberty. His happiest days were spent at Malmaison. Great in himself, he appeared still greater in that sweet retreat."

Having formerly refused St. Cloud at the hands of the people, he now took it on his own authority. There he had less leisure than at Malmaison, as etiquette was augmented in proportion to the grandeur of his establishment.

Josephine suffered more from this new state of things than any other individual. She was much attached to Malmaison; it was there she had spent many happy hours with her dearest friends. She was often heard to say, "How all this excitement fatigues and wearies me! I have not a moment to myself! I ought to have been the wife of an humble cottager."

Napoleon occasionally condescended to join in the country dance with the peasantry of Malmaison. In this amusement it is said he was somewhat awkward, always calling for the *monaco*, as being most easy of performance.

inquired he.—" For a very simple reason, general. Do you not see, every day, that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favour? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?"—" And what then?"—" Why, general, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France. It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility."—" That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, it may be necessary to do something—we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the consulate. " There is nothing extraordinary in that," said he. " Worthy men may be attached to the republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the consulate, it was very different. Then, none but jacobins, terrorists, and rogues, resisted my endeavours to rescue France from the infamy into which the Directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill-will against those who have opposed me."

During the intervals between the acts of the different bodies of the state, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect produced by these circulars, which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all this, though I positively cannot say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien, and Rœderer was at that time in favour at the Tuileries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just been published, by Camille Jourdan, on the subject of the national vote on the consulate for life. Camille Jourdan wrote much in the same spirit as M. de La Fayette, in the letter which has been given in the course of this volume. However, he did not withhold his vote, he gave it in favour of the first consul; and, instead of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the tribunate, with enumerating all the guarantees which he expected the honour of the first consul would grant. Among these guarantees

were the cessation of arbitrary detentions, the responsibility of the agents of government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jourdan's great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The first consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author. "How!" exclaimed he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—These babblers, who think that politics may be shown on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jourdan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this, I might as well go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris." Bonaparte's first act in favour of the liberty of the press, was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jourdan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte's horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

Camille Jourdan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men, who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French revolution, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly constitutional government in France. Even in the senate, there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the consulate for life.

The project of revising the constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of holding out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too shortsighted to see into the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation, he would have replied, "Three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens have given their votes. Of these, how many were for me? Three millions three hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-five. Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!" To this he would not have failed to add, "Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, jacobins, and peculators under the Directory." To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte's mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained, the senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it

joséphine

had committed in the eyes of the first consul, and solemnly presented him with a new *senatus consultum*, and a decree couched in the following terms:

ARTICLE I. The French people elect and the senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte consul for life.

ARTICLE II. A statue representing Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the senate, shall commemorate the gratitude of the nation.

ARTICLE III. The senate will convey to the first consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and the admiration of the French people.

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the senate in the presence of the diplomatic body, whose audience had been appointed for that day, in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective courts that Europe reckoned one king more. In his reply, he did not fail to introduce the high-sounding words "liberty and equality." He commenced thus: "A citizen's life belongs to his country. The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey."

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the diplomatic body, there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuileries presented the appearance of a fête. This gaiety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the first consul towards the throne removed him further from her.

She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits, she did the honours with her usual grace.

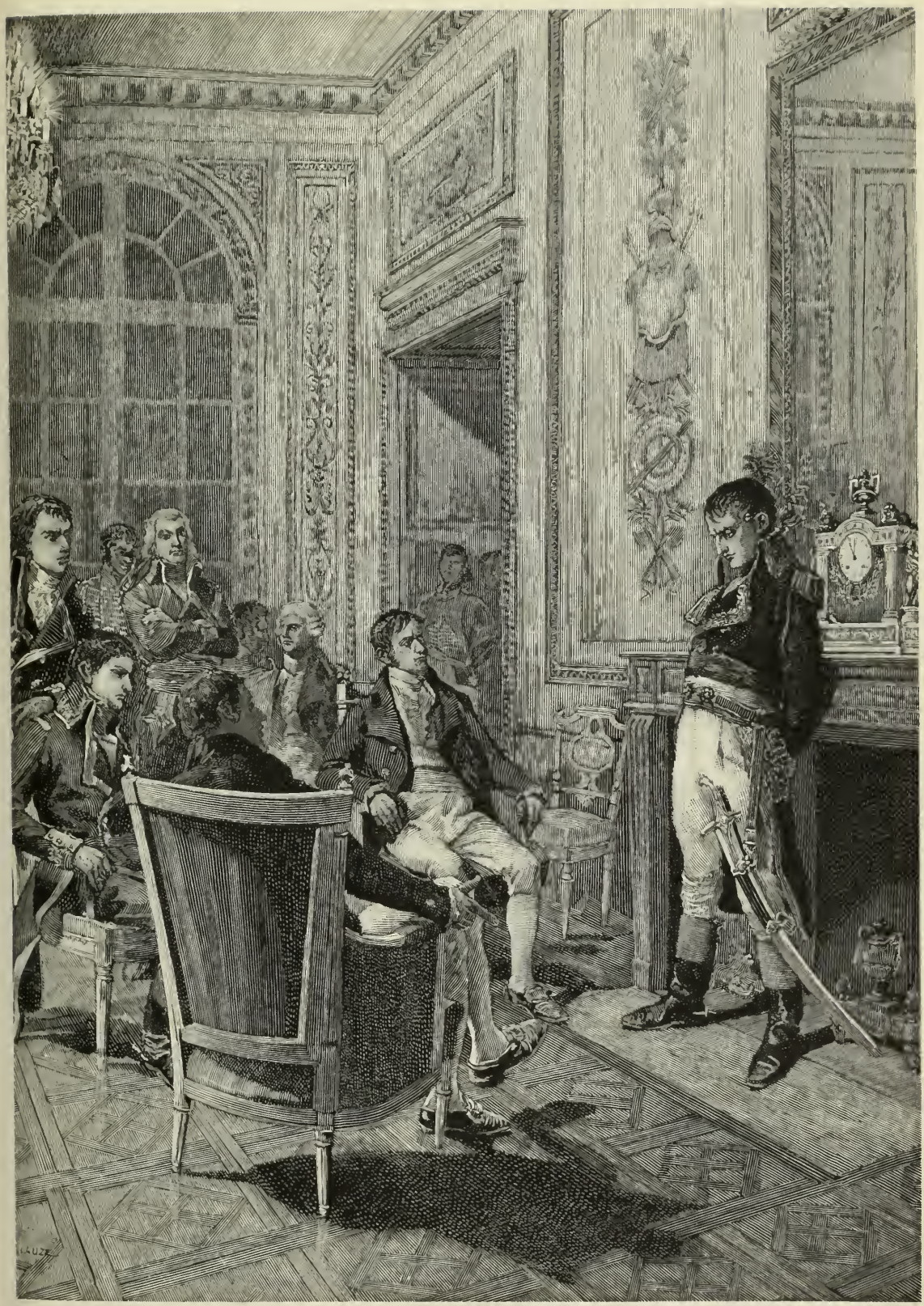
Let a government be what it may, it can never satsify every one. At the establishment of the consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the consular government. Those who are at all times designated by the name of the discontented, are, in general, men of little respectability: they exaggerate any services they may have rendered, force ingratitude by the extravagance of their expectations, and then tax the government with the misfortunes to which their own misconduct has probably reduced them. These people are not dangerous; their hostility evaporates in empty noise, and those who are incessantly talking are the least likely to act.

During the first six months of the year 1802, there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouché, who was then minister of the police, knew, and despised to notice; but, on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police contended with each other for a prey which was easily seized, and with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret

meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouché badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but, when he sent for the minister of police, the latter told him that all the reports he had received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the first consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the first consul's attention from the great object he had in view. Since March, 1802, he had attended the sittings of the council of state with remarkable regularity. While we were at the Luxembourg, he had commenced the drawing up of a new code of laws, to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The men who were most distinguished for legal knowledge had co-operated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoleon. The labours of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambacérès was the president, was composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual, three times a week, the council of state assembled every day, and the sittings, which on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours, were often prolonged to five or six. The first consul took such interest in these discussions, that, to have an opportunity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing, as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

Some time after his nomination to the consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the senate. Availing myself that day of a few leisure moments, I went out to see the consular procession. It was truly royal. The first consul had given orders that the military should be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. At the Tuileries the soldiers of the guard were ranged in a single



r ALPHONSE LALAUZE. ENGRAVED BY A. E. A

THE FAMILY COUNCIL AS TO THE LIFE CONSULATE.

line in the interior of the court; but on arriving there, Bonaparte ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the first consul, which was surrounded by generals and aides-de-camp on horseback. Louis XIV. going to hold a bed of justice at the parliament of Paris never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty, and ten senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the first consul's visit to the senate was the presentation of five plans of *senatus consulta*. The other two consuls were present at the ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambacérès remaining at the senate, of which he was president. The five *senatus consulta* were adopted, but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the senate. It was proposed that when the consuls visited the senate, they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the first consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers Joseph and Lucien opposed this, and prevented the proposition, from being adopted, observing that the second and third consuls being members of the senate, could not be received with such honours by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the senate gave rise to a change of rank in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing the government. Hitherto the council of state had ranked higher in public opinion; but the senate on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time received the honour of precedency. This had greatly displeased some of the counsellors of state, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He saw that the senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expense of the rights of the legislative body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorized by the first consul, gave rise to reports of changes in ministerial arrangements. It was rumoured in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three. Lucien helped to circulate these reports, and this increased the first consul's dissatisfaction at his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a *lemonadier*, exceedingly annoyed

Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern than France.

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which the first consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object! He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the jacobins, with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the legislative body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favourable to him, he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it into ridicule whenever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the senate affords me an opportunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit-chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons, that they refused to become members of the senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de La Fayette, and Marshal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his saloon and in his cabinet, "You should be a senator—a man like you should be a senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the senate, and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body, to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of senatorships. This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

Napoleon, Commander of the Army of Italy.

From an engraving by J. B. L. Massard, Fils, after J. B. F. Massard.

Paris, 1801.

CHAPTER XVI.

1802.

The intoxication of great men—Unlucky zeal—MM. Maret, Champagny, and Rovigo—M. de Talleyrand's real services—Postponement of the execution of orders—Fouché and the revolution—The royalist committee—The charter first planned during the consulate—Mission to Coblentz—Influence of the royalists upon Josephine—The statue and the pedestal—Madame de Genlis's romance of Madame de Vallière—The Legion of Honour and the carnations—Influence of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte—Louis XVIII.'s indignation—Prudent advice of the Abbé André—Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte—Council held at Neuilly—The letter delivered—Indifference of Bonaparte, and satisfaction of the royalists.

PERHAPS one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed was that of the Athenian, who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is nevertheless true, that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and Bonaparte, in all the vigour of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment: for though his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain, and, perhaps, even to excuse, the faults with which the first consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which, like an epidemic disease, infected almost all who surrounded Bonaparte, was productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the first consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were

rapid.* Thus, for example, MM. Maret, de Champagny, and Savary, evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Maret was animated by an *unlucky* zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who really served both the first consul and the emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand, "Write so and so, and send it off by a courier immediately," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the first consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve: in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the first consul, the latter would say, "Well, did you send off the courier?"—"No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter." Then the first consul would usually add, "Upon second thoughts, I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order, which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times, "It was right, quite right. You understand me: Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me: the others do not leave me time for reflection: they are too precipitate:" Fouché also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands.

Of Talleyrand and Fouché, in their connexions with the first consul, it might be said that the one represented the constituent assembly, with a slight perfume of the old regime, and the other the convention in all its fury. Bonaparte regarded Fouché as a complete personification of the revolution. With him, therefore, Fouché's influence was merely the influence of the revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte's ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld it in a visible form as long as Fouché continued at the head of his police. I am of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouché's

* I have already mentioned how he frequently destroyed in the morning articles which he had dictated to me for the Moniteur overnight.

services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouché being in office, conciliated those of the revolutionary party, who were his friends. But Fouché cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners. Such was Fouché, and Bonaparte perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers. But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouché. He who had voted the death of the King of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guarantee against the attempts of the royalists for raising up in favour of the Bourbons the throne which the first consul himself had determined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouché had common interests against the house of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The first consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted, acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favourable to what they conceived to be the interests of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the assembly of the notables, they wished to separate that prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as a suitable head of a reasonable constitutional government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty, in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee visionaries, but, nevertheless, feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the royalist committee that he showed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyze the influence of the royalists of the interior; he therefore granted all such emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a pamphlet, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'André, who bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblentz to inform the princes from him, and the queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately informed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty, that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his memoirs; and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblentz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the consular government, the object of the royalist committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendour and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne; for what they wished for the interest of the Bourbons, I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavours were thus made to gain over Madame Bona parte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the first consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honour, would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory, and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte, he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on the subject one day with M. de La Fayette, he said, "They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison." I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. The book was the historical romance of *Madame de La Vallière*, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by

this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouché's police. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect, that immediately after the creation of the Legion of Honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which at a distance had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied that he would *wait till the autumn*, and the first consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame de Genlis's romance, he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by MM. de Fontanes and Fievée, and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business, I did not see the letters; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the first consul, the importance of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg Saint Germain as representing the whole mass of royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the republic, compared with the manners of the nobility of the old court. The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what are called the *parvenus;* those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, did not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg Saint Germain; while, on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavours to irritate him against every thing that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbons.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must indeed have had a powerful influence on the first consul, before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be

regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII.;—after, at length, answering his second letter, in the tone of a king addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favour, and offering him, as a reward for this renunciation, a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.

The reader will recollect the curious question which the first consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made to him on that occasion, I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am, indeed, inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenour of his tardy reply; but, on reading the first consul's second letter, the dethroned king immediately sat down and traced a few lines, forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note, hastily written by Louis XVIII. in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful device of Francis I., "All is lost but honour." But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword; but the Abbé André, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the king, and prevailing on him to write the following letter:

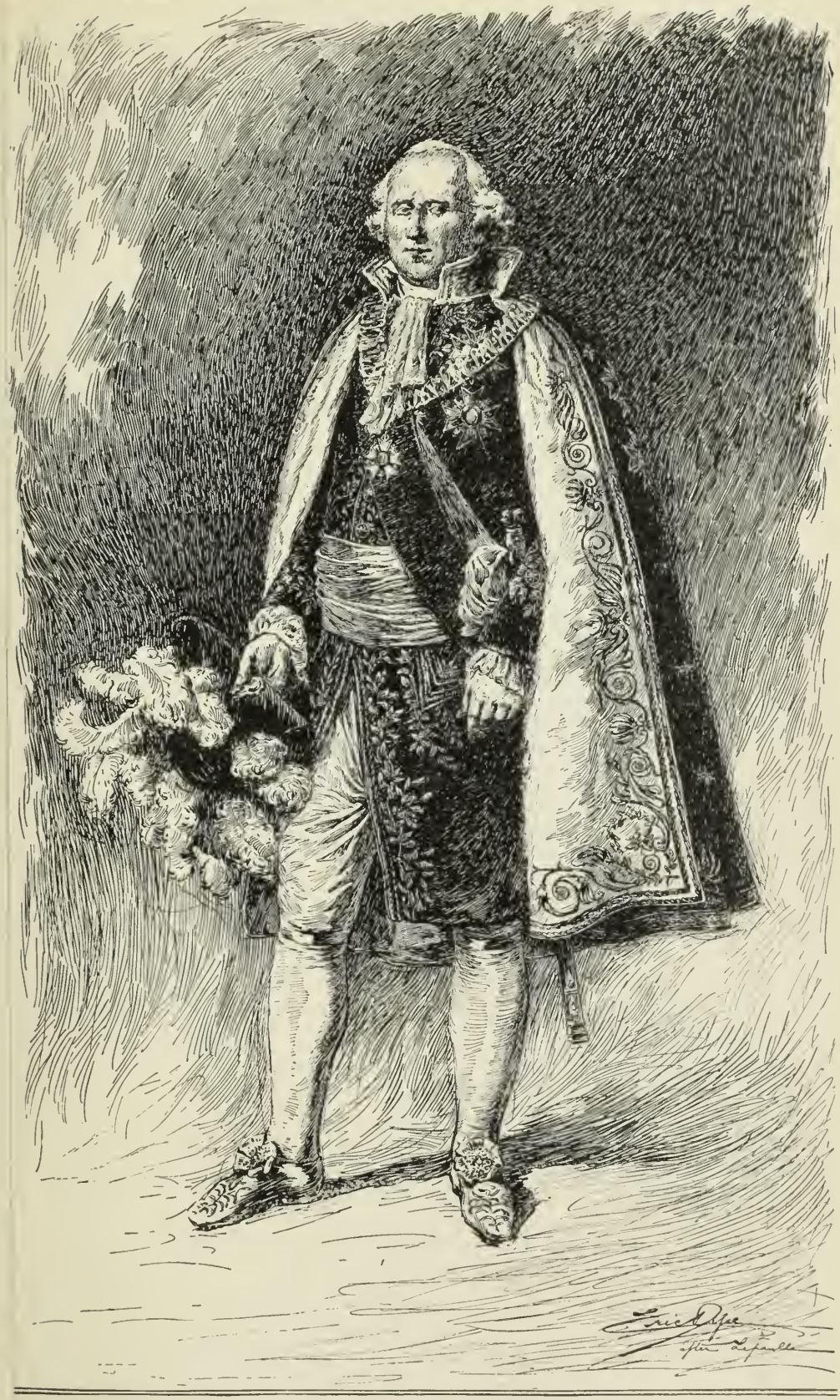
I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for, the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

But he mistakes in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

I am ignorant of the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian I will fulfil my duties to my last breath—as the son of Saint Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains—as the successor of Francis I., I say with him—*Tout est perdu hors l'honneur.*

LOUIS

Mittau, 1802.



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GUILLAUME-FRANÇOIS-GABRIEL LÉPAULLE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS LEBRUN, DUKE OF PIACENZA.

Louis XVIII.'s letter having reached Paris, the royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed as to what should be done. The meeting took place at Neuilly. After a long deliberation, it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be intrusted to the third consul, with whom the Abbé de Montesquiou had kept up acquaintance since the time of the constituent assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the first consul very well. The Abbé de Montesquiou accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received it with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which, on several occasions had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired; and it may be said that Bonaparte on this occasion rendered a real service to Louis, by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned king. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and, above all, to the royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously labouring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained

CHAPTER XVII.

1802.

The day after my disgrace—Renewal of my duties—Bonaparte's affected regard for me—Offer of an assistant—M. Mennevalle—My second rupture with Bonaparte—The Duke of Rovigo's account of it—Letter from M. de Barbé Marbois—Real causes of my separation from the first consul—Postscript to the letter of M. Barbé Marbois—The black cabinet—Inspection of letters during the consulate—I retire to Saint Cloud—Communications from M. Mennevalle—A week's conflict between friendship and pride—My formal dismissal—Petty revenge—My request to visit England — Monosyllable answer—Wrong suspicion—Burial of my papers—Communication from Duroc —My letter to the first consul—The truth acknowledged.

I SHALL now return to the circumstances which followed my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions, I went as usual to awaken the first consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and, on my part, I behaved to him just as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labours which I found too oppressive for me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet, he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during the three days my functions had been suspended, Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation, the question of the consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with the first consul, at least for a time: but I soon perceived that, after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuileries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose from the fact of his being unable to find any one able

EMENT WITH THE DUC DE MORNY, OWNER OF ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

«1814.»

to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, showed a disinclination to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation, the first consul said to me in a cajoling tone of which I was not the dupe, "My dear Bourrienne, you cannot do every thing. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family, therefore, it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work; therefore, some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your direction: he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be required of him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you."—"I ask for nothing better," replied I, "than to have the assistance of some one, who, after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me." Joseph sent his brother M. Mennevalle, a young man, who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be satisfied with him.

I soon perceived the first consul's anxiety to make M. Mennevalle acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of power; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the first consul, rather than the forfeiture of his favour. My rupture with him has been the subject of various mistatements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct; I will merely notice what I have read in the memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, in which it is stated that I was accused of *peculation*. M. de Rovigo thus expresses himself:

"Ever since the first consul was invested with the supreme power his life had been a continued scene of personal exertion. He had for his private secretary M. de Bourrienne, a friend and companion of his youth, whom he now made the sharer of all his labours. He frequently sent for him in the dead of the night, and particularly insisted upon his attending him every morning at seven. Bourrienne was punctual in his attendance with the public papers, which he had previously glanced over. The first consul almost invariably read their contents himself; he then despatched some business, and sat down to table just as the clock struck nine. His breakfast, which lasted six minutes, was no sooner over than he returned to his closet, only left

it for dinner, and resumed his close occupation immediately after, until ten at night, which was his usual hour for retiring to rest.

" Bourrienne was gifted with a most wonderful memory; he could speak and write many languages, and would make his pen follow as fast as words were uttered. He possessed many other advantages; he was well acquainted with the administrative departments, was versed in the law of nations, and possessed a zeal and activity which rendered his services quite indispensable to the first consul. I have known the several grounds upon which the unlimited confidence placed in him by his chief rested; but am unable to speak with equal assurance of the errors which occasioned his losing that confidence.

" Bourrienne had many enemies; some were owing to his personal character; a greater number to the situation which he held. Others were jealous of the credit he enjoyed with the head of the government; others, again, discontented at his not making that credit subservient to their personal advantage. Some even imputed to him the want of success that had attended their claims. It was impossible to bring any charge against him on the score of deficiency of talent or of indiscreet conduct: his personal habits were watched; it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. Peculation was accordingly laid to his charge.

" This was touching the most tender ground; for the first consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defama the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the first consul.

" The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact; this correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him. Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. I must illustrate this observation.

" Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the regency, the post-office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not indeed extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened; and when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another may, by the help of such an establishment, give great weight to his denunciation. It is sufficient for his purpose that he should throw into the post-office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be committed by a letter which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.

" I am speaking from personal experience: it once happened that a letter addressed to myself relating to an alleged fact, which had never occurred, was opened. A copy of the letter so opened was also forwarded to me, as it concerned the duties which I had to perform at that time; but I was already in possession of the original, transmitted through the ordinary channel. Summoned to reply to the questions to which such productions had given rise, I took that opportunity of pointing out the danger that would accrue from placing a blind reliance upon intelligence derived from so hazardous a source. Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information; but the system was in full operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced: his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. Barbé Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the first consul to part with his secretary." *

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at a loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation. The Duke of Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo, of this calumny; but the accusation to which his memoirs gave currency, afforded M. Barbé Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbé Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:

SIR,

My attention has been called to the enclosed article in a recent publication.† The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and myself to declare, that I then was, and still am, ignorant of the causes of the separation in question.

I am, &c. MARBOIS.‡

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of peculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the first consul.

* See translation of the *Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs.*

† The extract from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs is here alluded to.

‡ This well authenticated letter, and the high character of M. de Barbe Marbois, set the matter of Bourrienne's probity at rest for ever. Some persons stupidly malignant, having private purposes to serve, and others unwisely zealous, wishing to ruin the credit of a man who tells the plain truth, the evil as well as the good of Bonaparte, have endeavoured, and are still endeavouring, to revive the exploded calumny. But it will not do. Even that great professor of slander and back-biting, Don Basile, the jesuit, in the Barbier de Seville, would never have made people believe calumnies that he had so evident an interest in inventing and propagating —*Editor.*

M. de Rovigo also observes, that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his intimate confident, a man devoted to his glory, and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction of one of his ministers, Bonaparte had said, in the presence of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, "If I could find a second Bourrienne, I would get rid of you all." This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a house in Paris, in which I had invested a considerable sum of money, afforded an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the first consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill-humour.

A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Paris, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. Unfortunately the principals were, unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure. This caused a rumour that a slight fall of the funds, which took place at that period, was occasioned by the bankruptcy, and the first consul, who never could understand the nature of the funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the stock exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation, to produce variations in the funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt-house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety, to assist the house in arranging its affairs. I incurred the violent displeasure of the first consul, who declared to me that he *no longer required my services.* I might, perhaps, have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for *purchasing* an interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a *gratuity* of 1,500,000fr. for his brother Joseph, out of the contract for victualling the navy.* But I saw that for some time past M. de Mennevalle had begun to supersede me, and the first consul only wanted such an opportunity as this for coming to a rupture with me.

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation from Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation, or any transaction of the kind: I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte, I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the

* Joseph Bonaparte contradicts this statement, but the practice was common in France, as it had once been in England.—*Editor.*

senatus consultum of the 6th Floréal, year X., but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was an empty word.

The Duke of Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which injured me in the eyes of the first consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte's adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But a spontaneous letter from M. de Barbé Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. The following is the postscript to that noble peer's letter:

> I recollect that one Wednesday, the first consul, while presiding at a council of ministers at Saint Cloud, opened a note, and without informing us what it contained, hastily left the board, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned, and told us that your functions had ceased.

Whether the sudden displeasure of the first consul was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction, which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to determine; but the Duke of Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

Before I wrote these memoirs, the existence in the post-office of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of *black,* had been denounced in the chamber of deputies, and the answer was, that it had *ceased* to exist; which of course amounted to an admission that it had existed. I may, therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting that *institution,* as the Duke of Rovigo styles it.

The black cabinet was established in the reign of Louis XV. for the mere purpose of prying into the scandalous chronicle of the court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous postmasters, who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous post-office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is held up as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be committed by their correspondence, chose better channels of communication than the post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend, long continued to avail themselves of the black cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch's idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio, containing the bulletins of the black cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public

indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue.* Out of thirty thousand letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers, whom their contents might concern; but a few observations from me induced him to direct, that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the following words: "The first consul directs me to inform you, that he has just received the following information," &c. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The first consul daily received about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the government, or their friends as models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from it at the time of my disgrace, and was well nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall soon see how he kept this promise. I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place *all* letters sent to me, in the first consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message, I received the following letter from M. Mennevalle:

I cannot believe that the first consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you.

The first consul has written to citizens Lavallette and Mollien, directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

The first consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, "How miserable I am! I have know that man since he was seven years old."

I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision.

* An Englishman would express himself more severely on this subject, but the French have become familiarized with the practice, which was common enough in England during the reign of Queen Anne.—(*Editor.*)

I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low spirited.

19 Vendémiaire, year X.
(21 Oct. 1802.)

Next day, I received another letter from M. Mennevalle. It was as follows:

I send you your letters. The first consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. Enclosed you will find the German papers, which he begs you to translate.

Madame Bonaparte is much interested in your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the first consul himself, to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again.

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the first consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recal me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth day of our separation, he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humouredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom—a fault I was never solicitous to correct—he added, "I regret your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble, nor too plebeian; neither too aristocratic, nor too jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of court. Look at Duroc, Bessières, Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing, I should confirm the report that I cannot do without you."

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she had heard persons, to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recal me, observe, "What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore think no more about him: and as for the English newspapers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene which occurred at Malmaison, on the receipt of some intelligence in the London Gazette.

I am convinced, that if Bonaparte had been left to himself, he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our

rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the first consul sent me the following letter:

CITIZEN BOURRIENNE, MINISTER OF STATE,

I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me, during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.

BONAPARTE.

If any proof of the first consul's malignity were wanting, it would be furnished by the following fact: A few days after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal, I received a note from Duroc; but to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written, it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared at Malmaison, for myself and my family, I purchased a small house at Ruel: the first consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed in Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given, I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service, he applied to have it returned. At first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel; and then, actuated by the desire of taking revenge, even by the most pitiful means, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:

The first consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him, this evening, the keys of your residence in Paris, from which none of the furniture is to be removed.

He also directs me to put into a magazine whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere, which you have obtained from government.

I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised to have every thing settled before the first consul's return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

DUROC.

24 Brumaire, year X.
(15 Nov. 1802.)

Two great measures of the consular government had been accomplished between the time when I tendered my resignation and the date of Bonaparte's last letter, namely, the consulship for life, and the treaty of Amiens.

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by

some private business. However, I was fully aware of the peculiarity of my situation; and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I wrote to Duroc—

My affairs require my presence in England for some time. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the first consul, as I do not wish to do any thing inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this; for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:

My dear Bourrienne—I have presented to the first consul the letter I just received from you. He read it, and said, "No!" That is the only answer I can give you. Duroc.

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me; and suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs, than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications, of Peltier, the editor of the Ambigu. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these memoirs, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's unceremonious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended with the sea, to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valuable notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under ground. A yellow tinge, the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April, Duroc sent me the following note:

I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to Saint Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the first consul.

Duroc.

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business which the first consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote, on the spot, the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:

At General Duroc's desire, I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of one hundred thousand francs has been discovered in the Treasury of the Navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.

Citizen First Consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

I am in General Duroc's apartment, where I await your orders.

Duroc carried my note to the first consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. "All's right!" said he. "He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—that he is now convinced he was deceived!—that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it."

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him to renew his Egyptian extortions upon me; but they should have recollected, that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone by when it was the custom to *grease the wheels of the revolutionary car.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

1803.

The first consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace—England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France—Bonaparte's real wish for war—Concourse of foreigners in Paris—Bad faith of England—Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth—Relative position of France and England—Bonaparte's journey to the Côtes du Nord—Breakfast at Compiegne—Father Berton—Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet—Father Berton's derangement and death—Rapp ordered to send for me—Order countermanded.

The first consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace, merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after ten years of war, he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France, as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though that rupture certainly took place sooner than the first consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war, Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but, in discussions on the subject, he always de-

clared himself in favour of war. When told of the necessities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument: indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and to exercise the influence of her gold in all the cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the first consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy; or rather, England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favoured his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities, in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken, it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and the veil, beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations, was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the first consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had no knowledge of their existence, were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose. Since the revolution, Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time, the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Every thing wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society exceedingly annoyed the British ministry. The English, who flocked to the continent, discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers. This caused serious alarm on the other side of the Channel, and the English government endeavoured, by unjust complaints, to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited.

The King of England sent a message to parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the first consul, who, one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed Lord Whitworth, in the saloon, where all the foreign ambassadors were assembled:

"What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged with blood? Preparations for war indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall

see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated; never!"*

The English ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally, to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his government an account of an interview, in which the first consul had so far forgotten himself, whether purposely or not, I do not pretend to say.†

* The tone of voice, the gesticulation, and whole manner of Bonaparte, were so violent on this occasion, that our ambassador, fancying the first consul was going to strike him, put his hand to the hilt of his sword. Lord Whitworth was a high-spirited man. Some time after, when Mr. Canning asked him what he would have done had Bonaparte struck him, he replied, "I would have run him through the body in the midst of his court!"—*Editor.*

† Bonaparte, at the time of this occurrence, and subsequently, denied that he manifested any violence in the interview with Lord Whitworth; but the above passage confirms the truth of Lord Whitworth's statement, notwithstanding Napoleon's comments at St. Helena.

The following is Savary's description of this extraordinary scene:

"One of the receptions of the consular court was the occasion on which Bonaparte vented his displeasure on the conduct of England. He had just been reading the despatches of his ambassador at the court of London, who sent him a copy of the king's message to parliament, respecting alleged armaments in the ports of France.

"His mind being wholly biassed by the reflections to which the perusal of the despatches had given rise, he omitted going that day into the second saloon, but went straight up to the ambassadors. I was only at the distance of a few paces from him, when, stopping short before the English ambassador, he put the following hurried questions to him in a tone of anger: "What does your cabinet mean? What is the motive for raising these rumours of armaments in our harbours? How! Is it possible to impose in this manner upon the credulity of nations, or to be so ignorant of our real intentions? If the actual state of things be known, it must be evident to all that there are only two transports fitting out for St. Domingo: that that island engrosses all our attention, all our disposable means. Why then these complaints? Can peace be already considered as a burden to be shaken off? Is Europe to be again deluged in blood? Preparations making for war? To pretend to overawe us! France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated!'

"The ambassador made a respectful bow, and gave no reply. The first consul left that part of the saloon; but whether he had been a little heated by this explosion of ill-humour, or from some other cause, he ceased his round, and withdrew to his own apartments. Madame Bonaparte followed. In an instant the saloon was cleared of company. The ambassadors of Russia and England had retired to the embrasure of a window, and were still conversing together after the apartments had been cleared of visiters. 'Indeed,' said one to the other, 'you could hardly expect such an attack; how then could you be prepared to reply to it? All you have to do is to give an account of it to your government; in the mean time, let what has taken place suggest to you the conduct you ought to pursue.

"He took the advice. The communications became cold and reserved. England had already formed her determination. A spirit of acrimony soon sprung up between the two governments.

"An interchange of notes took place: categorical explanations were required; the demand for passports soon followed. The latter were immediately granted by the first consul. I was in his closet of Saint Cloud when M. Maret was introduced, who brought with him the corrected draft of the reply which was to accompany the passports. He had it read out to him, and expressed himself in the kindest terms respecting the personal character of Lord Whitworth, for whom he felt great regard. He was quite satisfied that on this occasion the ambassador had not at all influenced the conduct of his government."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true; but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention to do so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the first consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The first consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself, at the rupture of the treaty, in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of leave of absence, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of artillery, in consequence of a project for refounding all the fieldpieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of refounding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.

War had now become inevitable: and as soon as it was declared, the first consul set out to visit Belgium and the departments of the Côtes du Nord, to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English on the coast. In passing through Compiegne, he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the School of Arts, at Compiegne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet; but he expressly forbade him to show himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at head-quarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the first consul.* Bouquet promised to observe Father Berton's in-

* Bouquet had incurred Bonaparte's displeasure by the following dishonest transaction. When the French had a second time taken Verona, Bouquet and a colonel of the army named Andrieux, went to the Monte-di-Piétà, in that city, and by representing that they had orders from their general to make an inventory of the property, induced the keeper to allow them to examine the place. The property in the Monte-di-Piétà amounted to twelve millions, which the keeper never set eyes on after Bouquet's visit. The colonel absconded, but Bouquet was apprehended and about to be tried. The transaction, however, was found to involve so many persons, that the captain appointed to conduct the trial thought right to ask the opinion of General Augereau, as to the propriety

junctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door, and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte, indignant at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his incontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room, where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife, in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Berton to sit down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Berton stood behind his old pupil's chair, apparently confounded at his violence. The scene produced such an effect on the old man, that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiegne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related, and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what had passed, and Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Berton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power, he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess, that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The first consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the first consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shown.

On the first consul's return, I learned from Rapp that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way: Bonaparte, being at Boulogne, wanted some information, which no one there could give him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, he called Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris." —"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumour of the first consul's sudden recollection of me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter, and despatch the courier, was more than sufficient for the efforts of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the first consul the letter he

of proceeding. What directions he gave I do not know, but I know very well that Bouquet, in the mean time, escaped from prison. Bonaparte was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared that had he been found guilty, he would have allowed the sentence to be executed.

had been directed to write, the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favourable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc, and they could as confidently rely on mine.

Note.—Inasmuch as it relates to the renewal of one of the most dreadful wars ever waged between nations, this Chapter is exceedingly interesting. All the thoroughly devoted Bonapartists insist that the fault lay wholly with England. and even Bourrienne seems to think that she was at least as culpable as France. The following brief statement is necessary to show how matters really stood :

Bonaparte, never considering that the treaty of Amiens (signed on the 25th of March, 1802) was to limit his ambition or check the aggrandizement of France, definitively incorporated (in September, 1802) the whole of Piedmont with the French republic, and divided it into six departments as if it had been an integral part of France. Parma and Elba were annexed without the shadow of a right, or even of an excuse. Holland, which was soon to be incorporated also, and the states on the Rhine, were threatened and coerced by the absolute will of Bonaparte; the old republicans of Switzerland were constantly insulted and oppressed by the *soi-disant* republicans of France; and there was not a single power on the continent but foresaw and dreaded encroachments. The preservation of a peace under these circumstances, which were decidedly and solely attributable to the ambition of the French, rendered the preservation of peace impossible. But this was not all—Bonaparte published in the Moniteur, a long memorial drawn up by General Sebastiani, who had just returned from a mission to the East, the express object of which had been to raise up enemies against England, and to find out fresh channels for French conquests. Egypt still lay at the heart of the first consul, and the servant knew how to please his master. "With only 6000 men," said Sebastiani, "you may now restore Egypt to the French republic; so thoroughly are the English there detested. Your name alone procured me honour every where—honour and protection; and it was in vain that *General Stuart, the representative of his British Majesty* endeavoured to excite the Turkish government to *assassinate me.*" This most impudent and insulting report ended by showing how very easy it would be to seize and keep all the Ionian islands.

It was madness in Bonaparte to attempt to set off the calumnies of himself in our journals, against this authorized and official document. In England the press was free; in France it was fettered and manacled, nor could a line of which Bonaparte disapproved be printed any where. This memorial was sent by himself, after he had revised it, to his official paper the Moniteur. It was, therefore, not the speculation of an editor, or the work of a journalist, but Bonaparte, the head of the French government, that attacked our national honour.—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XIX.

1803.

Vast works undertaken—The French and the Roman soldiers—Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast—Twelve hours on horseback—Discussions in council—Opposition of Truguet—Bonaparte's opinion on the point under discussion—Two divisions of the world—Europe a province—Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France—The Englishman in the dockyard of Brest—Public audience at the Tuileries—The first consul's remarks upon England—His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people—Ball at Malmaison—Lines on Hortense's dancing—Singular motive for giving the ball.

At the time of the rupture with England, Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the

service; yet every thing was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte, on this occasion, employed his troops like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artisan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journeys to the coast, Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post-office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journeys; for he almost always accompanied the first consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening, the first consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage than we mount on horseback, and remain in our saddles for ten or twelve hours successively. The first consul inspects and examines every thing, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journeys, the first consul never neglected any of the business of government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of council. I was still with him, when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded, came under the consideration of the council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion, that, conformably with an article of the constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the government, submitted to the legislative body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the constitution, for if the constitution says so, it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly: for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambacérès; scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

In his enlarged way of viewing the world, Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the east and the west: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak different languages? With very slight shades of variety, France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the

ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH [illegible]

ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE.

This monumental arch stands in a circular area without the *barrière* of that name, at the end of the avenues in the *Champs Elysées*, and in front of the palace of the Tuileries. It is of more gigantic dimensions than any thing of the kind hitherto erected, being 133 feet in elevation, including the cornice and attic. The fronts are 134 feet in breadth, and the sides 67. The principal arch is 92 feet in height, and 44 in breadth: the transversal arch 56 feet by 25½. The first stone of this edifice, which was begun by the city of Paris to commemorate Napoleon's triumph over Russia, and his alliance with the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, was laid on the 15th of August, 1806, under the direction of Chalgrin. From the commencement of this undertaking, the works have been suspended and renewed at intervals. It is now to be finished in honour of the Revolution of July, 1830.

same religion, and the same dress. A man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilized inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, namely, by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favourite scheme—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say, that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dockyard of Brest, passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had arrested him. Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the council of state the necessity of increasing the number of commissaries of police. At a meeting of the council he said, "If there had been a commissary of police at Brest, he would have arrested the English captain, and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy, I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English ambassador, should be admitted into our dockyards. I will soon regulate all this." He afterwards said to me, "There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English, without my being subjected to English spying."*

He had on one occasion said before an assemblage of guards, senators, and high officers of state, who were at an audience of the diplomatic body, "The English think that I am afraid of war, but I am not." And here the truth escaped him, in spite of himself. "My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have two millions of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties. It would be better to render homage to the King of England, and crown him King of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English government. If for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would exact the

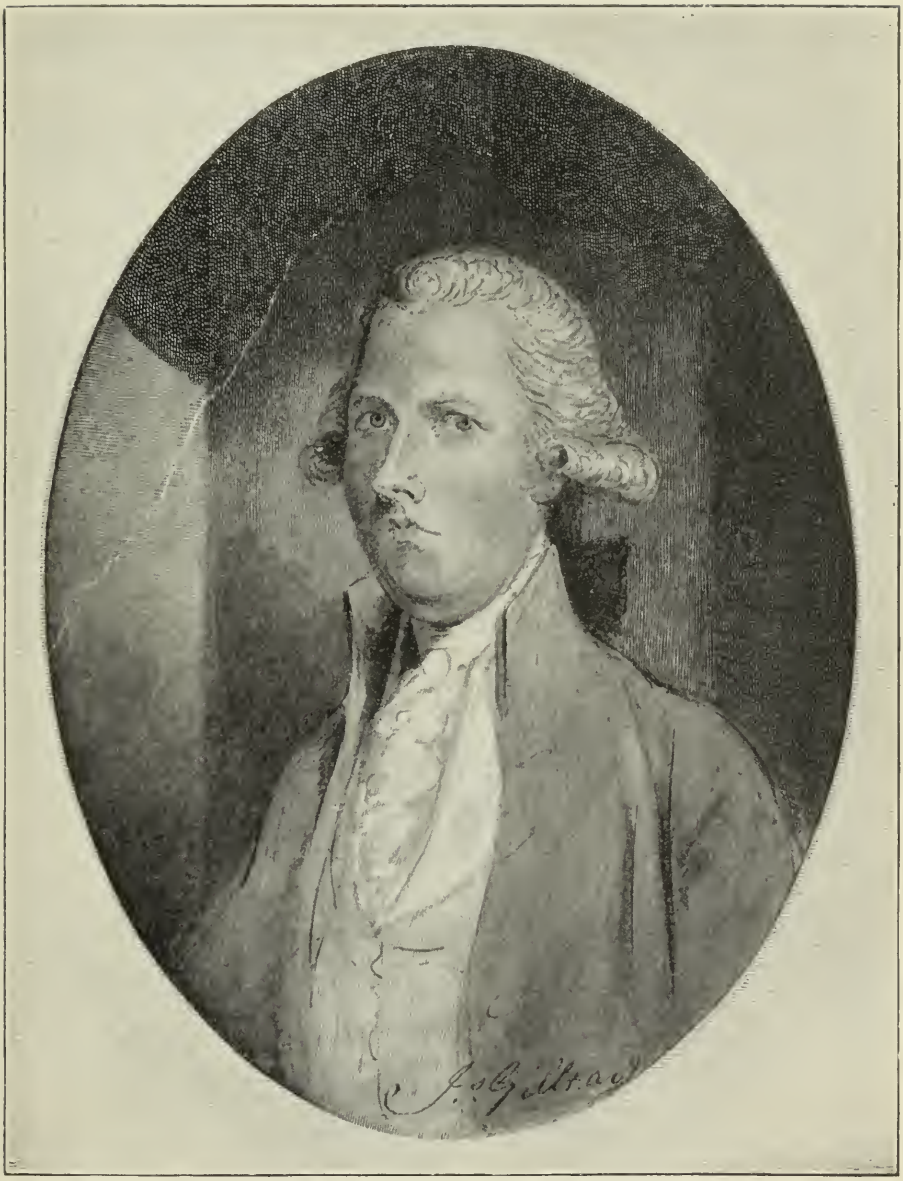
* During the short and hollow peace of Amiens, Bonaparte sent over to England, as consuls and vice-consuls, a number of engineers and military men, who were instructed *to make plans of all the harbours and coasts of the United Kingdom.* They worked in secrecy, yet not so secretly but that they were soon suspected: the facts were proved, and they were sent out of the country without ceremony. —*Editor.*

more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of our ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the man to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war, she shall have it, and that speedily!"

On the same day, Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers, powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks should be made upon him, when he was at peace with the English government.

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people, respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte's disposition to employ petty and roundabout means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and above all, could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball at Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate; and said to her in a tone of good-humoured persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me." Hortense consented. The motive for this extraordinary request I will now explain.

On the day after the ball, one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this; and when the paper arrived at Malmaison, she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was, nevertheless, at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet, she came in and asked me to explain the matter; and, seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been prepared for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the first consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal, announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connexion with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest shemes were revolving.



FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES GILLRAY, IN THE ENGLISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

CHAPTER XX.

1803.

Mr. Pitt—Motive of his going out of office—Error of the English government—Pretended regard for the Bourbons—Violation of the treaty of Amiens—Reciprocal accusations—Malta—Lord Whitworth's departure—Rome and Carthage—Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte—Message to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate—The King of England's renunciation of the title of King of France—Complaints of the English government—French agents in British ports—Views of France upon Turkey—Observation made by Bonaparte to the legislative body—Its false interpretation—Conquest of Hanover—The Duke of Cambridge caricatured—The King of England and the Elector of Hanover—First address to the clergy—Use of the word Monsieur—The republican weeks and months.

One of the circumstances which most decidedly foretold the brief duration of the peace of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte, and I immediately perceived by his hasty "What do you say?" that my observation had been heard but not liked. It did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to see the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distinguished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of a peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to resume the war with France more fiercely than ever, he for a while retired from office, and left to others the task of arranging the peace; but his intention was to mark his return to the ministry by the renewal of the implacable hatred he had vowed against France. Still I have always thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to England, was an error of the cabinet of London. England had never before acknowledged any of the governments which had risen up in France since the revolution; and as the past could not be blotted out, a future war, however successful to England, could not take from Bonaparte's government the immense weight it had acquired by an interval of peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty, England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she tore that page of her history which might have shown that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain, that the condescension of England in treating

with the first consul, had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honourable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other, but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a process of tendency. But it must be confessed that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory, was very evident, for the consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens; * but it was not so with the states of Parma and Piacenza, Bonaparte having, by his sole authority, constituted himself the heir of the grand duke, recently deceased. It may therefore be easily imagined how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of France, and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decided bad faith; and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance: It had been stipulated, that England should withdraw her troops from Malta three months after the signing of the treaty, yet more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under the protection of the Holy See. The three cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, were to guarantee the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his government, pretended that the Russian cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse, a courier arrived from the cabinet of St. Petersburg, bearing despatches completely at variance with the assertion of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th May, 1803, and the English government sent unsolicited passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English

* This is incorrect. The *senatus consultum*, incorporating Piedmont with France, was dated in September, 1802, six months after the peace of Amiens.—*Editor.*

consols fall four per cent.; but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs; a very high point, when it is recollected that they were at seven or eight francs on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

In this state of things, France proposed to the English government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war, in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was of course rejected. Thus the public gave the first consul credit for great moderation, and a sincere wish for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII. Our *beaux esprits* drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded, that as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at Saint Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative. Before he made his final preparations, the first consul addressed a message to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate. In this message he mentioned the recal of the English ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the King of England to the parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. "In vain," he said, "had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France," he added, "will not submit to menaces, but will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honour of the French name, confidently trusting that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause and the courage of her people."

This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting in which Bonaparte so frequently indulged. The reply of the senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the senatorial salaries. With his usual address, Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests turned to the future interests of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the pro-

hibition of English merchandise, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain, on this point, might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at the impulse given to our manufactures. The English government had hoped to obtain from the first consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a deathblow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal, he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between the two rival nations. which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty, which created the animosity of the English government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained, that France had sent a number of persons into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, viz.— the union of Piedmont and of the states of Parma and Piacenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Holland. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say, that the English government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to me of his ideas respecting the east, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his ever having renounced them. The result of all the reproaches which the two governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

The first consul, in a communication to the legislative body on the state of France, and on her foreign relations, had said, "England, single-handed, cannot cope with France." This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride, and the British cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely an assurance to France; and if we only look at the vast efforts and sacrifices made by England, to stir up enemies to France on the continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte's declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless have done her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered

remnants of her navy; but she could have done nothing against France on the continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war, without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war by England, was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch, by which this news was communicated to Paris, was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows: "The French are masters of the electorate of Hanover, and the enemy's army are made prisoners of war." A day or two after, the shop-windows of the printsellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one, in which the duke was represented reviewing his troops, mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles, because as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such trifles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The first consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two governments, of both which George III. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction, the proposition for the exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period, nothing could exceed the animosity of the two governments towards each other; and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify; I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France—a truly barbarous measure; for, can any thing be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the government whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by scruples.

I must here notice the fulfilment of a remark Bonaparte often made use of to me during the consulate. "You shall see, Bourrienne," he would say, "what use I will make of the priests."

War being declared, the first consul, in imitation of the most Christian kings of olden times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful, through the medium of the clergy. To this end, he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of France. It was as follows:

MONSIEUR,

The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The

bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant-vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, forced us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to obtain the benediction of Heaven on our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service, give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

Given at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, year XI.

BONAPARTE

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers in arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The first consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the court of Rome, which he wished should consider him in the light of another elder son of the church. The letter was, moreover, remarkable for the use of the word "Monsieur," which the first consul now employed for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy: the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may, perhaps, be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte's confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The first consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the republican calendar, to remain:—he commenced by ordering the Moniteur to be dated "Saturday," such a day of "Messidor." "See," said he, one day, "was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away with the Messidor. I will efface all the inventions of the jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the first consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the bishops, &c., was the signal for a number of circulars, full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

These compliments were far from displeasing the first consul, who had no objection to flattery, though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me that they had all great difficulty in preserving their gravity, when the curé of a parish in Abbeville addressed Bonaparte, one day while he was on his journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy curé, with ludicrous solemnity, "owes to you all that we are; and I owe to you all that I am."

THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOH

PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE, SECOND HUSBAND OF PAULINE BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XXI.

1803.

Presentation of Prince Borghese to Bonaparte—Departure from Belgium—Revival of a royal custom—The swans of Amiens—Change of formula in the acts of government—Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite—Revival of old customs—Division of the Institute into four classes—Science and literature—Bonaparte's hatred of literary men—Ducis—Bernardin de St. Pierre—Chenier and Lemercier—Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature—Lalande and his dictionary—Education in the hands of government—M. Roquelaure, archbishop of Malines.

In the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law, by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the first consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June, Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the Côtes du Nord. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc, after the first consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 24th of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, every thing connected with the journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a king. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuileries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the first consul received when absent from the capital. It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had left a great number of signatures in Paris, in order that he might be present, as it were, even during his absence, by the acts of his government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the consuls of the republic. Instead of this formula, he sub-

stituted the name of the government of the republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the government was always in the place where the first consul happened to be. The two other consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the government, which Cambacérès signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium, which the first consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the republic became, by a natural consequence, his; and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Arc, at Orleans, and he divided the Institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which, however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abbé Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the first consul did not give to the classes of the Institute the rank which they formerly possessed, as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French academy in the second rank. It must be acknowledged that, considering the state of literature and science at that period, the first consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the consulate; Ducis, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier; yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labours have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the Institute take precedence of its elder sister. Besides, the first consul was not sorry to show, by this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them, he called them mere manufacturers of phrases. He could not pardon them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction. I never knew a man more insensible than Bonaparte to the beauties of poetry or prose.* A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined

* "It is not exactly true that Bonaparte was insensible to the beauties of poetry and prose. In his youth he was an enthusiastic admirer of J. J. Rousseau, whose finest works were familiar to him. In 1789, while still a youth, he wrote a compendium of the revolutions of Corsica, which was much esteemed by the Abbé Raynal. The abbé sent the work to Mirabeau, who, in reply, requested him to advise the young author to undertake a journey to Paris. Napoleon knew by heart, and often repeated, the finest passages in the tragedies

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE IN THE SUMMER OF 1795.

with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence, his almost exclusive predilection for those two authors. With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chenier, and Ducis still more.† He could not forgive Chenier for the republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him, as if instinctively, an involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses, which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad, that to describe him as he was under one or the other of these aspects, would serve for panegyric or satire, without any departure from truth. Bonaparte was very fond of Bernardin St. Pierre's romance of Paul and Virginia, probably because he had read it in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read "Les Etudes de la Nature," but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuff? It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is Nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about—there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as head of the state. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a senator—he has a head."

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men, it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention, and even flattery. M. Lemercier was one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemercier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character as a literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemercier and his pen; and,

of Corneille Racine, and Voltaire. His connexion with Arnault, Talma, David, Paesiello, Monti, and many other celebrated men of letters, musicians, and artists, are well known."—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* (*Editor.*)

† "It cannot with strict justice be said that Napoleon hated Chenier. He was at first extremely partial to him. He had, however, subsequently reason to complain of him, though in the end he granted him a pension."—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* (*Editor.*)

as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite, by flattering the writer. M. Lemercier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result of prejudice than circumstances. In order to appreciate, or even to read literary works, time is requisite, and time was so precious to him, that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, on all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly displayed on the occasion of the classification of the Institute. Whilst he permitted the reassembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility, that even in the sciences he favoured only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness; and besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists, precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view, he never relaxed in his constant endeavour to concentrate the whole powers of the state in the hands of its chief. His conduct, upon the subject of the revival of public instruction, affords evidence of this fact. He wished to establish six thousand bursaries, to be paid by government, and to be exclusively at his disposal; so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the first consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him, he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this: "What is it that distinguishes men? Education—is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately, they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the plunderers of their families. I do not wish that!"

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the first consul and Madame Bonaparte to the Côtes du Nord and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have

already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauriston and Rapp in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown the clergy, and particularly to M. Roquelaure, the archbishop of Malines. That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than to those of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp, to pay his homage to the first consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the first consul by the *sacred bonds of a holy alliance.* In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry, surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety, to speak of *sacred bonds* and *a holy alliance,* when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. Roquelaure merely had recourse to what casuists call a pious fraud, in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honeyed language gained M. Roquelaure the consul's favour, and, in a short time after, he was appointed to the second class of the Institute.

CHAPTER XXII.

1804.

The Temple—The intrigues of Europe—Prelude to the continental system—Bombardment of Granville—My conversation with the first consul on the projected invasion of England—Fauche Borel—Moreau and Pichegru—Fouché's manœuvres—The Abbé David and Lajolais—Fouché's visit to the Tuileries—Regnier outwitted by Fouché—My interview with the first consul—His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense—Contradiction of those calumnies—The brothers Faucher—Their execution—The first consul's levee—My conversation with Duroc—Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru—Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons—Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide—Arrest of Moreau—Declaration of MM. de Polignac and De Rivière—Connivance of the police—Arrest of M. Carbonnet and his nephew—Report of the grand judge.

The Temple was destined to be filled by the victims of Bonaparte's police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns

near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The first consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the continental system, the first consul adopted every possible preventive measure against the introduction of English merchandise. Bonaparte's irritation against the English was not without a cause. The intelligence which reached Paris from the north of France was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty; but his colleagues, more timid, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure, Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honour on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office, as cowards, unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the first consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realizing the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him, after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months, when, on the 15th of December, 1803, the first consul sent for me to the Tuileries. His incomprehensible behaviour to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history, which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly entertained the public. I have already stated, that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who laboured constantly to incense him against me, might have suggested apprehensions on the subject. At all events, the fact is, that when he sent for me, I took the precaution of providing myself with a nightcap, conceiving it to be very likely that I should be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview, Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You

AWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-FRANÇOIS DESORIA, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILL

CHARLES-LOUIS-FRANÇOIS-HONORÉ LETOURNEUR, MEMBER OF THE DIRECTORY.

need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the first consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand saloon where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humoured way, said, "What do the Parisians think of my preparations for the invasion of England?"—"General," I replied, "there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion fresh proofs of his gratitude and fidelity."—"But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted."—"That is true, I certainly do not."—"Why?"—"Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that the adventure was too hazardous—and circumstances have not altered since that time."—"You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with a hundred thousand men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths, and without the hope of reinforcements? It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first in the world, or it must fall."* Bonaparte then evidently wished to deceive with respect to his intentions, and he did so. He wished it to be supposed that he entertained the design of invading England, in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.†

* Napoleon's conversation with M. Las Casas, at St. Helena, respecting the invasion of England, is very different from the above. He speaks of a pitched battle, which would have decided the fate of England. "I should not have entered England," he said, "as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Bonaparte knew better than any one the difficulty of subduing a strong, powerful, and united nation. Some years after these feigned preparations against England, he had evidence of this truth written in letters of blood, in Spain. A combination of natural causes is always ruinous to the invading army. Napoleon must have been merely jesting, at St. Helena, when he said, that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that nature had made England one of our islands, like Oleron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: "Remained with the first consul from half-past eleven to one o'clock." During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena.

† Notwithstanding the above assertion of M. de Bourrienne, the probability is, that Bonaparte at one time seriously meditated the invasion of England. This appears from some statements collected from various sources, which will be found at the conclusion of the present chapter. Among them is the passage in the "Memorial de Sainte Hélène," alluded to by M. de Bourrienne in the

From Dunkirk the first consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the surest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of war was, after long discussions, abandoned in favour of a flotilla.* After visiting Belgium, and giving directions there, the first consul returned from Brussels to Paris, by way of Maestricht, Liege, and Soissons.

Before my visit to the Tuileries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled adherents to the first consul, had taken part in some underhand manœuvres which could have no favourable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations, the well-known Fauche Borel, the bookseller, of Neufchatel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who wished nothing better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was at that time still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor, had not obtained the first consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favourable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Paris, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the first consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru, and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as every thing was prosperous with Bonaparte, he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were, indeed, tolerably allayed by the absence of the one, and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were brewing the overthrow of the consular government, knew that that measure could not be attempted with any chance of success, without the assistance of

above note. Bonaparte, with all his talent, never could understand England, or the character and condition of the English people. There may, however, be some usefulness in preserving his and his followers' notions on the subject of the invasion and conquest of our island.—*Editor.*

* At this period a caricature appeared in London, which was sent to Paris, and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the first consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut-shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder.

Y R. CATON WOODVILLE. ENGRAVED BY J.

PITT DRILLING MILITIA AT WALMER CASTLE IN 1803.

Moreau. The moment was inopportune; but being initiated in some secrets of the British cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit by that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the Directory the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so clear a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst whom he had very few partisans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau, without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporizing policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the re-establishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance, which preceded the great event that marked the close of the consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon—the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning Georges's conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the first consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouché, in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouché's conduct and his manœuvres, I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803, some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegru. Fouché, who was then out of the ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouché's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbé David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegru, should undertake to effect their reconciliation; but he being arrested and confined in the Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been employed by Fouché. He proceeded to London, and having prevailed on Pichegru and his friends to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival, and arrange every thing for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was the

sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January, 1804, I called on Fouché, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the first consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false colouring to the picture. Fouché asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegru had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information. The first consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouché's mistake, said with an air of contempt, "You are well informed, truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London, stating that Pichegru dined three days ago at Kensington, with one of the King of England's ministers.

As Fouché, however, persisted in his assertion, the first consul sent to Paris for the grand judge, Regnier, who showed Fouché the letter he had received. The first consul triumphed at first to see Fouché at fault; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Pichegru were actually in Paris, that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The first consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than his new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long time in consultation with Fouché, who, on that occasion, said nothing about his reinstatement, for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be intrusted to Real, with orders to obey whatever instructions he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will now subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March, 1804, some time after the arrest, but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the first consul, which was unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said, "By the by, the report of my connexion with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child. I thought, at the time, that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated, have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, general, oftentimes; and I confess I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long."—"It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth—you have seen all—heard all—nothing could have passed without your knowledge: you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc. I therefore expect, if you should ever

FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON STEUBEN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY F. E. FILLEBROWN.

CHARLES PICHEGRU.

write any thing about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust in you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation? —"No, general, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words: "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I stand in need of nobody." He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that suppressing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnais, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favour. When she had any thing to solicit, she applied to me; and if I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton," Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the girl afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw or heard any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights to blacken the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare, that did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it. He is no more: and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in concluding this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connexion of the nature of that charged against him was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his per-

meditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door, he called me back, saying, "Oh! I have forgotten something." I returned. "Bourrienne," said he, "do you still keep up your acquaintance with the Fauchers?"—"Yes, general; I see them frequently."—"You are wrong."—"Why should I not? They are clever, well educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Cæsar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me, since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service."—"Maret will not see the Fauchers."—"That may be, general; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect, that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance."—"I tell you again, he has closed his door against them. Do you the same; I advise you."—As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice, without some plausible reason, the first consul added, "You must know, then, that I learn from Cæsar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one venture to do so in your presence. But no sooner are you gone, than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Cæsar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.* But enough; you see I know all—farewell;" and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers, I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter:

In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We are sixty years old, therefore our lives will only be shortened by a brief space. During our lives we have shared, in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, sir .....

I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview, which I have described, terminated. I remained a short

* Constantine Faucher was condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document.

time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window, told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? "They should be cautious," said I; "it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden." Duroc's answer satisfied me that he, at least, had no doubt on the subject.

No person, possessing the least degree of intelligence, will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused, would ever have occurred, but for the secret connivance of Fouché's police. Moreau never, for a moment, desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was, therefore, quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Rivière, and others; and they had no intention of committing any overt acts. These latter persons had come to the continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the princes of the house of Bourbon, with certainty, how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests at the expense of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the Treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial, I will relate some facts, which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple, or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded, when a turnkey by chance entered, and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered, he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did, in fact, confess, and it was on the morning when this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country-seat of Grosbois to Paris.

Fouché, through the medium of his agents, had given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru, that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Every thing is going wrong—they do not understand each other

Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Rivière declared, that he soon became convinced they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information, which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested, almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendée, when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had been with him ever since his departure from London, and who had protected him from any interruption on the part of the police, so long as it was not important to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months, before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators, proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.

When Pichegru was required to sign his examination, he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except the signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before a court of justice, the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connexion with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for; and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouché, to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and next morning, early, I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided, with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter, before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested. "I advise you, sir," added the man, "to retire without more ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched."—"Is he still at home?" said I. "Yes, sir; they are examining his papers."—"Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed, and he was placed in solitary confinement at Saint Pelagie.

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THE ARREST OF GEORGES CADOUDAL.

Thus the police, which previously knew nothing, was suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which, however, did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the first consul, with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one.

ON NAPOLEON'S INTENDED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

"The invasion of England was always regarded as practicable; and, if once the descent had been effected, London must infallibly have been taken. The French being in possession of that capital, a very powerful party would have arisen against the oligarchy. Did Hannibal look behind him when he passed the Alps? or Cæsar, when he landed in Epirus or Africa; London is situated only a few marches from Calais; and the English army, scattered for the purpose of defending the coasts, could not have formed a junction in time to have covered that capital after once the descent had been actually made. This invasion certainly could not have been effected by a *corps d'armée*, but it would have succeeded with 160,000 men, if they could have presented themselves before London five days after their landing. The flotillas were the only means of landing these 160,000 men in a few hours, and of occupying all the shallows. The passage would have been effected under the protection of a squadron assembled at Martinique, and coming thence full sail to Boulogne; if the plan of this rendezvous should fail one year, it might succeed another time. Fifty ships, sailing from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, and Cadiz, assembled at Martinique, would have arrived before Boulogne and secured the landing in England, whilst the English squadrons would have been traversing the seas to cover the Indies."—*Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated to the Count de Montholon.*

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MINISTER OF MARINE, RELATIVE TO THE FLOTILLA.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1805.

I

I wished to have assembled forty or fifty ships of war in the port of Martinique, by combined operations from Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest; to bring them all at once back to Boulogne, to become, by these means, master of the sea for a fortnight; to have 150,000 men and 10,000 horses encamped on that coast; three or four thousand vessels of the flotilla in readiness, and the moment signals should be made of the arrival of my fleet, to land in England and possess myself of London and the Thames. This plan failed of success. But if Admiral Villeneuve, instead of entering Ferrol, had contented himself with rallying the Spanish squadron, and had sailed for Brest to join

Admiral Gantheaume, my army would have landed; it would have been all over with England.

II.

To succeed in this enterprise, it was necessary to assemble 150,000 men at Boulogne, to have a flotilla of 4000 boats and immense equipments and stores, and to embark them all; and at the same time to prevent the enemy from suspecting my plan. If I accomplished this, it was by doing the reverse of what it appeared that I ought to do. Although fifty ships of the line were to protect the passage of the army to England, it was unnecessary to have any shipping, except transports, at Boulogne: and all that parade of praams, gun-boats, flat-bottomed boats, pinnaces, &c., was perfectly useless. If I had thus collected 4000 transports, the enemy would, no doubt, have perceived that I waited for the arrival of my squadron to attempt the passage; but by constructing praams and gun-boats, and arming all these vessels, I seemed to oppose cannon to cannon, vessels of war to vessels of war, and the enemy were duped. They believed that I intended to force a passage by the mere military strength of the flotilla. The idea of my real plan never occurred to them; and when, on the failure of the movements of my squadrons, they perceived the danger to which they had been exposed, the councils of London were thrown into consternation, and all people of sense confessed that England had never been so near her ruin.*

III.

The scheme was unmasked; the enemy saw that the plan was to effect a landing under the protection of my fleets. The works constructed at Boulogne and at the ports of Vimereux and Ambleteuse, with which they were perfectly well acquainted, also convinced them that the flotilla could not sail in a single tide, and could not weather a gale in Boulogne roads. From that time England no longer feared the passage of the flotilla by its own strength, since Admiral Villeneuve's arrangements had proved that I waited for his arrival in order to cross, and since their knowledge of the coast satisfied them that it was impossible for the flotilla to put to sea in a single tide. Thus, from that time, the same men who had declared that it would be impossible to prevent the flotilla from landing, now said that nothing could prevent the arrival of 100 or 150 ships, which would form an expedition of 15 or 16,000 men; but that it was not probable that a more considerable expedition would have a chance of success.

IV.

In this state of affairs, Boulogne roads not being adapted for training my sailors, and the flotilla being no longer able to alarm England with the apprehension of its forcing a passage, it became necessary to resume the plan which had miscarried, to have an army of from 20 to 80,000 men on the heights of Boulogne; to have 500 ships capable of carrying from 40 to 50,000 men and several thousand horses; to have only part of the seamen necessary for manning these ships, and at the moment my squadrons should commence their movements, to make a levy of fishermen and sailors on the coasts; to re-establish

* There never was a time when the spirit of England beat higher.—*Editor.*

the line of naval defence; embark the artillery and stores; and, in short, make all the demonstrations necessary to show that nothing was wanted to effect the passage, but the presence of a fleet.

V.

The advantages of this plan are immense. In the first place, I shall always have a pretext for keeping from 80 to 100,000 men encamped in a healthy situation, easily supplied with provisions, and whence they can speedily advance into Germany; and so great a number of troops being seen from the English coast, with a number of vessels hich will allow of my effecting the descent, if ever I am master of the sea for a few days, will have a double effect in England: 1st, it will oblige the English to maintain troops to guard and keep watch against the invasion which has become practicable; and 2dly, it will compel them to keep a portion of their squadrons in reserve in the Downs or the Thames for this extraordinary emergency.

VI.

If my Scheldt, Toulon, or Brest fleets were to land 30,000 men in Ireland, England would have reason to fear that after having landed them the fleet would proceed to join my other squadrons at a given point, and return to Boulogne to land an expedition on the coast of England. And if my squadrons were to carry the war into the East or West Indies, the English would likewise be fearful that if they sent their fleets to a distance, mine might return to Boulogne. and finding themselves on their arrival possessed of the dominion of the sea, as we were after the action off Ushant, they might cover the passage of an expedition, the preparations for which had been perceived from England.

VII.

The principal expense of this grand diversion consists in the maintenance of the troops in camp; but the advantages attached to the presence of these troops at that point, in a continental point of view, have already been mentioned; and being obliged to keep up a great number of troops to support our national character, it is indifferent whether they are maintained at Boulogne or elsewhere. As to the 500 ships, we have them; it will be sufficient to have crews for a fourth part of them; and the support of these crews will therefore be all that it will cost France for this means of annoying and attacking her enemy.

VIII.

Let us suppose a fleet of forty sail of the line arrived off Boulogne, and finding there an army of 100,000 men with 10,000 horses; what could it do? What a time would it require for transporting the men, horses, and *materiel* over to England! It would require more than ten voyages. Let us now suppose forty sail of the line arriving off Boulogne, and finding 500 vessels, praams, pinnaces, gun-boats, &c., armed or without cannon, all the artillery, stores, men, and horses ready embarked, taking on board part of the men whom the flotilla cannot carry; thus in a few days the whole expedition might be landed in England. This will therefore oblige England to have a land army, and to keep a naval force in reserve. Of all means that could be proposed for annoying the enemy in this contest, none

could be invented that would be less expensive to France and more disastrous to England.

IX.

Having thus acquainted the minister of marine with the purposes for which I intend the flotilla at Boulogne, I wish him to suggest to me the modifications necessary for the accomplishment of my object with the least possible expense.—*Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated to the Count de Montholon.*

"I had taken measures," said the emperor, "to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say, it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London; I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London as well as they did in Paris. No sacrifices, not even contributions, would have been exacted from the English. We should have presented ourselves to them, not as conquerors, but as brothers, who came to restore to them their rights and liberties.* I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labour themselves in the task of their regeneration; because the English had already preceded us in the task of political legislation; I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people; and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations, which had been such determined enemies, would have composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England, in order to effect, from south to north, under republican colours (for I was then first consul) the regeneration of Europe, which, at a later period, I was on the point of effecting, from north to south under monarchical forms. Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same result, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be experienced, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favourable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter, completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire, all nature, and nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration, which nature herself called for! . . .The problems of Providence are insoluble!"

After a few moments' silence, he reverted to the subject of the English invasion. "It was supposed," said he, "that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid

* The beautiful notion of Bonaparte's giving *liberty* to Englishmen!—*Editor.*

my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships; and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel; and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing, as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English.* After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which could not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality," &c.—*Mémorial de St. Hélène.*

The following extract is from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs. The period to which it refers is shortly after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, when the first consul having made a visit to Belgium, availed himself of that opportunity of inspecting the French coasts and harbours:

"He assembled a naval council for the purpose of discussing the means he had to contend with the English, and was soon convinced that the resources at his disposal were wholly inadequate to the object which he had in contemplation. The council was unanimously of opinion that the fleet of men-of-war afforded no chance of success. It required to be created anew and exercised, and in its present condition it might be destroyed before it could be in a condition to fight. The only means, therefore, of contending with England on an equal footing was to attempt a descent; because, if once we could accomplish it, we should be enabled to fight with means more powerful than those which the English would bring against us. We stood, however, in need of a flotilla to effect a descent. It was certainly not yet in existence; but we had all the necessary materials for raising such an armament, although not in sufficient abundance for the building of ships of war. M. Decrès, the minister of marine, who attended the council, was not in favour of the plan; he observed, that if we constructed a flotilla, the English would also raise one, and come to meet us. Admiral Bruix replied to this observation, that much would be achieved if we compelled them to do so, as they would then be under the necessity of disarming their fleet for the purpose of fitting out their flotilla. Their means of recruiting for the navy were not, in fact, at that period, so extensive as they have since become: the sailors of the maritime countries of which we had successively obtained possession were not yet compelled to volunteer to man their fleets

* We scarcely need point out the falsity of this and other similar assertions. —*Editor.*

for the purpose of earning their livelihood. The opinion of Bruix prevailed, and the descent was determined upon."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.**

* At the period of this long talked of invasion, the land forces of Great Britain stood thus:

The regular army	100,000
The militia	80,000
Volunteers	350,000

Our ships of war of all sizes, scouring the seas in all directions, amounted to 500.—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

1804.

The events of 1804—Death of the Duke d'Enghien—Napoleon's arguments at St. Helena—Comparison of dates—Possibility of my having saved the Duke d'Enghien's life—Advice given to the Duke d'Enghien—Sir Charles Stuart—Delay of the Austrian cabinet—Pichegru and the mysterious being—M. Massias—The historians of St. Helena—Bonaparte's threats against the emigrants and M. Cobentzel—Precipitate execution of Bonaparte's order—Singular adventure of Davoust's secretary—The quarter-master—The brigand of La Vendée—Summing up of the facts relative to the Duke d'Enghien.

In order to form a just idea of the events which succeeded each other so rapidly at the commencement of 1804, it is necessary to consider them both separately and connectedly. It must be borne in mind, that all Bonaparte's machinations tended to one object, the foundation of the French empire in his favour; and it is also essential to consider, how the situation of the emigrants, in reference to the first consul, had changed since the declaration of war As long as Bonaparte continued at peace, the cause of the Bourbons had no support in foreign cabinets, and the emigrants had no alternative but to yield to circumstances; but on the breaking out of a new war, all was changed. The cause of the Bourbons became that of the powers at war with France; and, as many causes concurred to unite the emigrants abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, there was reason to fear something from their hostility, in conjunction with that of the powers arrayed against Bonaparte.

Such was the state of things, with regard to the emigrants, when the leaders and accomplices of Georges's conspiracy were arrested, at the very beginning of 1804. The assassination of the Duke d'Enghien took place on the 21st of March; on the 30th of April appeared the proposition of the tribunate, to found

a government in France, under the authority of one individual on the 18th of May came the *senatus consultum*, naming Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor, and, lastly, on the 10th of June, the sentence of condemnation on Georges and his accomplices. Thus the shedding of the blood of a Bourbon, and the placing of the crown of France on the head of a soldier of fortune, were two acts interpolated in the sanguinary drama of Georges's conspiracy. It must be remembered, too, that during the period of these events we were at war with England, and on the point of seeing Austria and the Colossus of the north form a coalition against the new emperor.

I will now state all I know concerning the death of the Duke d'Enghien. That unfortunate prince, who was at Ettenheim, in consequence of a love affair, had no communication whatever with those who were concocting a plot in the interior. Machiavelli says, that when the author of a crime cannot be discovered, we should seek for those to whose advantage it turns. In the present case Machiavelli's advice will find an easy application, since the duke's death could be advantageous only to Bonaparte, who considered it indispensable to his accession to the crown of France. The motives may be explained, but can they be justified? How could it ever be said that the Duke d'Enghien perished as a presumed accomplice in the conspiracy of Georges?

Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, 1804, at which time the existence of the conspiracy was known. Pichegru and Georges were also arrested in February, and the Duke d'Enghien not till the 15th of March. Now if the prince had really been concerned in the plot, if even he had a knowledge of it, would he have remained at Ettenheim for nearly a month after the arrest of his presumed accomplices, intelligence of which he might have obtained in the space of three days? Certainly not. So ignorant was he of that conspiracy, that when informed of the affair, at Ettenheim, he doubted it, declaring that if it were true, his father and grandfather would have made him acquainted with it. Would so long an interval have been suffered to elapse, before he was arrested? Alas! cruel experience has shown that that step would have been taken in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his accomplices was not pronounced till the 10th of June, 1804, and the Duke d'Enghien was shot on the 21st of March, before the trials were even commenced. How is this precipitation to be explained? If, as Napoleon has declared, the young Bourbon was an accomplice in the crime, why was he not arrested at the time the others were? Why was he not tried along with them, on the ground of his being an actual accomplice; or of being committed, by communications with them; or, in short, because his answers might have thrown light on that mysterious affair?

How was it that the name of the illustrious accused was not once mentioned in the whole course of that awful trial?

It can scarcely be conceived that Napoleon could say at St. Helena, "Either they contrived to implicate the unfortunate prince in their project, and so pronounced his doom, or by omitting to inform him of what was going on, allowed him imprudently to slumber on the brink of a precipice; for he was only a stone's cast from the frontier when the conspirators were about to strike the great blow, in the name and for the interest of his family."

This reasoning is not merely absurd, it is atrocious. If the duke was implicated by the confession of his accomplices, he should have been arrested aud tried along with them. Justice required this. If he was not so implicated, where is the proof of his guilt! Because some individuals, without his knowledge, plotted to commit a crime, in the name of his family, he was to be shot! Because he was a hundred and thirty leagues from the scene of the plot, and had no connexion with it, he was to die! Such arguments cannot fail to inspire horror. It is absolutely impossible any reasonable person can regard the Duke d'Enghien as an accomplice of Cadoudal; and Napoleon basely imposed on his contemporaries and posterity, by inventing such falsehoods, and investing them with the authority of his name.

Had I been then in the first consul's intimacy, I may aver with as much confidence as pride, that the blood of the Duke d'Enghien would not have imprinted an indelible stain on the glory of Bonaparte. I feel a conviction that it would have been very possible for me to have dissuaded Bonaparte from his fatal design, inasmuch as I positively know that his object, after the termination of the peace, was merely to frighten the emigrants, in order to drive them from Ettenheim, where great numbers, like the Duke d'Enghien, had sought refuge. His anger was particularly directed against a Baroness Reith and a Baroness Ettengein, who had loudly vituperated him, and distributed numerous libels on the left bank of the Rhine. At that period, Bonaparte had as little design against the Duke d'Enghien's life as against that of any other emigrant. I must, however, admit, that when Bonaparte spoke to Rapp and Duroc of the emigrants on the other side of the Rhine, he expressed himself with much irritability: so much so, indeed, that M. de Talleyrand, dreading its effects for the Duke d'Enghien, warned that prince, through the medium of a lady, to whom he was attached, of his danger, and advised him to proceed to a greater distance from the frontier. On receiving this notice, the prince resolved to rejoin his grandfather, which he could not do without passing through the Austrian territory. Should any doubt exist as to these facts, it may be added, that Sir Charles Stuart wrote to M. de Cobtenzel to solicit a passport for the Duke

d'Enghien ; and it was solely owing to the delay of the Austrian cabinet, that time was afforded for the first consul to order the arrest of the unfortunate prince, as soon as he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon. This resolution could have originated only with himself, for who would have dared to suggest it to him ? The fact is, Bonaparte knew not what he did. His fever of ambition amounted to delirium; and he knew not how he was losing himself in public opinion because he did not know that opinion, to gain which he would have made every sacrifice.

When Cambacérès, who, with a slight reservation, had voted the death of Louis XVI., warmly opposed in council the Duke d'Enghien's arrest, the first consul observed to him, " Methinks you have grown very chary of Bourbon blood !"

Meanwhile, the Duke d'Enghien was at Ettenheim, indulging in hope rather than plotting conspiracies. It is well known that an individual made an offer to the Prince de Condé to assassinate the first consul, but the prince indignantly rejected the proposition, and nobly refused to recover the rights of the Bourbons at the price of such a crime. The individual abovementioned was afterwards discovered to be an agent of the Paris police, who had been commissioned to draw the princes into a plot which would have ruined them ; for public feeling revolts at assassination under any circumstances.

It has been alleged that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to treat with Bonaparte, led to the fatal catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien. The first correspondence between Louis XVIII. and the first consul, which has been given in these Memoirs, clearly proves the contrary. It is certainly probable that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to renounce his rights may have irritated Bonaparte. But it was rather late to take his revenge two years after, and that, too, on a prince, totally ignorant of those overtures. It is needless to comment on such absurdities. It is equally unnecessary to speak of the mysterious being who often appeared at meetings in the Faubourg St. Germain, and who was afterwards discovered to be Pichegru *

* Of this mysterious personage Savary gives the following particulars, collected from the evidence for the investigation of Georges's conspiracy :

" Georges was considered as merely a principal instrument ; the question was, for whom, in whose name, he would have acted the day following that on which he should have despatched the first consul. It was very naturally concluded that a more important personage was somewhere concealed, and waiting for the blow to be struck before he made himself known. An active search was set on foot. Georges's people, and those of the house in which he had lodged, were examined ; but nothing was discovered. At length two of his servants, being separately interrogated, declared that every ten or twelve days, there came to their master a gentleman whose name they did not know, about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, who had light hair, was bald on the forehead, of middle height, and rather corpulent. They stated that he was always extremely well dressed, both as to his linen and otherwise ; that he must be a person of consequence, for their master always went to the door to receive him. When he

A further light is thrown on this melancholy catastrophe by a conversation Napoleon had, a few days after his elevation to the imperial throne, with M. Massias, the French minister at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden. This conversatiou took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. After some remarks on the intrigues of the emigrants, Bonaparte observed, "You ought at least to have prevented the plots which the Duke d'Enghien was hatching at Ettenheim."—"Sire, I am too old to learn to tell a falsehood. Believe me, on this subject your majesty's ear has been abused."—"Do you not think, then, that had the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru proved successful, the prince would have passed the Rhine, and have come post to Paris?"

M. Massias, from whom I had these particulars, added, "At this last question of the emperor, I hung down my head and was silent; for I saw he did not wish to hear the truth."

Now let us consider, with that attention which the importance of the subject demands, what has been said by the historians of St. Helena.

Napoleon said to his companions in exile, that "the Duke d'Enghien's death must be attributed either to an excess of zeal for him (Napoleon), to private views, or to mysterious intrigues. He had been blindly urged on; he was, if he might say so, taken by surprise. The measure was precipitated, and the result predetermined."

This he might have said; but if he did so express himself, how are we to reconcile such a declaration with the statement of O'Meara? How give credit to assertions so very opposite? *

was in the room, every body, Messrs. de Polignac and De Rivière, as well as the others, rose, and did not sit down till he had again retired, and that whenever he came to see Georges they went together into a cabinet, where they remained alone till he went away, and then Georges attended him to the door.

"The description given of this mysterious person, corresponded neither with the age of the Count d'Artois, nor the person of the Duke de Berri. Besides, the witnesses knew the latter personally, and declared that it was not he. The Duke d'Angoulême was at Mittau with the king, the Duke de Bourbon was known to be in London. Attention was therefore directed to the Duke d'Enghien, who resided at Ettenheim, on the right bank of the Rhine."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

Rovigo subsequently corroborates the statement of M. de Bourrienne, that the mysterious person turned out to be Pichegru. (*Editor.*)

* The following is the statement referred to:

"It was discovered," said Napoleon, "by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duke d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country that I governed to profit by my assassination. According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long

Napoleon said to M. de Las Casas—

" One day alone, I recollect it well, I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined; when sudden information was brought to me that a new conspiracy had been discovered. I was warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represented to me that it was time to give a lesson to those who had been day after day conspiring against my life; that this end could only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duke d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added, that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed he had been in Paris; and that the plan was, that he should enter France by the east, at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Duke de Berri was disembarking in the west. I should tell you," observed the emperor, " that I did not even know precisely who the Duke d'Enghien was (the revolution having taken place when I was a very young man, and I having never been at court); and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points, I exclaimed, that if such were the case, the duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Every thing had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to sign them, and the fate of the young prince was thus decided."

Napoleon next asserts, that in the duke's arrest and condemnation, all *the usual forms were strictly observed.* But he has also declared that the death of that unfortunate prince will be an eternal reproach to those, who, carried away by a criminal zeal, waited not for their sovereign's orders to execute the sentence of the court-martial. He would, perhaps, have allowed the prince to live; but yet he said, " It is true I wished to make an example which should deter."

It has been said that the Duke d'Enghien addressed a letter to Napoleon, which was not delivered till after the execu-

before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission, formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him; said that his family had lost their claims for a long time; and concluded by offering his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, " did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey (a man in whose integrity they had every confidence), to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul,* no matter by what means."— *Voice from St. Helena.*

tion This is false and absurd! How could that prince write to Bonaparte, to offer him his services, and to solicit the command of an army? His examination makes no mention of this letter, and is in direct opposition to the sentiments which that letter would attribute to him. The truth is, no such letter ever existed. The individual who was with the prince to the time of his death declared he never wrote it. It will never be believed that any one would have presumed to withhold from Bonaparte a letter, on which depended the fate of so august a victim.

In his declarations to his companions in exile, Napoleon endeavoured either to free himself of this crime, or to justify it. His fear, or his susceptibility was such, that in discoursing with strangers he merely said, that had he been aware of the prince's letter, which was not delivered to him, God knows why, until after he had breathed his last, he would have pardoned him. But at a subsequent date he traced, with his own hand, his last thoughts, which he supposed would be consecrated in the minds of his contemporaries, and of posterity. Napoleon, touching on the subject which he felt would be one of the most important attached to his memory, said, that *if the thing were to do again, he would act as he then did.* How does this declaration tally with his avowal, that *if he had received the prince's letter, he should have lived?* This is irreconcilable. But if we compare all that Napoleon said at St. Helena, and which has been transmitted to us by his faithful followers; if we consider his contradictions, when speaking of the Duke d'Enghien's death to strangers, to his friends, to the public, or to posterity, the question ceases to be doubtful. Bonaparte wished to strike a blow which would terrify his enemies. Fancying that the Duke de Berri was ready to land in France, he despatched his aide-de-camp, Savary, in disguise, attended by gendarmes, to watch the duke's landing at Biville. This turned out a fruitless mission. The duke was warned in time not to attempt the useless and dangerous enterprise, and Bonaparte, enraged to see one prey escape him, pounced upon another. It is well known that Bonaparte often, and in the presence even of persons whom he conceived to have maintained relations with the partisans of the Bourbons at Paris, expressed himself thus: "I will put an end to these conspiracies. If any of the emigrants conspire, they shall be shot. I have been told that Cobentzel harbours some of them. I do not believe this; but if it be true, Cobentzel shall be arrested and shot along with them. I will let the Bourbons know I am not to be trifled with."

The above statement of facts accounts for the suppositions respecting the probable influence of the jacobins in this affair. It has been said, not without some appearance of reason, that to get the jacobins to help him to ascend the throne, Bonaparte consented to sacrifice a victim of the blood royal, as the only pledge capable of ensuring them against the return of the pro-

scribed family. Be this as it may, there are no possible means of relieving Bonaparte from his share of guilt in the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, would not confess the real cause of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. But inexorable history will note down that he was proclaimed emperor three months after the assassination of the innocent prince; and, less indulgent than his contemporary flatterers, she will give no share of the atrocity to chance, to criminal zeal, or intrigue. She will judge of this violation of the rights of nations, and of every principle of justice and humanity, and she will pronounce it to be the act of mad ambition and barbarous policy.

I will now sum up all I positively know respecting the fatal death of the Duke d'Enghien.

I know that Bonaparte's anger was excited against the meetings of emigrants which took place in the states of the Grand Duke of Baden. I know that the accounts he received contained frequent mention of an English agent, a Baroness Reith, and several other individuals. A man was despatched to the English agent, for the purpose of mystifying him; and this man was Mehée de la Touche, who had been constantly engaged in intrigue.

The first consul's original intention was to inspire fear rather than to commit an outrage. He wished to frighten the emigrants, in order that they might remove further off. At this very juncture the Duke d'Enghien was warned of his danger, through the medium of a letter addressed to the female who caused his presence at Ettenheim. On receiving this intelligence, he determined to rejoin his grandfather. For this purpose, he had to pass through a part of the Austrian dominions. Sir Charles Stuart wrote to Vienna, to M. de Cobentzel, to request a passport for him immediately. The Austrian cabinet was very tardy in returning an answer; and had the reply been immediate, the Duke d'Enghien would infallibly have been saved. It was to that blind zeal, of which I have already spoken, that the duke's too hurried execution was owing; and at St. Petersburg, certain individuals boasted of the share they had had in hurrying this execution, in the presence of Russian gentlemen, who are ready to vouch for the correctness of this fact.

To the above facts, which came within my own knowledge, I may add the following curious story, which was related to me by an individual who himself heard it from the secretary of General Davoust:

Davoust was commanding a division in the camp of Boulogne, and his secretary, when proceeding thither to join him, met in the diligence a man who seemed to be absorbed in affliction. This man, during the whole journey, never once broke silence except by some deep sighs, which he had not power to repress. General Davoust's secretary observed him with curiosity and

interest, but did not venture to intrude upon his grief by any conversation. The concourse of travellers from Paris to the camp was, however, at that time very great, and the inn at which the diligence stopped in the evening was so crowded, that it was impossible to assign a chamber to each traveller. Two, therefore, were put into one room; and it so happened that the secretary was lodged with his mysterious travelling companion. When they were alone, he addressed him in a tone of interest which banished all appearance of intrusion. He inquired whether the cause of his grief was of a nature to admit of any alleviation, and offered to render him any assistance in his power. "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am much obliged for the sympathy you express for me—I want nothing. There is no possible consolation for me. My affliction can end only with my life. You shall judge for yourself, for the interest you seem to take in my misfortune fully justifies my confidence. I was quartermaster in the select gendarmerie, and formed part of a detachment which was ordered to Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms, and at daybreak was ordered down to the moat with six men. An execution was to take place. The prisoner was brought out, and I gave the word to fire. The man fell, and after the execution I learned that we had shot the Duke d'Enghien. Judge of my horror!.....I knew the prisoner only by the name of the *brigand of La Vendée!*.....I could no longer remain in the service—I obtained my discharge, and am about to retire to my family. Would that I had done so sooner!" The above has been related to me and other persons by Davoust's secretary, whom I shall not name.

I know that an individual proposed to the Prince de Condé to assassinate Bonaparte, and that this offer was indignantly rejected. I know also that Fouché was in Paris, and although no longer minister, he was still director of the police—that Fouché, although only a senator, was summoned to the council held at the Tuileries on the 10th of March. In that council Cambacérès, who alone, from his situation, could venture an opposition, made the attempt, the result of which I have already stated. The Duke d'Enghien never wrote a letter to the first consul. I had my information on this point from the first aide-de-camp of the prince, who never quitted him until the last moment of his existence. I also know that hatred and revenge, after displaying themselves in every possible form in Paris, assumed a new shape on the rock of St. Helena.

All that relates to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien resolves itself into this: Bonaparte, perhaps, to please the revolutionary party, and in order to attain the throne with greater certainty, desired the immediate death of the Duke d'Enghien, without judicial forms. He was obeyed with all the promptitude which doubtless he had commanded, so that there was no time or possibility to retract his first decision. I have certain knowledge

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN A COAT OF WHITE PIQUÉ.

that the order was given, and I am convinced that, if the execution had been deferred some hours, the Duke d'Enghien would not have perished.

CHAPTER XXIV

1804.

Retrospective glance—Bonaparte's presumed motives—First stain on Bonaparte—General Ordonner's mission—Arrest of the Duke d'Enghien—Horrible night-scene—Harrel's account of the death of the prince—Order for digging the grave—The foster-sister of the Duke d'Enghien—Reading the sentence—The lantern—General Savary—The faithful dog and the police—My visit to Malmaison—Josephine's grief—The Duke d'Enghein's portrait and lock of hair—Savary's emotion—M. de Chateaubriand's resignation—M. de Chateaubriand's connexion with Bonaparte—Madame Bacciocchi and M. de Fontanes—Cardinal Fesch—Dedication of the second edition of the 'Génie du Christianisme"—M. de Chateaubriand's visit to the first consul, on the morning of the Duke d'Enghien's death.

I HAVE pointed to the causes of an irreparable crime. I will now endeavour to describe with the utmost exactness the fatal consequences which resulted from that melancholy cause; but I must commence by taking a review of some antecedent circumstances.

All that had passed since 1802 favoured Bonaparte's views for possessing himself of the crown. Every thing encouraged his idea of founding a new dynasty. But he thought it necessary to show that in re-establishing the throne he re-established it for himself alone. He knew well what his own intentions were, but he thought others might fear that his ideas would change with time, and he apprehended that many persons would fear that, having once re-established the throne, he would restore it to the Bourbons. On overthrowing it, the republicans had deluged it with royal blood. He thought, however, that they would consent to see it raised up again by a fortunate soldier, and would with their own hands build up the edifice which they had destroyed. But they wanted guarantees. Bonaparte was unstained by the crimes of the revolution: his age had preserved him from taking part in its excesses, and in this he always prided himself. He had indeed opposed royalism on the 13th Vendémiaire; but that, it was said, was from calculation and ambition rather than from sentiment. He judged that this was not a sufficient guarantee for the republicans. His aversion for what he called the sanguinary men of the revolution had displayed itself on the 3d Nivose. It was necessary to make

those, whose support he stood in need of, or supposed he stood in need of, forget the hatred which he had always borne to them, and he thought he could not better succeed in his object than by rendering himself guilty like them. His opinion of the regicides is well known, as well as the manner in which he uniformly spoke of them. He knew them too well not to be aware that his conduct had been calculated to excite both their suspicion and their fears. Perhaps, in Bonaparte's idea, they might wish to have it in their power to say to him, "We put the the king to death, it is true, but we tried him: you have assassinated the prince in defiance of all judicial forms!"

Bonaparte's conduct hitherto had been noble and great; but the wreck of the Reign of Terror, which was still powerful, would not, he conceived, tolerate a master, who, if he had not been stained with guilt like themselves would have been a constant reproach to them. The Duke d'Enghien's death, therefore, was resolved on, in order to allay the presumed terrors felt by the men of the revolution at the very name of the Bourbons; for Bonaparte thought that they judged themselves as he judged them. Besides, the Duke d'Enghien's death would have a revolting effect on the royalists who, since the 18th Brumaire, had gradually rallied round the first consul's government, and would cause them to withdraw themselves once more; thus offices, favours, and dignities, would be the exclusive portion of the men of the revolution. These were the advantages which Bonaparte offered in exchange for the services which he expected from them.

I will now attempt the description of the sanguinary scene which took place at the castle of Vincennes. General Ordonner, commanding the grenadiers of the guard, received orders from the war minister to proceed to the Rhine, to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brissac, which was placed at his disposal. General Ordonner sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenheim, where the Duke d'Enghien was arrested on the 15th of March. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained till the 18th, to give time for the arrival of orders from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and executed promptly, for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate prince arrived at the barrier at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th, where it remained for five hours, and afterwards proceeded, by thee xterior boulevards, on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of this horrible drama was acted under the veil of night: the sun did not even shine upon its tragical close. The soldiers received orders to proceed to Vincennes at night. It was at night that the fatal gates of the fortress were closed upon the prince. At night the council assembled and tried him, or rather condemned him without trial. When the clock struck six, in the morning, the orders were given to fire, and the prince ceased

to exist. Here a reflection occurs to me. Supposing one were inclined to admit that the council held on the 10th of March had some connexion with the Duke d'Enghien's arrest, yet as no council was held from the time of the duke's arrival at the barrier to the moment of his execution, it could only be Bonaparte himself who issued the orders which were too punctually obeyed. When the dreadful intelligence of the Duke d'Enghien's death was spread in Paris, it excited a feeling of consternation which recalled the recollection of the Reign of Terror. Could Bonaparte have seen the gloom which pervaded Paris, and compared it with the joy which prevailed on the day when he returned victorious from the field of Marengo, he would have felt that he had tarnished his glory by a stain which could never be effaced.

About half-past twelve, on the 22d of March, I was informed that some one wished to speak with me. It was Harrel. I will relate word for word what he communicated to me. Harrel probably thought that he was bound in gratitude to acquaint me with these details; but he owed me no gratitude, for it was much against my will that he had encouraged the conspiracy of Ceracchi, and received the reward of his treachery in that crime. The following is Harrel's statement: "On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council-chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner might sleep, who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard.* I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently aired, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there—and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove, closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she

* This circumstance cannot be too strongly noted. Harrel was ordered to dig the grave before the trial. The Duke d'Enghien's fate was therefore decided beforehand.—*Editor.*

recognised the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution.*

"The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded, he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him, he was in a deep sleep. In a few moments after, he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm, and said, 'Are they going to put me into a subterranean dungeon?'"

Such was the ingenuous narrative which Harrel communicated to me the day after the execution. I may here insert the following official copy of the examination, at which Harrel stated he was not present:

Year XII. of the French republic, this day, 29th Ventose, at twelve o'clock in the evening, I captain-major of the select gendarmerie, in obedience to the order of the general commanding the corps, waited upon the general-in-chief, Murat, governor of Paris, who immediately directed me to proceed to the castle of Vincennes, there to take and receive further orders from General Hullin, commander of the grenadiers of the consular guard.

On my arrival at the castle of Vincennes, General Hullin communicated to me—1st, a copy of the government-decree of the 29th Ventose, present month, ordering that the heretofore Duke d'Enghien should be brought before a court-martial, composed of seven members appointed by the governor-general of Paris: 2d, the order of the general-in-chief, governor of Paris, of this day, nominating the members of the court-martial, in execution of the aforesaid decree. These members are—Citizens Hullin, general of the grenadiers of the guard; Guitton, colonel of the 1st cuirassiers; Bazancourt, commander of the 4th regiment of light infantry; Ravier, commander of the 18th infantry of the line; Barrois, commander of the 96th of the line; and Rabbe, commander of the 2d regiment of the guard of Paris.

The order, moreover, directs that the undersigned captain-major shall fill the office of captain-reporter of the court-martial: the court is also ordered to assemble immediately at the castle of Vincennes, to try (without adjournment) the accused on the charges specified in the government-decree abovementioned.

In fulfilment of these measures, and by virtue of the orders of General Hullin, the president of the court, the undersigned captain proceeded to the chamber in which the Duke d'Enghien was in bed, accompanied by the chef d'escadron, Jacquin, of the select legion, two foot-gendarmes of the same corps, named Lerva and Tharsis, and citizen Noirot, lieutenant of the same corps; the undersigned cap-

* The fatal event caused this female a dangerous fit of illness.

tain-reporter immediately received the following replies to the questions which he addressed to the duke, being assisted by citizen Molin, captain of the 18th regiment, the secretary chosen by the reporter.

— Asked his name, surname, age, and birthplace.

Answered—That his name is Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, and that he was born at Chantilly, on the 2d of August, 1772.

— Asked at what period he quitted France.

Answered—He cannot say precisely; but thinks it was on the 16th of July, 1789. That he departed with the Prince de Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and the children of the Count d'Artois.

— Asked where he has resided since he quitted France.

Answered—On leaving France, I proceeded with my relations, whom I have always followed, to Mons and Brussels: thence we removed to Turin, and we passed nearly sixteen months with the King of Sardinia. I afterwards, went, still in company with my relations to Worms and its neighbourhood, on the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I served throughout the whole war. I had previously made the campaign of 1792 in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon in the army of Duke Albert.

—Asked where he has resided since the peace concluded between the French republic and the emperor.

Answered—We closed the last campaign in the neighbourhood of Gratz. There the corps of Condé, which was in the pay of England, was disbanded; that is to say, at Wendirsch-Facstrictz in Styria. That he afterwards remained for his pleasure in Gratz and its neighbourhood, about six or nine months, awaiting news from his grandfather, the Prince de Condé, who had gone to England, and who was to inform him what allowance that power would make him; a point which was not yet determined. During this interval, he applied to Cardinal Rohan for permission to go to Ettenheim in Brisgau, formerly the Bishopric of Strasburg, and that he had been there for two years and a half. After the death of the cardinal, he applied to the Elector of Baden, officially, for permission to remain in that country, as he did not wish to stay without his consent. That permission was granted.

—Asked whether he did not go to England, and whether that power does not still allow him a pension.

Answered—That he never went thither; but that England allows him a pension, which is all he has to live on.

He requested to add, that, as the reasons which had induced him to remain at Ettenheim no longer existed, he proposed to fix his abode at Friburg in Brisgau, which is a much more agreeable town than Ettenheim, where he remained only because the emperor granted him permission to hunt, a diversion of which he is very fond.

—Asked whether he corresponded with the French princes who had emigrated to London, and whether he had seen them lately.

Answered—That he had, as might naturally be supposed, corresponded with his grandfather since he had quitted Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps: that he like-

wise corresponded with his father, whom he had not seen, to the best of his recollection, since 1794 or 1795.

— Asked what rank he held in the army of Condé.

Answered—Commander of the advanced guard before 1796. Before that campaign, he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather; and since 1796, he has been commander of the advanced guard. He observed, that after the army of Condé proceeded to Russia, it was combined into two corps, one of infantry and one of dragoons, of which he was made colonel by the emperor, and in that rank he returned to the armies of the Rhine.

— Asked whether he knew General Pichegru, and whether he had had any connexion with him.

Answered—I never saw him to my knowledge; and I never had any connexion with him. I know he wished to see me. I congratulate myself on never having known him, if it be true that he intended to employ the odious measures of which he is accused.

— Asked whether he knew the ex-general Dumouriez, and whether he had any connexion with him.

Answered—I never saw him.

— Asked whether, since the peace, he has not maintained correspondence with the interior of the republic.

Answered—That he has written to some friends who served with him in the army, and who are still attached to him, upon business concerning himself and them. This is not the correspondence which he presumes is alluded to.

From the above the present minute was drawn up; and signed by the Duke d'Enghien, the Chef d'Escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, the two gendarmes, and the captain-reporter.

Before I sign the present minute, I earnestly request to have a private audience with the first consul. My name, my rank, my manner of thinking, and the horror of my situation, induce me to hope that he will not refuse my request.

(Signed) L. A. H. de Bourbon.

Lower down:

Lieutenant Noiret and Jacquin.

A true Copy,

Dautancourt.

(The Captain filling the office of Reporter,)

Molin (Captain-secretary.)

Much has been said about a lantern, which it is pretended was attached to one of the Duke d'Enghien's button-holes. This is a pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, whose sight was not very good, took the lantern out of Harrel's hand, to read the sentence to the victim, who had been condemned with as little regard to judicial forms as to justice. This circumstance probably gave rise to the story about the lantern, to which I have just alluded. The fatal event took place at six o'clock on

the morning of the 21st of March, and it was of course daylight.*

General Savary did not dare to delay the execution of the sentence, although the prince urgently demanded to have an interview with the first consul. Had Bonaparte seen the prince, there can be little doubt but that he would have saved his life. Savary, however, thought himself bound to sacrifice his own opinions to the powerful faction which then controlled the first consul; and whilst he thought he was serving his master, he was in fact only serving the faction, to which, I must say, he did not belong. The truth is, that General Savary can only be reproached for not having taken upon himself to suspend the execution, which very probably would not have taken place, had it been suspended. He was merely an instrument, and regret on his part would, perhaps, have told more in his favour than his vain efforts to justify Bonaparte.

From all that I have stated, and particularly from the non-suspension of the execution, it appears to me as clear as day that General Savary had received a formal order from Bonaparte for the Duke d'Enghien's death, and also a formal order that it should be so managed as to make it impossible to speak to Bonaparte again on the subject, until all should be over. Can there be a more evident, a more direct proof of this, than the digging of the grave beforehand? I have repeated Harrel's story just as he related it to me. He told it me without solicitation, and he could not invent a circumstance of this nature.

General Savary was not in the moat during the execution, but on the bank, from whence he could easily see all that passed.† Another circumstance connected with the Duke d'En-

* "Malevolence went so far as to invent a story about a lantern, said to have been fastened to the prince's breast, without considering that on the 21st of March the sun rises at six o'clock, and that it is light at five."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

† The following is all that Savary says relatively to the passing of the sentence and its execution:

"When the Duke d'Enghien had answered the last question put to him in the interrogatory, the president of the commission declared the discussion closed, and ordered all those who had been present during the debates to leave the room. The commission resolved itself into a council to deliberate. I retired like the rest, and went, as did several of the officers who had attended the sitting, to rejoin the troops that were on the esplanade of the castle.

"I cannot tell exactly how long the commission continued in deliberation; but it was no more than two hours after the room was cleared, that the commandant of the infantry of my legion, who was posted in the court of the castle, came to inform me that the commission had passed sentence, and that a picket was required for its execution. I recommended to him, as usual in such cases, to place it so as to prevent accident. The spot which seemed to him best suited for this purpose was a spacious ditch of the castle.

"While this officer was making his arrangements, I ordered the troops under arms, and acquainted them with the sentence which the commission had passed, and that they were to attend its execution.

"Meanwhile, the Duke d'Enghien was brought down the staircase of the

ghien's death has been mentioned, which is true. The prince had a little dog: this faithful animal returned incessantly to the fatal spot in the moat. There are few who have not seen that spot. Who has not made a pilgrimage to Vincennes, and dropped a tear where the victim fell? The fidelity of the poor dog excited so much interest, that the police prevented any one from visiting the fatal spot, and the dog was no longer heard to howl over his master's grave.

I promised to state the truth respecting the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and I have done so, though it has cost me some pain. Harrel's narrative, and the shocking circumstance of the grave being dug beforehand, left me no opportunity of cherishing any doubts I might have wished to entertain; and every thing which followed confirmed the view I then took of the subject. When Harrel left me on the 22d, I determined to go to Malmaison to see Madame Bonaparte, knowing, from her sentiments towards the house of Bourbon, that she would be in the greatest affliction. I had previously sent to know whether it would be convenient for her to see me, a precaution I had never before observed, but which I conceived to be proper upon that occasion. On my arrival I was immediately introduced to her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame Remusat. They were all deeply afflicted. "Bourrienne," exclaimed Josephine, as soon as she perceived me, "what a dreadful event! Did you but know the state of mind Bonaparte is in! He avoids, he dreads the presence of every one! Who could have suggested to him such an act as this?" I then acquainted Josephine with the particulars which I had received from Harrel. "What barbarity!" she resumed. "But no reproach can rest upon me, for I did every thing to dissuade him from this dreadful project. He did not confide the secret to me; but I guessed it, and he acknowledged all. How harshly he repelled my entreaties! I clung to him! I threw myself at his feet!—'Meddle with what concerns you!' he exclaimed, angrily. 'This is not women's business! Leave me!'—And he repulsed me with a violence which he had never displayed since our first interview after your return from Egypt. Heavens! What will become of us?"

I could say nothing to calm affliction and alarm in which I participated, for to my grief for the death of the Duke d'Enghien was added my regret that Bonaparte should be capable of such a crime. "What," said Josephine, "can be thought of this in Paris? He must be the object of universal imprecation, for even here his flatterers appear astounded when they are out of his presence. How wretched we have been since yesterday;

entrance tower on the side next to the park. His sentence was read to him, and the execution immediately followed. It was then about six in the morning."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

and he!. . . .You know what he is when he is dissatisfied with himself. No one dare speak to him, and all is mournful around us. What a commission he gave to Savary! You know I do not like the general, because he is one of those whose flatteries will contribute to ruin Bonaparte. How deeply was I distressed when Savary came yesterday to fulfil a commission which the Duke d'Enghien had intrusted to him. Here," added Josephine, "is his portrait and a lock of his hair, which he has requested me to transmit to one who was dear to him. Savary almost shed tears when he described to me the last moments of the duke: then, endeavouring to resume his self-possession, he said, 'It is in vain to try to be indifferent, madame! it is impossible to witness the death of such a man unmoved!'"

Josephine afterwards informed me of the only act of courage which occurred at this period, namely, the resignation which M. de Chateaubriand had sent to Bonaparte. She admired his conduct greatly, and said, "What a pity he is not surrounded by men of this description! It would be the means of preventing all the errors into which he is led, by the constant approbation of those about him." Josephine thanked me for my attention in coming to see her at such an unhappy juncture, and I confess that it required all the regard I cherished for her to induce me to do so, for at that moment I should not have wished to see the first consul, since the evil was irreparable. On the evening of that day nothing was spoken of but the transaction of the 21st of March, and the noble conduct of M. de Chateaubriand. As the name of that celebrated man is for ever written in characters of honour in the history of that period, I think I may with propriety relate here what I know respecting his previous connexion with Bonaparte.

I do not recollect the precise date of M. de Chateaubriand's return to France; I only know that it was about the year 1800, for we were, I think, still at the Luxembourg. However, I recollect perfectly that Bonaparte began to conceive prejudices against him; and when I one day expressed my surprise to the first consul that M. de Chateaubriand's name did not appear on any of the lists which he had ordered to be presented to him, for filling up vacant places, he said, "He has been mentioned to me; but I replied in a way to check all hopes of his obtaining any appointment. He has notions of liberty and independence which will not suit my system. I would rather have him my enemy than my forced friend. At all events, he must wait awhile; I may, perhaps, try him first in a secondary place, and, if he does well, I may advance him."

The above is word for word what Bonaparte said the first time I conversed with him about M. de Chateaubriand. The publication of "Atala" and the "Génie du Christianisme" suddenly gave Chateaubriand celebrity, and attracted the attention of the first consul. Bonaparte, who then meditated the restoration of

religious worship in France, found himself wonderfully supported by the publication of a book which excited the highest interest, and whose superior merit led the public mind to the consideration of religious topics. I remember Madame Bacciocchi coming one day to visit her brother, with a little volume in her hand; it was "Atala." She presented it to the first consul, and begged he would read it. "What, more romances!" exclaimed he. "Do you think I have time to read all your fooleries?" He, however, took the book from his sister, and laid it down on my desk. Madame Bacciocchi then solicited the erasure of M. de Chateaubriand's name from the list of emigrants. "Oh! oh!" said Bonaparte, "it is Chateaubriand's book, is it? I will read it, then. Bourrienne, write to Fouché, to erase his name from the list."

Bonaparte, at that time, paid so little attention to what was doing in the literary world, that he was not aware of Chateaubriand being the author of "Atala." It was on the recommendation of M. de Fontanes that Madame Bacciocchi tried this experiment, which was attended by complete success. The first consul read "Atala," and was much pleased with it. On the publication of the "Génie du Christianisme," some time after, his first prejudices were wholly removed. Among the persons about him there were many who dreaded to see a man of M. de Chateaubriand's talent approach the first consul, who knew how to appreciate superior merit when it did not excite his envy.

Our relations with the court of Rome being renewed, and Cardinal Fesch appointed ambassador to the holy see, Bonaparte conceived the idea of making M. de Chateaubriand first secretary to the embassy, thinking that the author of the "Génie du Christianisme" was peculiarly fitted to make up for his uncle's deficiency of talent in the capital of the Christian world, which was destined to become the second city of the empire.

It was not a little extraordinary to see a man, previously a stranger to diplomatic business, stepping over all the intermediary degrees, and being at once invested with the functions of first secretary to an important embassy. I oftener than once heard the first consul congratulate himself on having made the appointment. I knew, though Bonaparte was not aware of the circumstance at the time, that Chateaubriand at first refused the situation, and that he was only induced to accept it by the entreaties of the heads of the clergy, particularly of the Abbé Emery, a man of great influence. They represented to the author of the "Génie du Christianisme" that it was necessary he should accompany the uncle of the first consul to Rome; and M. de Chateaubriand accordingly resolved to do so.

However, clouds gathered, I do not know from what cause, between the ambassador and his secretary. All I know is, that on Bonaparte being informed of the circumstance, he took the

part of the cardinal, and the friends of M. de Chateaubriand expected to see him soon deprived of his appointment: when, to the great astonishment of every one, the secretary to the Roman embassy, far from being disgraced, was raised by the first consul to the rank of minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais, with leave to travel in Switzerland and Italy, together with the promise of the first vacant embassy.

This favour excited a considerable sensation at the Tuileries; but, as it was known to be the will and pleasure of the first consul, all expression of opinion on the subject was confined to a few quiet murmurs, that Bonaparte had done for the name of M. de Chateaubriand, what, in fact, he had done only on account of his talent. It was during the continuance of this favour that the second edition of the "Génie du Christianisme" was dedicated to the first consul.

M. de Chateaubriand returned to France previous to entering on the fulfilment of his new mission. He remained for some months in Paris, and on the day appointed for his departure he went to take leave of the first consul. By a singular chance it happened to be the fatal morning of the 21st of March, and consequently only a few hours after the Duke d'Enghien had been shot. It is unnecessary to observe that M. de Chateaubriand was ignorant of the fatal event. However, on his return home, he said to his friends that he had remarked a singular change in the appearance of the first consul, and that there was a sort of sinister expression in his countenance. Bonaparte saw his new minister amidst the crowd who attended the audience, and several times seemed inclined to step forward to speak to him; but as often turned away, and did not approach him the whole morning. A few hours after, when M. de Chateaubriand mentioned his observations to some of his friends, he was made acquainted with the cause of that agitation which, in spite of all his strength of mind and self-command, Bonaparte could not disguise.

M. de Chateaubriand instantly resigned his appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais. For several days his friends were much alarmed for his safety, and they called every morning early to ascertain whether he had not been carried off during the night. Their fears were not without foundation. I must confess that I, who knew Bonaparte well, was somewhat surprised that no serious consequence attended the anger he manifested on receiving the resignation of the man who had dedicated his work to him. In fact, there was good reason for apprehension, and it was not without considerable difficulty that Eliza succeeded in averting the threatened storm.

I am persuaded, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, that though he retained implacable resentment against a returned emigrant, who had dared to censure his conduct in so positive a manner, yet his first burst of anger being soothed, that which was the cause of hatred was at the same time the

ground of esteem. Bonaparte's animosity was, I confess, very natural, for he could not disguise from himself the real meaning of a resignation made under such circumstances. It said plainly, "You have committed a crime, and I will not serve your government, which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!" I can therefore very well imagine that Bonaparte could never pardon the only man who dared to give him such a lesson, in the midst of the plenitude of his power. But, as I have often had occasion to remark, there was no unison between Bonaparte's feelings and his judgment.

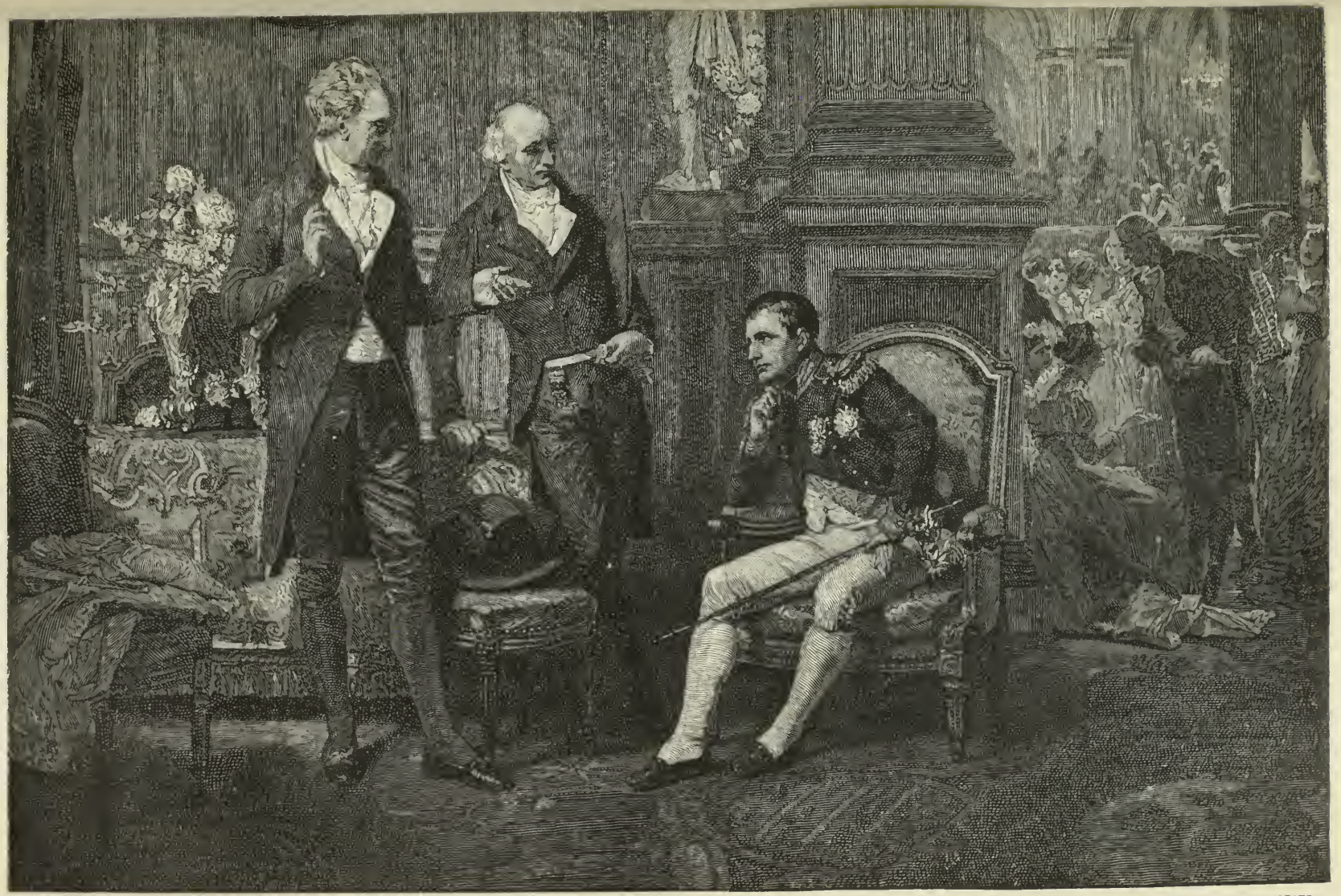
Note.—The reader may remember, that at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's mock trial and execution, General Murat, the first consul's brother-in-law, was governor of Paris. The castle of Vincennes being within his military jurisdiction, he has been pretty generally considered as having acted a principal part in the tragedy, and many writers have held him up to that infamy which ought more properly to have fallen on other heads. Murat was naturally a kind-hearted, humane man: though a mere soldier of fortune and accustomed to scenes of carnage, he could see blood spilt only on the field, and shuddered at all civil executions or private acts of vengeance. Under his two immediate predecessors on that throne conspirators, and men called so, were hanged or shot by dozens at a time; but during the seven years that Murat was King of Naples he did not allow an execution of the kind, and he never could be brought to sign a death-warrant for any, the worst species of criminal, without the greatest difficulty. His feelings on these points amounted to a weakness. Being well aware of the reports against him, he took every opportunity of contradicting them to the persons in his confidence, and to the last moment of his life he solemnly protested that he had done all he could to save the duke. He denied that he appointed the eight officers who sate in judgment at Vincennes, and without expressly naming them, he seemed to lay most of the blame on Fouché, Savary, and Hullin. He never spoke of the midnight trial and the execution in the ditch without horror. We have received this information from men of most honourable characters, and we give it a place here because we are convinced in our own minds of its veracity, and think it fair to rescue the fame of Murat who, with all his faults, was one of the best men in the school he belonged to.

The end of Joachim Murat bore rather a striking resemblance to that of the Duke d'Enghien. He was tried by an incompetent military tribunal, and shot in the courtyard of an old castle in Calabria. Hence several of our authors have taken occasion to establish a visitation of Providence, and to declare that Murat, iniquitously tried, and barbarously murdered, merited the fate he met at Pizzo on the 14th of October, 1815, by what he had done at Vincennes on the 20th of March, 1804.

In General Colletta's admirable history of the kingdom of Naples, there is an account of Murat's death, which was drawn up entirely from the accounts of eye and ear witnesses. One of the last things Joachim said to Captain Stratti, the commandant of the castle of Pizzo was, "As for the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghien, which King Ferdinand is about to avenge with another tragedy, I had no part in it, and this I swear by that God in whose presence I must shortly appear."

After this solemn and voluntary declaration, he confessed himself to Masdea, a Calabrian priest, and wrote on a slip of paper the words, "I declare that I die a Christian."

Like the Duke d'Enghien, Murat refused to have his eyes bandaged, and he himself gave the word of command to his soldiers. These, the last words he spoke, were highly characteristic of the man—of his dauntless bravery and personal vanity. "Soldiers," he said, "spare my face—aim at my heart!" The volley was fired, and Joachim Murat fell dead, still holding in his hands the miniature portraits of his children.—*Storia del Reame di Napoli dal* 1734, *sino al* 1825.—*Del Generale Pietro Colletta.* (*Editor.*)



FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGÈNE-ERNEST HILLEMACHER.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

NAPOLEON, GOETHE, AND WIELAND.

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN

NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM OF CHASSEUR-À-CHEVAL, COMMONLY WORN ON CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XXV

1804.

Consequences of the Duke d'Enghien's death—Change of opinion in the provinces—The Gentry of the Chateaux—Effect of the Duke d'Enghien s death on foreign courts—Remarkable words of Mr. Pitt—Louis XVIII. sends back the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the King of Spain—Bonaparte and Charlemagne—Pichegru betrayed—His arrest—His conduct to his old aide-de-camp—Account of Pichegru's family, and his education at Brienne—Permission to visit M. Carbonnet—The prisoners in the Temple—Absurd application of the word ruffian—Suspension of the trial by jury—Moreau and the state of public opinion respecting him—Pichegru's firmness.

The immediate consequences of the Duke d'Enghien's death were not confined to the general consternation which that unjustifiable stroke of state policy produced in the capital. The news spread rapidly through the provinces and foreign countries, and was every where accompanied by astonishment and sorrow. There is in the departments a separate class of society, possessing great influence, and constituted entirely of persons usually called the "Gentry of the Chateaux," who may be said to form the provincial faubourg St. Germain. The opinion of the Gentry of the Chateaux was not hitherto unfavourable to the first consul; for the law of hostages which he repealed had been felt very severely by them. With the exception of some families accustomed to consider themselves, in relation to the whole world, what they were only within the circle of a couple of leagues, that is to say, illustrious personages, all the inhabitants of the provinces, though they might retain some attachment to the ancient order of things, had viewed with satisfaction the substitution of the consular for the directorial government, and entertained no personal dislike to the first consul. Among the Chateaux, more than any where else, it has always been the custom to cherish utopian ideas respecting the management of public affairs, and to criticise the acts of the government. It is well known, that at this time there was not in all France a single old mansion surmounted by its two weathercocks, which had not a system of policy peculiar to itself, and in which the

question whether the first consul would play the part of Cromwell or of Monk, was not frequently canvassed. In those innocent controversies, the little news which the Paris papers were allowed to publish was freely discussed, and a confidential letter from Paris sometimes furnished food for the conversation of a whole week. Bonaparte set great value on the opinion of the Chateaux, because while living in the country he had observed the moral influence which their inhabitants exercise over their neighbourhood. He had succeeded to a great degree in conciliating them, but the news of the death of the Duke d'Enghien alienated from him minds which were still wavering, and even those which had already declared in his favour. That act of tyranny dissolved the charm which had created hope from his government, and awakened affections which had as yet only slumbered. Those to whom this event was almost indifferent, also joined in condemning it; for there are certain aristocratic ideas which are always fashionable in a certain class of society. Thus for different causes this atrocity gave a retrograde direction to public opinion, which had previously been favourably disposed to Bonaparte throughout the whole of France.

The consequences were not less important, and might have been disastrous with respect to foreign courts. I learned through a channel which does not permit me to entertain any doubt of the correctness of my information, that as soon as the Emperor Alexander received the news, it was clear that England might conceive a well-founded hope of forming a new coalition against France. Alexander openly expressed his indignation. I also learned with equal certainty, that when Mr. Pitt was informed of the death of the French prince, he said, " Bonaparte has now done himself more mischief than we have done him since the last declaration of war." * Pitt was not the man to feel much concern for the death of any one; but he understood and seized all the advantages afforded to him by this great error of policy committed by the most formidable enemy of England. In all the treasury journals published in London, Bonaparte was never spoken of under any other name than that of the " assassin of the Duke d'Enghien."

The stationary policy of the cabinet of Vienna, prevented the manifestation of its displeasure by remonstrances, or by any outward act: at Berlin, in consequence of the neighbourhood of the French troops in Hanover, the commiseration for the death of the Duke d'Enghien was also confined to the king's cabinet, and more particularly to the closet of the Queen of Prussia; but it is certain that that transaction almost every where changed the disposition of sovereigns towards the first consul, and that if it did not cause, it at least hastened, the

* The remark made on this murder by the astucious cold-blooded Fouché is well known. He said, " It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder!"—(*C'est pis qu'une crime—c'est une faute.*)—*Editor.*

success of the negotiations which England was secretly carrying on with Austria and Prussia. Every prince of Germany was offended by the violation of the Grand Duke of Baden's territory, and the death of a prince could not fail every where to irritate that kind of sympathy of blood and of race, which had hitherto always influenced the crowned heads and sovereign families of Europe; for it was felt as an injury to all of them.

When Louis XVIII. learned the death of the Duke d'Enghien, he wrote to the King of Spain, returning him the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which had also been conferred on Bonaparte.

The king returned the insignia with the following letter:

SIRE, AND DEAR COUSIN,

It is with regret that I send back to you the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which his majesty, your father, of glorious memory conferred upon me. There can be nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed on my throne; since he has had the barbarity to stain himself with the blood of a Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien.

Religion might make me pardon an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must always be my enemy.

In the present age it is more glorious to merit a sceptre than to possess one.

Providence, for incomprehensible reasons, may condemn me to end my days in exile, but neither my contemporaries, nor posterity, shall ever have to say, that in the period of adversity I showed myself unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors.

LOUIS.

The death of the Duke d'Enghien was a horrible episode in the proceedings of the great trial which was then preparing, and which was speedily followed by the accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial dignity. It was not one of the least remarkable anomalies of the epoch, to see the judgment by which criminal enterprises against the republic were condemned, pronounced in the name of the emperor who had so evidently destroyed that republic. This anomaly certainly was not removed by the subtlety, by the aid of which he at first declared himself Emperor of the Republic, as a preliminary to his proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. Setting aside the means, it must be acknowledged, that it is impossible not to admire the genius of Bonaparte, his tenacity in advancing towards his object, and that adroit employment of suppleness and audacity, which made him sometimes dare fortune, sometimes avoid difficulties which he found insurmountable, to arrive, not merely at the throne of Louis XVI., but at the reconstructed throne of Charlemagne. Since I have mentioned the name of Charlemagne, I shall venture on a short reflection as to the analogy which some have

attempted to establish between that great man and Bonaparte, whose greatness I am certainly far from denying. In my opinion an immense difference exists between them. Charlemagne was really superior to his age, which he endeavoured to associate with his glory by advancing it in knowledge, whereas Bonaparte was superior, not to his age, the glory of which he wished to engross, but merely to the men of nis age, which is a very different thing. It must, however, be admitted, that Charlemagne had the advantage over Napoleon of finding a crown already usurped for him by his father.

But it is not my business to reason on history. I shall therefore proceed to relate what I knew at the time, and what I have since learned of the different phases of the trial of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and the other persons accused of conspiracy —a trial, to all the proceedings of which I closely attended. From those proceedings I was convinced that Moreau was no conspirator,* but at the same time I must confess that it is very probable the first consul might believe that he had been engaged in the plot, and I am also of opinion, that the real conspirators believed Moreau to be their accomplice and their chief; for the object of the machinations of the police agents was to create a foundation for such a belief, it being important to the success of their scheme.

It has been stated, that Moreau was arrested on the day after the confessions made by Bouvet de Lozier; Pichegru was taken by means of the most infamous treachery that a man can be guilty of. The official police had at last ascertained that he was in Paris, but they could not learn the place of his concealment. The police agents had in vain exerted all their efforts to discover him, when an old friend, who had given him his last asylum, offered to deliver him up for a hundred thousand crowns. This infamous fellow gave an exact description of the chamber which Pichegru occupied in the Rue de Chabanais, and in consequence of his information, Comminges, commissary of police, proceeded thither, accompanied by some determined men. Precautions were necessary, because it was known that Pichegru was a man

* In reference to the question of Moreau's participation in the conspiracy, the editor of the work entitled "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," &c., publishes a letter of that general to General Regnier, of which the following is an extract:

"Since I left you I have had rather a singular correspondence with David, Souham's cousin, on the subject of Pich.****. He believed that I was an obstacle to his return. I answered no; he then intimated a wish that I should be reconciled with him, and that he desired it.

"I observed, that Pich**** had no reason to bear any grudge against me, since I had laid myself open to merited reproaches from the Directory for keeping back, during four months, papers which I ought to have transmitted within twenty-four hours, &c. &c.

"MOREAU.

"6 Thermidor,
Year X."

(*Editor.*)

of prodigious bodily strength, and that besides, as he possessed the means of defence, he would not allow himself to be taken without making a desperate resistance. The police entered his chamber by using false keys, which the man who had sold him had the baseness to get made for them. A light was burning on his night-table. The party of police, directed by Comminges, overturned the table, extinguished the light, and threw themselves on the general, who struggled with all his strength, and cried out loudly. They were obliged to bind him, and in this state the conqueror of Holland was removed to the Temple, out of which he was destined never to come alive.*

It must be owned that Pichegru was far from exciting the same interest as Moreau. The public, and more especially the army, never pardoned him for his negotiations with the Prince of Condé, prior to the 18th Fructidor. However, I became acquainted with a trait respecting him while he was in Paris, which I think does him much honour A son of M. Lagrenée, formerly director of the French Academy at Rome, had been one of Pichegru's aides-de-camp. This young man, though he had obtained the rank of captain, resigned on the banishment of his general, and resumed the pencil, which he had laid aside for the sword. Pichegru, while he was concealed in Paris, visited his former aide-de-camp, who insisted upon giving him an asylum: but Pichegru positively refused to accept M. Lagrenée's offer, being determined not to commit a man who had already given him so strong a proof of friendship. I learned this fact by a singular coincidence. At this period, Madame de Bourrienne wished to have a portrait of one of our children: she was recommended to M. Lagrenée, and he related the circumstance to her.

It was on the night of the 22d of February, that Pichegru was arrested in the manner I have described. The deceitful friend who gave him up was named Le Blanc, and he went to settle at Hamburg with the reward of his treachery. I had entirely lost sight of Pichegru since we left Brienne, for Pichegru was also a pupil of that establishment; but, being older than either Bonaparte or I, he was already a tutor when we were only

* The account given of Pichegru's arrest, in the work entitled "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," &c., differs somewhat from the above. It is asserted, that the light was not extinguished. According to the author's statement, Pichegru started up suddenly from his bed, and endeavoured to get possession of his pistols, but was prevented. His conduct was violent; he severely injured a gendarme by a kick in the stomach, and was himself wounded in the thigh by a sword. Exhausted at last by the violence of his resistance, he was bound, gagged, and carried almost in a state of nudity, not to the Temple, but to M. Réal's office, in the Rue des Saints Pères. It is further stated, that the informer was not an old friend of Pichegru, that he was a hanger-on about the Stock Exchange, named Le Blanc, who, after agreeing to receive Pichegru in his house, went and gave information to Murat, for which he demanded and received 100,000 francs. He had afterwards the impudence to solicit a decoration of honour, but was ordered to quit Paris.—*Editor.*

scholars, and I very well recollect that it was he who examined Bonaparte in the four first rules of arithmetic.

Pichegru belonged to an agricultural family of Franche-Compté. He had a relation, a minime, in that country. The minimes, who had the charge of educating the pupils of the military school being very poor, and their poverty not enabling them to hold out much inducement. to other persons to assist them, they applied to the minimes of Franche-Compté. In consequence of this application, Pichegru's relations, and some other minimes, repaired to Brienne. An aunt of Pichegru, who was a sister of the order of charity, accompanied them, and the care of the infirmary was intrusted to her. This good woman took her nephew to Brienne with her, and he was educated at the school gratuitously. As soon as his age permitted, Pichegru was made a tutor ; but all his ambition was to become a minime. He was, however, dissuaded from that pursuit by his relation, and he adopted the military profession. There is this further remarkable circumstance in the youth of Pichegru, that though he was older by several years than Bonaparte, they were both made lieutenants of artillery at the same time. What a difference in their destiny! While the one was preparing to ascend a throne, the other was a solitary prisoner in the dungeon of the Temple.

I had no motive to induce me to visit either the Temple or La Force, but I received at the time circumstantial details of what was passing in those prisons, particularly in the former; I went, however, frequently to St. Pelagie, where M. Carbonnet was confined. As soon as I knew that he was lodged in that prison, I set about getting an admission from Réal, who smoothed all difficulties. M. Carbonnet was detained two months in solitary confinement. He was several times examined, but the interrogatories produced no result, and notwithstanding the desire to implicate him in consequence of the known intimacy between him and Moreau, it was at last found impossible to put him on trial with the other parties accused.

The Temple had more terrors than St. Pelagie; but not for the prisoners who were committed to it, for none of those illustrious victims of police machination displayed any weakness, with the exception of Bouvet de Lozier, who being sensible of his weakness, wished to prevent its consequences by death. The public, however, kept their attention riveted on the prison in which Moreau was confined. I have already mentioned that Pichegru was conveyed thither on the night of the 22d of February : five days after Georges was arrested, and committed to the same prison.

Either Réal or Desmarets, and sometimes both together, repaired to the Temple to examine the prisoners. In vain the police endeavoured to direct public odium against the prisoners, by placarding lists of their names through the whole of Paris,

even before they were arrested. In those lists they were styled ruffians, and at the head of "the ruffians," the name of General Moreau shone conspicuously. An absurdity without a parallel, which produced an effect totally opposite to that calculated on; for, as no person could connect the idea of a ruffian with that of a general who was the object of public esteem, it was naturally concluded, that those whose names were placarded along with his, were no more ruffians than he.

What, upon reflection, must now be thought of the sudden suspension of the law which regulated judicial proceedings, and which was still in force at the time the secret police allowed the official police to discover the conspiracy? For my part, I was overwhelmed with grief to observe Bonaparte thus giving an arbitrary character to all the measures of his government; for can we view in any other light than an arbitrary act, the suspension of trial by jury for two whole years, accomplished by the aid of a complaisant senatus consultum, promulgated twelve days after the arrest of Moreau? This suspension, too, applied only to a particular case, and the jury remained for all offences, except against the person of the first consul. So we see, that had the lives of the second or third consul been attacked, the judgment of a jury would have been required; but the first consul, forsooth, must have a special tribunal, or in other words, a tribunal, the sentences of which were to be decrees of death! It would have been just as well to have re-established at once the old law of high treason! The senatus consultum of which I have spoken, received on the day after an extension which was natural to it. A law was passed, assimilating to Georges and his accomplices whomsoever might have given any of them an asylum, and rendering such persons liable to the same punishment. This was a legislation worthy of the darkest ages.

Public opinion was decidedly in favour of Moreau, and every one was indignant at seeing him described as a ruffian. Far from believing him guilty, he was regarded as a victim fastened on because his reputation embarrassed Bonaparte; for Moreau had always been looked up to as capable of opposing the accomplishment of the first consul's ambitious views. The whole crime of Moreau was his having numerous partisans among those who still clung to the phantom of the republic, and that crime was unpardonable in the eyes of the first consul, who for two years had ruled the destinies of France as sovereign master. What means were not employed to mislead the opinion of the public respecting Moreau? The police published pamphlets of all sorts, and Count Montgaillard was brought from Lyons to draw up a libel, implicating him with Pichegru and the exiled princes. But nothing that was done produced the effect proposed.

The easy character of Moreau is known. In fact, he allowed himself to be circumvented by a few intriguers, who endeavoured

to derive advantage from the influence of his name. But he was so decidedly opposed to the re-establishment of the ancient system, that he replied to one of the agents who addressed him, "I cannot put myself at the head of any movement for the Bourbons, and such an attempt would not succeed. If Pichegru act on another principle—and even in that case I have told him that the consuls, and the governor of Paris must disappear—I believe that I have a party strong enough in the senate to obtain possession of authority, and I will immediatcly make use of it to protect his friends; public opinion will then dictate what may be fit to be done, but I will promise nothing in writing." Admitting these words attributed to Moreau to be true, they prove that he was dissatisfied with the consular government, and that he wished a change; but there is a great difference between a conditional wish and a conspiracy.

The commander of the principal guard of the Temple was General Savary, and he had reinforced that guard by his select gendarmerie. The prisoners did not dare to communicate one with another for fear of mutual injury, but all evinced a courage which created no little alarm as to the consequences of the trial. Neither offers nor threats produced any confessions in the course of the interrogatories. Pichegru, in particular, displayed an extraordinary firmness, and Réal one day on leaving the chamber where he had been examining him, said aloud in the presence of several persons, "What a man that Pichegru is!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

1804.

Pichegru strangled in Prison—Public opinion at the time—Voluntary errors of Rovigo—Report on the death of Pichegru—Words falsely attributed to Réal Pichegru's doubted—Moreau's ignorance of Pichegru's designs—MM. Carbonnet, Roland, and Laiolais,

Forty days had elapsed since the arrest of General Pichegru, when on the morning of the 6th of April he was found dead in the chamber he occupied in the Temple. Pichegru had undergone ten examinations;* but he had made no con-

* The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, &c., in the collection entitled, "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," is apparently one of the persons who was employed in instructing or preparing that extraordinary process, perhaps M. Réal himself. In adverting to the statement that Pichegru underwent ten interrogatories, he remarks that the number is great; but that he knew of four. One, he says, took place in the presence of numerous witnesses,

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

THE DEATH OF PICHEGRU.

fessions, and no person was committed by his replies. All his declarations, however, gave reason to believe that he would speak out, and that too in a lofty and energetic manner during the progress of the trial. "When I am before my judges," said he, "my language shall be conformable to truth and the interests of my country." What would that language have been? Without doubt there was no wish that it should be heard. Pichegru would have kept his promise, for he was distinguished for his firmness of character above every thing, even above his qualities as a soldier; differing, in this respect, from Moreau, who allowed himself to be guided by his wife and mother-in-law, both of whom displayed ridiculous pretensions in their visits to Madame Bonaparte.

The day on which Réal spoke before several persons of Pichegru in the way I have related, was the day of his last examination. I afterwards learned, from a source on which I can rely, that during his examination, Pichegru, though careful to say nothing which could affect the other prisoners, showed no disposition to be tender of him, who had sought and resolved his death, but evinced a firm resolution to unveil before the public, the odious machinery of the plot into which the police had drawn him. He also declared, that he and his companions had no longer any object but to consider of the means of leaving Paris, with the view of escaping from the snares laid for them, when their arrest took place. He declared that they had all of them given up the idea of overturning the power of Bonaparte, a scheme into which they had been enticed by shameful intrigues. I am convinced the dread excited by his manifestation of a resolution to speak out with the most rigid candour, hastened the death of Pichegru. M. Réal, who is still living, knows better than any one else what were Pichegru's declarations as he interrogated him. I know not whether that gentleman will think fit, either at the present or some future period, to raise the veil of mystery which hangs over these events, but of this I am sure,

and that this precaution was adopted because it was suspected that Pichegru would refuse to sign his deposition. At the close of this examination, M. Réal perceived an old translation of Xenophon lying on the general's table, which induced him to ask whether he wished to have books to read.—"I should like one," said Pichegru.—"What book do you want?" asked the counsellor of state, and added, "Would you like travels?"—"Oh no! I am tired of travels," was the answer, with a melancholy smile.—"Well, then, what book would you have?"—"Seneca."—"Seneca! (said the prefect, with an allusion which was evidently quickly felt by the prisoner). Why, general, the gamester does not ask for Seneca until the game is lost, and the game is not yet——" Pichegru did not allow the sentence to be finished, but said, hastily, "Have the goodness to order a Seneca to be sent in to me."—A French or a Latin one?" Pichegru hesitated, and after a moment's reflection, said, "Let me have a Latin one, I can understand it still." The Seneca was sent, and the day after the suicide it was found on Pichegru's table. It was open, and turned down at the place where Seneca says, that when public liberty must be despaired of, the upright man has nothing to do but to die.—*Editor.*

he will be unable to deny any thing I advance. There is evidence almost amounting to demonstration, that Pichegru was strangled in prison, and consequently all idea of suicide must be rejected as inadmissible. Have I positive and substantive proof of what I assert? I have not; but the concurrence of facts, and the weight of probabilities, do not leave me in possession of the doubts I should wish to entertain on that tragic event. Besides there exists a certain popular instinct, which is rarely at fault, and it must be in the recollection of many, not only that the general opinion favoured the notion of Pichegru's assassination, but that the pains taken to give that opinion another direction, by the affected exhibition of the body, only served to strengthen it. He who spontaneously says, I have not committed such or such a crime, at least admits there is room for suspecting his guilt.

I have read, with the most earnest attention, all that has been written on the death of Pichegru. In vain have I sought for the real truth in the Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo: I have not even found its shadow there. How, for instance, could M. de Rovigo assert that an officer belonging to his regiment, who was on duty at the Temple, came to the Tuileries, on the 6th of April, at eight o'clock in the morning, and told him of Pichegru's death, when it is notorious that the jailor did not enter the general's room until nine o'clock? If this be an inadvertency, it must be confessed it is an inexplicable one. How, again, in speaking of Pichegru's violent death, whatever had been its cause, could he see nothing in it but a singular fact? Surely it was something more than a singular fact. But I have no wish to employ myself either in the refutation of M. de Rovigo's assertions, or in the correction of his errors, for they are voluntary. It is too evident, that endowed with a posthumous zeal, perhaps unexampled, he has made his Memoirs nothing else than a long panegyric on every thing done by Bonaparte, many of whose actions were, without doubt, grand, immense, even generous, such as make a great show in history; but he committed others, from the odium of which he cannot be absolved, and among these I include, without hesitation, but not without reflection, the death of Pichegru. On this, no more than on other points, do I feel inclined to credit the assertions made by Bonaparte at St. Helena.

The truth is, the tide of opinion never set in with such force against Bonaparte as during the trial of Moreau; nor was the popular sentiment in error on the subject of the death of Pichegru, who was clearly strangled in the Temple by secret agents. The authors, the actors, and the witnesses of the horrible prison-scenes of the period, are the only persons capable of removing the doubts which still hang over the death of Pichegru; but I must, nevertheless, contend that the preceding circumstances, the general belief at the time, and even probability, are in contradiction with any idea of suicide on the part of

Pichegru. His death was considered necessary, and this necessity was its real cause.

I know from Réal, that Pichegru underwent an examination which was never made public. He made no observation, except declaring, as I have already stated, that he would speak out before the tribunal, that he would charge and denounce the guilty, and that he would tell the whole truth, while he manifested his sentiments in favour of the government of the Bourbons. Pichegru unfolded the perfidious artifices by which he and his fellow-prisoners had been betrayed. He added, that what was passing at Paris had at length opened their eyes. The facility with which the three landings were effected, without any notice taken of the two first; the resting stations previously marked out with care on their route, in which they did not meet the slightest interruption; the false intelligence they had received, and the non-existence of that feeling which they had been led to suppose prevailed at Paris; their journey evidently protected by the intrigues of a secret and mysterious police, and which could not, without that protection, have escaped the vigilance of the official police; their places of abode at Paris known previously, instead of being sought after; these circumstances had undeceived Pichegru. He gave no information, nor made confession; he neither accused nor blamed any person; but he had rushed blindly into the plot formed for him.

The following are a few extracts from the Report of the Examination of Pichegru's body, which took place on the 16th of April, 1804:

"The body had round the neck a black silk handkerchief, through which was passed a stick about forty centimetres (nearly sixteen inches) long, and from four to five (two or three inches) in circumference, which after being twisted round in the handkerchief, was stopped by the left cheek, against which one of its extremities rested, and which had produced a strangulation sufficient to occasion death."

In the same report the surgeons state, that they had afterwards remarked, that in "turning the stick by an irregular movement, it had made on the cheek a scratch about six centimetres long, extending from the os malæ to the concha of the left ear."

A gendarme, named Sirot, next declares, "that being on duty as a sentinel outside of the Temple, near Pichegru's apartment, he several times heard a coughing and spitting in the said apartment, and that he thought he could perceive from the manner of the coughing and spitting, that a person was suffering from oppression, but having heard nothing more of it, he did not think it necessary to give any alarm."

One Lapointe, who was employed in the court of the Temple, declares "that having slept from midnight until four in the morning, he heard nothing."

Fauconnier declares "that at half-past seven in the morning, citizen Popon, the turnkey on duty, informed him that he had lighted a fire in Pichegru's chamber, and that he was surprised at his not stirring." He added, "that he took the key of Pichegru's apart-

ment at ten o'clock on the preceding night, after giving the general his supper; that it remained in his pocket until he lighted the fire."

It was at the time a very awkward contrivance to attribute the following words to Réal: "Well, though nothing is more clear than this suicide, it will be in vain to try to convince people; it will always be said that he was strangled, because he could not be proved guilty." Réal never said any such thing.*

* The following is Savary's account of Pichegru's death:

"Being at the Tuileries one morning, about eight o'clock, I received a note from the officer of the gendarmerie d'élite, who that day commanded the guard posted at the Temple. He informed me that General Pichegru had just been found dead in his bed; and that this had occasioned a great bustle in the Temple, where they were expecting some one from the police, to which intelligence of the circumstance had been sent.

"This officer communicated the fact to me, as well on account of its singularity, as because I had made it a rule in the corps which I commanded, that all the officers employed in any duty whatever should give me an account of what they had done, seen, or heard, during the twenty-four hours. I forwarded this note to the first consul: he sent for me, supposing that I had further particulars, but as I had none, he sent me to make inquiries, saying, 'This is a pretty end for the conqueror of Holland!'

"I arrived at the Temple at the same time as M. Réal, who came on behalf of the grand-judge to learn the particulars of this event. I went with M. Réal, the keeper, and the surgeon of the prison, straight to General Pichegru's room; and I knew him again very well, though his face was turned of a crimson colour, from the effect of the apoplexy with which he had been struck.

"His room was on the ground floor, and the head of his bed against the window, so that the seat served to set his light upon for the purpose of reading in bed. On the outside there was a sentinel placed under this window, through which he might easily, upon occasion, see all that was passing in the room.

"General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied him so long as to afford time for reflection, had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction. He appeared to have tied his cravat thus twisted, about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had taken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a faggot, the relics of which were still in his fireplace): this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head, and almost touched this little tourniquet.

"On the night-table was a book open and with its back upward, as if laid down for a moment by one who had been interrupted while reading. M. Réal found this book to be the Seneca which he had sent to him; and he remarked that it was open at that passage where Seneca says, that the man who is determined to conspire ought above all things not to fear death. This was probably the last thing read by General Pichegru, who having placed himself in a situation to lose his life on the scaffold, or under the necessity of having recourse to the clemency of the first consul, had preferred dying by his own hand.

"While I was at the Temple, I questioned the gendarme who had passed the night in the antechamber which separated Georges from Pichegru: he told me that he had heard nothing all night, except that General Pichegru had coughed a good deal from eleven to twelve o'clock; that, not being able to get into his room because the keeper had got the key, he was unwilling to rouse the whole tower on account of that cough. The gendarme was himself locked up in this ante-

It is not my intention to justify those who took part in that conspiracy; under any circumstances the crime must be condemned. But if the police secretly instigated and fostered criminal designs, until the time arrived when it was convenient to check the explosion; if the police basely and artfully flattered the hopes of men hostile to the government, indignation diminishes by reason of the means employed to excite it.

The conspirators yielded to illusions and temptations inspired by those who were to profit by the plot, and who could defeat it whenever they thought fit so to do. This fact must be evident to all who have attentively, and without prejudice, noted the particulars of the trial.

Why, after the death of Pichegru, should profound silence have been observed respecting his interrogatory? Why, indeed, should he have committed suicide? Had he not the chance of being acquitted? And, even if found guilty, he might after his condemnation have eluded the sentence of the law. Why would he have waited till after his tenth interrogatory, if his suicide were the effect of a resolution previously formed? The means which he is said to have employed to deprive himself of life, would still have been within his reach had he been condemned. There is another circumstance which powerfully tends to banish the idea of suicide, viz., that Pichegru never abandoned the religious sentiments he had imbibed in his childhood.

False friends had declared to men blinded by passion, that the senate and Moreau counted on each other to effect a change; but Moreau assured Pichegru he had been deceived; that he knew nothing of the circumstances which had induced him to come from England to France; that it was mere madness, and that the project of overthrowing the government was impracticable and absurd. In this way Moreau invariably replied to the questions and overtures that were made to him.

M. Carbonnet, the friend of Moreau's family, was in the general's library on the day when Pichegru came to call on him. Pichegru was accompanied by Roland and Lajolais. M. Carbonnet withdrew, to allow them to speak with Moreau, and when they were gone, the general himself told M. Carbonnet who they were. I was informed of this circumstance by M. Carbonnet.

chamber; and had any thing occurred to oblige him to give the alarm, it was by the window that he was to apprize the sentinel who was at the door of the tower; the sentinel was to give notice to the post, and the latter to the keeper.

"I questioned also the gendarme who had been on duty under the window of General Pichegru from ten o'clock till twelve, and he had heard nothing."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

CHAPTER XXVII.

1804.

Arrest of Georges—The fruiterer's daughter of the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève—Louis Bonaparte's visit to the Temple—General Lauriston—Arrest of Villeneuve and Barco—Villeneuve wounded—Moreau during his imprisonment—Preparations for leaving the Temple—Remarkable change in Georges—His address to his companions—Addresses and congratulations—Words of the first consul forgotten—Secret negotiations with the senate—Official proposition of Bonaparte's elevation to the empire—Sitting of the tribunal—Speech of Curée—Sitting of the council of state—Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély—Question of hereditary succession—Berlier's opposition—Regnault's reply—Interference of Bonaparte—Individual votes—Seven against twenty—*His* subjects and *his* people.

While the legal proceedings were pending, Bonaparte was acting upon Fouché's advice, to hurry his accession to the empire, and means were clandestinely adopted to obtain that object. Before I speak of this immense change in the fortune of Bonaparte and the destiny of France, I must return to the arrest of Georges, who, through all the circumstances of the trial, evinced true heroism of character. He was arrested about seven o'clock, on the evening of the 9th of March, with another conspirator, whose name, I think, was Leridan. Georges was stopped in a cabriolet on the Place de l'Odéon, whither he had no doubt been directed by the police agent, who was constantly about him. In not seizing him at his lodgings, the object, probably, was to give more publicity to his arrest, and to produce an effect upon the minds of the multitude. This calculation cost the life of one man, and had well nigh sacrificed the lives of two; for Georges, who constantly carried arms about him, first shot dead the police officer who seized the horse's reins, and wounded another who advanced to arrest him in the cabriolet. Besides his pistols, there was found upon him a poniard of English manufacture.

Georges lodged with a woman named Lemoine, who kept a fruiterer's shop in the Rue de la Montagne-Saint-Geneviève,

and on the evening of the 9th of March he had just left his lodgings to go, it was said, to a perfumer's named Caron.* It is difficult to suppose that the circumstance of the police being on the spot was the mere effect of chance. The fruiterer's daughter was putting into the cabriolet a parcel belonging to Georges at the moment of his arrest. Georges seeing the officers advance to seize him, desired the girl to get out of the way, fearing lest he should shoot her when he fired on the officers. She ran into a neighbouring house, taking the parcel along with her. The police, it may readily be supposed, were soon after her. The master of the house in which she had taken refuge, curious to know what the parcel contained, had opened it and discovered, among other things, a bag containing a thousand Dutch sovereigns, from which he acknowledged he had abstracted a considerable sum. He and his wife, as well as the fruiterer's daughter, were all arrested; as to Georges, he was taken that same evening to the Temple, where he remained until his removal to the Conciergerie when the trial commenced.

During the whole of the legal proceedings, Georges, as well as the other important prisoners, were kept in solitary confinement. Immediately on Pichegru's death, the prisoners were informed of the circumstance. As they were all acquainted with the general, and none believed the fact of his reported suicide, it may easily be conceived what consternation and horror the tragical event excited among them. I learned, and I was sorry to hear of it, that Louis Bonaparte, who was an excellent man, and, beyond all comparison, the best of the family, had the cruel curiosity to see Georges in his prison a few days after the death of Pichegru; and when the sensation of horror excited by that event in the interior of the Temple was at its height, Louis repaired to the prison, accompanied by a brilliant escort of staff-officers, and General Savary introduced him to the prisoners. When Louis arrived, Georges was lying on his bed with his hands strongly bound by manacles. Lauriston, who accompanied Louis, related to me some of the particulars of this visit, which, in spite of his sincere devotedness to the first consul, he assured me had been very painful to him.

* The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, &c., already quoted, admits the truth of the statement that Georges was expected by this Caron, who, on the restoration, was appointed perfumer to the Duchess d'Angoulême, and afterwards became one of the ushers of the chamber. He is described as a profligate hypocrite. His immoral excesses, however, did not prevent the tartuffe from being remarkably devout. He was extremely attentive to religious ceremonies, and made masses be said to the Holy Ghost, to ascertain whether God approved of his giving an asylum to Georges. When Caron was examined, this pious invocation gave not a little amusement to M. Réal: "What answer did the Holy Ghost give you?" said he.—"None at all," replied the perfumer, quite coolly. "Why then did you resolve to give the asylum?"—"Because," replied the pious peruquier, "silence is consent."—*Editor.*

After the arrest of Georges there were still some individuals marked out as accomplices in the conspiracy, who had found means to elude the search of the police. The persons last arrested were, I think, Villeneuve, one of the principal confidents of Georges, Burban Malabre, who went by the name of Barco, and Charles d'Hozier. They were not taken till five days after the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. The famous Commissioner Comminges, accompanied by an inspector, and a detachment of gendarmes of the select legion, found Villeneuve and Burban Malabre in the house of a man named Dubuisson, in the Rue Jean-Robert.

This Dubuisson and his wife had sheltered some of the principal persons proscribed by the police. The Messieurs de Polignac and M. de Rivière had lodged with them. When the police came to arrest Villeneuve and Burban Malabre, the people with whom they lodged declared that they had gone away in the morning. The officers, however, searched the house, and discovered a secret door within a closet. They called, and receiving no answer, the gendarmerie had recourse to one of those expedients which were, unfortunately, too familiar to them. They fired a pistol through the door. Villeneuve, who went by the name of Joyau, was wounded in the arm, which obliged him and his companion to come from the place of their concealment, and they were then made prisoners.

Moreau was not treated with the degree of rigour observed towards the other prisoners. Indeed, it would not have been safe so to treat him, for, even in his prison he received the homage and respect of all the military, not excepting even those who were his guards. Many of these soldiers had served under him, and it could not be forgotten how much he was beloved by the troops he had commanded. He did not possess that irresistible charm which in Bonaparte excited attachment; but, his mildness of temper and excellent character inspired love and respect. It was the general opinion in Paris that a single word from Moreau to the soldiers, in whose custody he was placed, would, in a moment, have converted the gaoler-guard into a guard of honour, ready to execute all that might be required for the safety of the conqueror of Hohenlinden. Perhaps the respect with which he was treated, and the indulgence of daily seeing his wife and child, were but artful calculations for keeping him within the limits of his usual character. Besides, Moreau was so confident of the injustice of the charge brought against him that he was calm and resigned, and showed no disposition to rouse the anger of an enemy who would have been happy to have some real accusation against him. To these causes combined I always attributed the resignation, and I may say the indifference of Moreau, while he was in prison, and on his trial.

When the legal preparations for the trial were ended, the

DRAWN BY E. BOUTIGNY.

THE DEPUTATION FROM THE SENATE OFFERING THE CROWN TO BONAPARTE.

prisoners of the Temple were permitted to communicate with each other, and viewing their fate with that indifference which youth, misfortune, and courage inspired, they amused themselves with some of those games which usually serve for boyish recreation. While they were thus engaged, the order arrived for their removal to the Conciergerie. The firmness of all remained unshaken, and they made their preparations for departure as if they were going about any ordinary business. This fortitude was particularly remarkable in Georges, in whose manner a change had taken place which was remarked by all his companions in misfortune.

Georges had hitherto betrayed a certain degree of bravado; he had ridiculed the republic, Bonaparte and his agents, and had displayed the cynicism of courage rather than that solemn resignation which distinguished the last moments of Louis XVI. and Malesherbes. On leaving the Temple, however, he suspended his bitter sarcasms and violent invectives; I say suspended, for it will be seen that during the trial, he more than once broke through the limits which he appeared to have traced out for himself on his departure for the Conciergerie. When his companions were assembled in the courtyard of the Temple, he harangued them, recommending them to be prudent and to say nothing to commit each other. "When," said he, "you feel your courage fail, look at me, and think that I am with you; think that my fate will be yours. Yes, my dear friends, our fate cannot be different, and that consideration should encourage and cheer us. Let us then be kind and indulgent towards each other. Let our common fate give new force to our affection. Let us not look back on the past; we are now as God willed we should be. With our dying breath, let us offer up a prayer that our country may be released from the yoke that weighs upon her, and become happy under the paternal sceptre of the Bourbons. Let us never forget that the prison that we are now about to quit, is that which Louis XVI. left only to mount the scaffold. May his sublime example enlighten and guide us!"

For some time past, the agents of government throughout France had been instructed to solicit the first consul to grant for the people what the people did not want; but what Bonaparte wished to take while he appeared to yield to the general will, namely, unlimited sovereign authority, free from any subterfuge of denomination. The opportunity of the great conspiracy just discovered, and in which Bonaparte had not incurred a moment's danger, as he did at the time of the infernal machine, was not suffered to escape: that opportunity was, on the contrary, eagerly seized by the authorities of every rank, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, and a torrent of addresses, congratulations, and thanksgivings inundated the Tuileries. Most of the authors of these addresses did not confine themselves to mere congratulations: they entreated Bonaparte to *consolidate*

his work, the true meaning of which was that it was time he should make himself emperor and establish hereditary succession. Those who, on other occasions, had shown an officious readiness to execute Bonaparte's commands, did not now fear to risk his displeasure by opposing the opinion he had expressed in the council of state, on the discussion of the question of the consulate for life. Bonaparte then said, "Hereditary succession is absurd. It is irreconcilable with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and impossible in France."

In this scene of the grand drama, Bonaparte played his part with his accustomed talent, keeping himself in the back ground, and leaving to others the task of preparing the catastrophe. The senate, who took the lead in the way of insinuation, did not fail while congratulating the first consul on his escape from the plots of foreigners, or as they were officially styled, the daggers of England, to conjure him not to delay the completion of his work. Six days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the senate first expressed this wish. Either because Bonaparte began to repent of a useless crime, and felt the ill effect it must produce on the public mind, or because he found the language of the senate somewhat vague, he left the address nearly a month unanswered, and then only replied by the request that the intention of the address might be more completely expressed. These negotiations between the senate and the head of the government, were not immediately published. Bonaparte did not like publicity except for what had arrived at a result; but, to attain the result, which was the object of his ambition, it was necessary that the project which he was maturing should be introduced in the tribunate, and the tribune Curée had the honour to be the first to propose officially the conversion of the consular republic into an empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of emperor, with the rights of hereditary succession.

Curée developed his proposition to the tribunate in the sitting of the 30th of April. At that memorable sitting, which became the general subject of conversation in Paris and elsewhere, I was present. Curée commenced by describing all the evils which had overwhelmed France during the various governments which had succeeded each other since the constituent assembly. He reproached that assembly with what he termed the serious error of not having changed the dynasty of the Bourbons when changing the form of the French government. He alleged that no prince of that family would ever have honestly consented to consider himself King of the French, but would always have wished to reign over France in virtue of family and feudal rights. Then tracing a picture of the horrors of the convention and the turpitude of the Directory, he came to the 18th Brumaire, which he represented as a day of deliverance. He described Bonaparte as being as great a statesman as a warrior,

and sought to persuade his auditory that the intention of the constituent assembly would be realized by Bonaparte's accession to the throne, which, he said, was the only means of consolidating the liberties of France. After dwelling upon the advantage of hereditary succession, in the supreme magistracy, he observed that it was proper to give a great name to a great power, and that for the head of the *national* power, he knew of no title more worthy the splendour of the nation than the title of Emperor. He concluded thus: "I move that we convey to the senate a wish which is cherished by the whole nation, and which has for its object, first, that Napoleon Bonaparte, now first consul, be declared emperor, and under that title continue at the head of the government of the French republic; secondly, that the imperial dignity be declared hereditary in his family; third, that those of our institutions which are as yet only traced out, be definitely settled." The members of the tribunate who spoke after M. Curée, eagerly enlarged upon all that had been said by the author, or rather the *producer* of the proposition which had so evidently emanated from him to whom it was finally to return. The speeches were, in short, a succession of eulogies on Bonaparte.

If any doubts could exist respecting the complaisant part which Curée acted on this occasion, one circumstance would suffice to remove them; that is, that ten days before the development of his proposition, Bonaparte had caused the question of founding the empire and establishing hereditary succession in his family to be secretly discussed in the council of state. I learned from one of the counsellors of state all that passed on that occasion, and I may remark, that Cambacérès showed himself particularly eager in the council of state, as well as afterwards in the senate, to become the exalted subject of him who had been his first colleague in the consulate.

About the middle of April, the council of state, being assembled as for an ordinary sitting, the first consul, who was frequently present at the sittings, did not appear. Cambacérès arrived and took the presidency in his quality of second consul, and it was remarked, that his air was more solemn than usual, though he at all times affected gravity. Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély gave me an account of this sitting. He had an easy flow of elocution, great conversational power, little depth of talent; but considerable tact in digesting the ideas that were given him. M. de Fontanes possessed the same sort of merit combined with more real knowledge. However, when I was with Bonaparte, I recollect he often used to say that he preferred the compositions of Regnault to those of any other, except Rœderer, who, however, to use his own expression, "hastened too rapidly to his object."

Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély was not without ambition; but he did not sacrifice every thing to it. He was devoted to

the first consul less from interest than from conviction. He was unstained by the crimes of the revolution, and he expressed himself with perfect propriety respecting the death of the Duke d'Enghien. He was not a stranger to the sentiments which prevailed in the family to which he had allied himself; but he was so blinded by enthusiasm as to believe that the foundation of the empire would be in France the foundation of that reasonable representative government for which he was an advocate. When Regnault spoke to me according to his own belief on this subject I let him speak on, because my situation did not permit me to enter into any discussion with him; but I recollect that in 1814 we had a conversation in which, while he manifested his attachment to the emperor he acknowledged that he had been deceived.

The following is what I heard from Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély respecting the famous secret sitting in which he took the lead:

"It is long," said he, "since all reasonable men, all true friends of their country, have wished that the first consul should make himself emperor and re-establish in favour of his family, the old principle of hereditary succession. It is the only means of securing permanency to the new fortunes and to the men whom merit has raised to high offices. The republic, which I loved passionately while I detested the crimes of the revolution, is now, in my eyes, a mere Utopia. The first consul has convinced me that he wishes to possess supreme power only to render France great, free, and happy, and to protect her against the fury of factions. He asked me to bring forward the question in the council, and I did not hesitate to do so. After Cambacérès had explained what was to be the object of the sitting, and had invited us to deviate from the usual solemnity of our sittings, and assemble for a private deliberation, he retired, and I immediately proposed the question which all the members of the council expected. I put it thus: 'Is it proper to make hereditary succession the basis of the government of France?'"

My memory does not enable me any further to quote the words of M. de Saint-Jean-d'Angély; but, I recollect perfectly the purport of what he said. He spoke, first, on the question he had proposed, and of course resolved it affirmatively. He represented hereditary power as the only means of preventing the shocks and disorders which always accompany the elevation of a supreme magistrate to an elective throne.

Regnault acknowledged that his proposition was not adopted without being opposed:—"Fourcroy," said he, "concurred with me; but Berlier manifested violent opposition." Berlier, indeed, betrayed a truly republican austerity. He called to mind the *senatus consultum* which had foreseen the case of vacancy in the first magistracy, and traced the course to be pursued in providing a successor to the first consul. He said he did not see

any reason for considering as insufficient, that which eighteen months before had been considered sufficient to conciliate public tranquillity with the wants of society. "With hereditary succession," added Berlier, "we shall retain nothing of that republican constitution for which France has exhausted her treasure and sacrificed millions of lives. I do not think the French people disposed to renounce the remnant they still possess of a blessing so dearly purchased." Berlier dwelt on the equivocal situation in which the principle of hereditary monarchy would place those who, in different degrees, had proved themselves partisans of the revolution. He said, they would justly become objects of ridicule and contempt to the royalists, who might reproach them with building up what they had pulled down. To this objection Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély replied, that the man whom France called to the head of her government was himself a child of that revolution whose rights he would cause to be respected, and who was, besides, strong enough to prevent one party from triumphing over another.

Some other counsellors of state spoke on the same side as Berlier; but less forcibly and positively. However, the partisans of hereditary succession were the majority, and resolved to present an address to the first consul. Those of the counsellors who opposed this, determined, on their part, to send a counter address; and to avoid this clashing of opinions, Bonaparte signified his wish that each member of the council should send him his opinion individually, with his signature affixed. By a singular accident it happened to be Berlier's task to present to the first consul the separate opinions of the council. Out of the twenty-seven counsellors present, only seven opposed the question. Bonaparte received them all most graciously, and told them among other things that he wished for hereditary power only for the benefit of France; that the citizens would never be *his subjects*, and that the French people would never be *his people*. Such were the preliminaries to the official proposition of Curée to the tribunate, and upon reflection it was decided that as all opposition would be useless and perhaps dangerous to the opposing party, the minority should join the majority. This was accordingly done.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1804.

Appropriateness of the title of emperor—Communications between Bonaparte and the senate—Bonaparte first called *Sire* by Cambacérès—First letter signed by Napoleon as emperor—Grand levee at the Tuileries—Napoleon's address to the imperial guard—Organic senatus consultum—Revival of old formulas and titles—The republicanism of Lucien—The Spanish princess—Lucien's clandestine marriage—The oath of the Legion of Honour—Harangues on Bonaparte's accession to the empire—Bonaparte's influence on the German princes—Intrigues of England—Drake at Munich—Project for overthrowing Bonaparte's government—Circular from the minister for foreign affairs to the members of the diplomatic body—Answers to that circular.

The tribunate having adopted the proposition of Curée, there was no longer any motive for concealing the first overtures of the senate. Its address to the first consul was therefore published forty days after its date: *the pear was then ripe.* This period is so important that I must not omit putting together the most remarkable facts which either came within my own observation, or which I have learned since respecting the foundation of the empire.

Bonaparte had, a long time before, spoken to me of the title of emperor as being the most appropriate for the new sovereignty which he wished to found in France. This, he observed, was not restoring the old system entirely, and he dwelt much on its being the title which Cæsar had borne. He often said, "One may be the emperor of a republic, but not the king of a republic, those two terms are incongruous."

In its first address the senate had taken as a text the documents it had received from the government in relation to the intrigues of Drake who had been sent from England to Munich. That text afforded the opportunity for a vague expression of what the senate termed the necessities of France. To give greater solemnity to the affair, the senate proceeded in a body to the Tuileries, and one thing which gave a peculiar character to the preconcerted advances of the senate was that Cambacérès, the second consul, fulfilled his functions of president on this occasion, and delivered the address to the first consul. Speaking in the name of the senate, he said, among other things,

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN A GREEN VELVET SABLE-TRIMMED OVERCOAT.

THE EVACUATION OF MOSCOW.

that at sight of the danger from which Providence had delivered the hero destined to fulfil her designs, the first observation which naturally arose was that to meditate the destruction of the first consul was to meditate the destruction of France. "The English and the emigrants," added he, "know that your destiny is the destiny of the French people. Had their execrable projects succeeded, they are little aware of the vengeance which the people would have taken." The senate next regretted the generous confidence which had prevented the first consul from creating a national jury to decide on the attempts upon his life. But even this national jury did not appear sufficient in the eyes of the senate, who pretended to be the interpreter of public opinion. "Give us," said they to Bonaparte, "institutions so combined that their system will survive you. You will found a new era, but you must eternize it: glory is nothing unless it be permanent. We cannot doubt that this idea has occurred to you, for your creative genius embraces every thing; but do not delay. You are urged by time, by events, by conspiracy....If you could interrogate every Frenchman individually the one after the other, there is not one who would not say as we do: Great man, finish your work, by rendering it immortal like your glory. You have extricated us from the chaos of the past;—you enable us to enjoy the blessings of the present;—guarantee to us the future." Such flattery was of course irresistible.

However, the first consul thought the address of the senate, which, I have been informed, was drawn up by François de Neufchâteau, was not expressed with sufficient clearness; he therefore, after suffering a little interval to elapse, sent a message to the senate signed by himself, in which he said, "Your address has been the object of my earnest consideration." And though the address contained no mention of hereditary succession he added, "You consider the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy necessary to defend the French people against the plots of our enemies, and the agitation arising from rival ambition. At the same time several of our institutions appear to you to require improvement so as to ensure the triumph of equality and public liberty, and to offer to the nation and the government the double guarantee they require. From the subsequent passages of the message, it will be sufficient to extract the following: "We have been constantly guided by this great truth: that the sovereignty dwells with the French people, and that it is for their interest, happiness, and glory that the supreme magistracy, the senate, the legislative body, the electoral colleges, and the different branches of the government, are and must be instituted." The omission of the tribunate in this enumeration is somewhat remarkable. It announced a promise which was speedily realized.

The will of Bonaparte being thus expressed in his message to the senate, that body, which was created to preserve the in-

stitutions consecrated by the constitution of the year VIII., had no alternative but to submit to the intentions manifested by the first consul. The reply to the message was, therefore, merely a counterpart of the message itself. It positively declared that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, the glory, and the prosperity of France, and that that government could be confided only to Bonaparte and his family. While the senate so complaisantly played its part in this well got up piece, yet, the better to impose on the credulity of the multitude, its reply, like Bonaparte's message, resounded with the words liberty and equality. Indeed, it was impudently asserted in that reply, that Bonaparte's accession to hereditary power would be a certain guarantee for the liberty of the press, a liberty which Bonaparte held in the greatest horror, and without which all other liberty is but a vain illusion.

By this reply of the senate, the most important step was performed. There now remained merely ceremonies to regulate, and formulas to fill up. These various arrangements occasioned a delay of a fortnight. And on the 18th of May, Napoleon was for the first time greeted by the appellation of *Sire* by his former colleague Cambacérès, who at the head of the senate went to present to the new emperor,. the organic senatus consultum touching the foundation of the empire. Napoleon was at Saint Cloud, whither the senate proceeded in state. After the speech of Cambacérès, in which the old designation of majesty was for the first time revived, the emperor replied—

All that can contribute to the welfare of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title which you believe to be conducive to the glory of the nation. I submit to the sanction of the people, the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honours she may confer on my family. At all events, my spirit will not be with my posterity when they cease to merit the confidence and love of the great nation.

Cambacérès next went to congratulate the empress, and thus was realized to Josephine the prediction which I had made to her three years before at Malmaison.

Bonaparte's first act as emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the imperial throne, was the nomination of Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, with the title of Imperial Highness. Louis was raised to the dignity of Constable, with the same title, and Cambacérès and Lebrun were created Arch-chancellor and Arch-treasurer of the empire. On the same day Bonaparte wrote the following letter to Cambacérès, the first which he signed as emperor, and merely with the name of Napoleon.

Citizen Consul Cambacérès, your title has changed; but your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity

THE PORTRAIT BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRA\

MME. LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

with which you are now invested, you will continue to manifest, as you have hitherto done, in that of consul, that wisdom, and that distinguished talent, which entitle you to so important a share in all the good which I may have effected. I have, therefore, only to desire the continuance of the sentiments you cherish towards the state and me.

Given at the palace of St. Cloud, 28th Floréal, year XII.

NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor. H. B. MARET.

I have quoted this first letter of the emperor, because it is characteristic of Bonaparte's art in managing transitions. It was to the citizen consul that the emperor addressed himself, and it was dated according to the republican calendar. That calendar, together with the delusive inscription on the coin, were all that now remained of the republic. Next day the emperor came to Paris to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries, for he was not the man to postpone the gratification that vanity derived from his new dignity and title. The assembly was more numerous and brilliant than on any former occasion. Bessières having addressed the emperor on the part of the guards, the emperor replied in the following terms: "I know the sentiments the guards cherish towards me. I repose perfect confidence in their courage and fidelity. I constantly see with renewed pleasure, companions in arms, who have escaped so many dangers, and are covered with so many honourable wounds. I experience a sentiment of satisfaction when I look at the guards, and think that there has not, for the last fifteen years, been a battle in which some of them have not taken part."

On the same day, all the generals and colonels in Paris were presented to the emperor by Louis Bonaparte, who had already begun to exercise his functions of constable. In a few days every thing assumed a new aspect; but, in spite of the admiration which was openly expressed, the Parisians secretly ridiculed the new courtiers. This greatly displeased Bonaparte, who was very charitably informed of it in order to check his prepossession in favour of the men of the old court, such as the Count de Ségur, and, at a later period, Count Louis de Narbonne.

To give all possible solemnity to his accession, Napoleon ordered that the senate itself should proclaim in Paris the organic senatus consultum, which entirely changed the constitution of the state. By one of those anomalies which I have frequently had occasion to remark, the emperor fixed for this ceremony, Sunday, the 30th Floréal. That day was a festival in all Paris, while the unfortunate prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Temple.

On the day after Bonaparte's accession, the old formulas were restored. The emperor determined that the French princes and princesses should receive the title of Imperial Highness; that

his sisters should take the same title; that the grand dignitaries of the empire should be called Serene Highnesses; that the princes and titularies of the grand dignitaries should be addressed by the title of *Monseigneur;* that M. Maret, the secretary of state, should have the rank of Minister; that the ministers should retain the title of Excellency, to which should be added that of Monseigneur in the petitions addressed to them; and that the title of Excellency should be given to the president of the senate.

At the same time Napoleon appointed the First Marshals of the empire, and determined that they should be called *Monsieur le Maréchal,* when addressed verbally, and *Monseigneur* in writing. The following are the names of these sons of the republic, transformed into props of the empire: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Bessières. The title of Marshal of the Empire was also granted to the generals Kellerman, Lefebvre, Pérignon, and Serrurier.

The reader cannot have failed to observe, that the name of Lucien has not been mentioned among the individuals of Bonaparte's family on whom dignities were conferred. The fact is, the two brothers were no longer on good terms with each other. Not, as it has been alleged, because Lucien wished to play the part of a republican, but because he would not submit to the imperious will of Napoleon in a circumstance in which the latter counted on his brother's docility to serve the interests of his policy. In the conferences which preceded the great change in the form of government, it was not Lucien, but Joseph, who, probably, for the sake of sounding opinion, affected an opposition, which was by some mistaken for republicanism. With regard to Lucien, as he had really rendered great services to Napoleon on the 19th Brumaire at St. Cloud, and as he himself exaggerated the value of those services, he saw no reward worthy his ambition, but a throne independent of his brother. It is certain that when at Madrid he had aspired to win the good graces of a Spanish infanta, and on that subject reports were circulated, with which I have nothing to do, because I never had any opportunity of ascertaining their truth. All I know is, that Lucien's first wife being dead, Bonaparte wished him to marry a German princess, by way of forming the first great alliance in the family. Lucien, however, refused to comply with Napoleon's wishes, and he secretly married the wife of an agent, named, I believe, Joubertou, who, for the sake of convenience, was sent to the West Indies, where he died shortly after. When Bonaparte heard of this marriage from the priest by whom it had been clandestinely performed, he fell into a furious passion, and resolved not to confer on Lucien the title of French prince, on account of what he termed his unequal match. Lucien, therefore, obtained no other dignity than that of senator.

MASSENA.

From an engraving by Fiesinger, after Bonne-maison.

Paris, 1801.

Jerome, who pursued an opposite line of conduct, was made a king. As to Lucien's republicanism, it did not survive the 18th Brumaire, and he was always a warm partisan of hereditary succession.

Did any of the knights of the republic, when they raised Napoleon to the imperial throne, think of the oath they took when they received their brevets as members of the Legion of Honour? That oath was as follows:

I swear, on my honour, to devote myself to the service of the republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defence of its government, its laws, and the property by them consecrated; to oppose by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all acts tending to re-establish the feudal system, or to revive the titles and distinctions belonging to it; finally, to contribute, to the utmost of my power, to the maintenance of liberty and equality.

Surely it was not to this that M. François de Neufchâteau alluded, when as the representative of the senate he took the oath of fidelity to the emperor, and said, among other things, "When your majesty, who has repaired so much ruin, has also re-established amongst us the sacredness of an oath, we seriously weigh the object and extent of the inviolable promises which we now make to you."

The harangues which were made upon Bonaparte's accession to the empire, and which, at the time, were unheeded on account of their multiplicity, their unanimous and undisguised flattery, and, I may say, their ill-judged enthusiasm, have now become curious documents, which will be read with a certain degree of surprise. It is hardly possible to imagine that in an enlightened age, sensible persons should have revived the follies of Rome, where the people erected statues to Sejanus, which they afterwards threw down and broke to pieces. The authors of these harangues exhausted their imagination in carrying flattery to a height of which it could hardly have been supposed capable.

But I pass from these hyperboles, which always filled me with disgust, to relate what I know respecting the almost incredible influence which, on the foundation of the empire, Bonaparte exercised over the powers which did not yet dare to declare war against him. I studied Bonaparte's policy closely, and I came to this conclusion on the subject, that he was governed by ambition, by the passion of dominion, and that no relations, on a footing of equality, between himself and any other power, could be of long duration. The other states of Europe had only to choose one of two things—submission or war. As to secondary states, they might thenceforth be considered as fiefs of the French government; and as they could not resist, Bonaparte easily accustomed them to bend to his yoke. Can there be a stronger proof of this arbitrary influence than what occurred at Carlsruhe, after the violation of the territory of Baden, by the arrest of the

Duke d'Enghien? Far from venturing to make any observation on that violation, so contrary to the rights of nations, the Grand Duke of Baden was obliged to publish, in his own states, a decree evidently dictated by Bonaparte. The decree stated, that many individuals formerly belonging to the army of Condé having come to the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe, his electoral highness had felt it his duty to direct, that no individual coming from Condé's army, nor indeed any French emigrant, should, unless he had permission previously to the peace, make a longer sojourn than was allowed to foreign travellers. Such was, already, the influence which Bonaparte exercised over Germany, whose princes, to use an expression which he employed in a later decree, were crushed by the grand measures of the empire.

But to be just, without, however, justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge that the intrigues which England fomented in all parts of the continent were calculated to excite his natural irritability to the utmost degree. The agents of England were spread over the whole of Europe, and they varied the rumours which they were commissioned to circulate, according to the chances of credit which the different places afforded. Their reports were in general false; but credulity gave ear to them, and speculators endeavoured, each according to his interest, to give them support. The head-quarters of all this plotting was Munich, where Drake, who was sent from England, had the supreme direction. His correspondence, which was seized by the French government, was, at first, placed amongst the documents to be produced on the trial of Georges, Moreau, and the other prisoners; but in the course of the preliminary proceedings, the grand judge received directions to detach them, and make them the subject of a special report to the first consul, in order that their publication beforehand might influence public opinion, and render it unfavourable to those who were doomed to be sacrificed. The instructions given by Drake to his agents render it impossible to doubt that England wished to overthrow the government of Bonaparte. Drake wrote as follows to a man who was appointed to travel through France:

"The principal object of your journey being the overthrow of the existing government, one of the means of effecting it is to acquire a knowledge of the enemy's plans. For this purpose it is of the highest importance to begin in the first place, by establishing communications with persons who may be depended upon in the different government offices, in order to obtain exact information of all plans with respect to foreign or internal affairs. The knowledge of these plans will supply the best means of defeating them; and failure is the way to bring the government into complete discredit—the first and most important step towards the end proposed. Try to gain over trustworthy agents in the different government departments. Endeavour, also, to learn what passes in the secret committee, which is supposed to be established at St. Cloud, and composed of the friends of the first consul. Be care-

ful to furnish information of the various projects which Bonaparte may entertain relative to Turkey and Ireland. Likewise send intelligence respecting the movements of troops, respecting vessels, and ship-building, and all military preparations."

Drake, in his instructions, also recommended that the subversion of Bonaparte's government should, for the time, be the only object in view, and that nothing should be said about the king's intentions until certain information could be obtained respecting his views; but most of his letters and instructions were anterior to 1804. The whole bearing of the seized documents proved what Bonaparte could not be ignorant of, namely, that England was his constant enemy; but after examining them, I was of opinion that they contained nothing which could justify the belief that the government of Great Britain authorized any attempt at assassination.

When the first consul received the report of the grand judge relative to Drake's plots* against his government, he transmitted a copy of it to the senate, and it was in reply to this communication that the senate made those first overtures which Bonaparte thought vague, but which, nevertheless, led to the formation of the empire. Notwithstanding this important circumstance, I have not hitherto mentioned Drake, because his intrigues for Bonaparte's overthrow appeared to me to be more immediately connected with the preliminaries of the trial of Georges and Moreau, which I shall notice in my next chapter.

At the same time that Bonaparte communicated to the senate the report of the grand judge, the minister for foreign affairs addressed the following circular letter to the members of the diplomatic body:

"The first consul has commanded me to forward to your excellency, a copy of a report which has been presented to him, respecting a conspiracy formed in France by Mr. Drake, his Britannic Majesty's minister at the court of Munich, which, by its object as well as its date, is evidently connected with the infamous plot now in the course of investigation.

The printed copy of Mr. Drake's letters and authentic documents is annexed to the report. The originals will be immediately sent, by order of the first consul, to the Elector of Bavaria.

Such a prostitution of the most honourable function which can be intrusted to a man, is unexampled in the history of civilized nations. It will astonish and afflict Europe as an unheard of crime, which hitherto the most perverse governments have not dared to meditate. The first consul is too well acquainted with the sentiments of the diplomatic body accredited to him, not to be fully convinced that every one of its members will behold, with profound regret, the profanation of the sacred character of ambassador, basely transformed into a minister of plots, snares, and corruption."

* These were not plots at all. Bonaparte, in the same way, had his secret agents in every country of Europe, without excepting England.—*Editor.*

All the ambassadors, ministers, plenipotentiaries, envoys, ordinary or extraordinary, whatever might be their denomination, addressed answers to the minister for foreign affairs, in which they expressed horror and indignation at the conduct of England, and Drake's machinations. These answers were returned only five days after the Duke d'Enghien's death: and here one cannot help admiring the adroitness of Bonaparte, who thus compelled all the representatives of the European governments to give official testimonies of regard for his person and government.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1804.

Trial of Moreau, Georges, and others—Public interest excited by Moreau—Arraignment of the prisoners—Moreau's letter to Bonaparte—Violence of the president of the court towards the prisoners—Lajolais and Roland—Examinations intended to criminate Moreau—Remarkable observations—Speech written by M. Garat—Bonaparte's opinion of Garat's eloquence—General Lecourbe and Moreau's son—Respect shown to Moreau by the military—Different sentiments excited by Georges and Moreau—Thuriot and *Tue-roi*—Georges's answers to the interrogatories—He refuses an offer of pardon—Coster-Saint-Victor—Napoleon and an actress—Captain Wright—M. de Rivière and the medal of the Count d'Artois—Generous struggle between MM. de Polignac—Sentence on the prisoners—Bonaparte's remark—Pardons and executions.

On the 28th of May, about ten days after Napoleon had been declared emperor, the trials of Moreau and others commenced. No similar event that has since occurred, can convey an idea of the fermentation which then prevailed in Paris. The indignation excited by Moreau's arrest was openly manifested, and braved the observation of the police. Endeavours had been successfully made to mislead public opinion with respect to Georges and some others among the accused, who were looked upon as assassins in the pay of England, at least by that numerous portion of the public who lend implicit faith to declarations presented to them as official. But the case was different with regard to those individuals who were particularly the objects of public interest, viz., MM. de Polignac, de Rivière, Charles d'Hozier, and, above all, Moreau. The name of Moreau towered above all the rest, and with respect to him the government found itself not a little perplexed. It was necessary on the one hand to surround him with a guard sufficiently imposing, to repress the eagerness of the people and of his friends, and yet

on the other hand, care was required that this guard should not be so strong as to admit of the possibility of making it a rallying point, should the voice of a chief so honoured by the army appeal to it for defence. A rising of the populace in favour of Moreau was considered as a very possible event;—some hoped for it, others dreaded it. When I reflect on the state of feeling which then prevailed, I am certain that a movement in his favour would infallibly have taken place, had judges more complying than even those who presided at the trial condemned Moreau to capital punishment.

It is impossible to form an idea of the crowd that choked up the avenues of the Palace of Justice on the day the trials commenced. This crowd continued during the twelve days the proceedings lasted, and was exceedingly great on the day the sentence was pronounced. Persons of the highest class were anxious to be present.

I was one of the first in the hall, being determined to watch the course of these solemn proceedings. The court being assembled, the president ordered the prisoners to be brought in. They entered in a file, and ranged themselves on the benches each between two gendarmes. They appeared composed and collected, and resignation was depicted on the countenances of all except Bouvet de Lozier, who did not dare to raise his eyes to his companions in misfortune, whom his weakness, rather than his will, had betrayed. I did not recognise him until the president proceeded to call over the prisoners, and to put the usual questions respecting their names, professions, and places of abode. Of the forty-nine prisoners, among whom were several females, only two were personally known to me; namely, Moreau, whose presence on the prisoner's bench seemed to wring every heart, and Georges, whom I had seen at the Tuileries in the first consul's cabinet.

The first sitting of the court was occupied with the reading of the act of accusation or indictment, and the voices of the ushers, commanding silence, could scarce suppress the buzz which pervaded the court at the mention of Moreau's name. All eyes were turned towards the conqueror of Hohenlinden, and while the imperial attorney-general read over the long indictment, and invoked the vengeance of the law on an attempt against the head of the republic, it was easy to perceive how he tortured his ingenuity to fasten apparent guilt on the laurels of Moreau. The good sense of the public discerned proofs of his innocence in the very circumstances brought forward against him. I shall never forget the effect produced—so contrary to what was anticipated by the prosecutors—by the reading of a letter addressed by Moreau from his prison in the Temple to the first consul, when the judges appointed to interrogate him sought to make his past conduct the subject of accusation, on account of M. Klinglin's papers having fallen into his hands. He was reproached with having too long delayed transmitting these documents to the

Directory; and it was curious to see the Emperor Bonaparte become the avenger of pretended offences committed against the Directory which he had overthrown.

In the letter here alluded to, Moreau said to Bonaparte, then first consul—

"In the short campaign of the year V. (from the 20th to the 23d of March, 1797), we took the papers belonging to the staff of the enemy's army, and a number of documents were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, was amusing himself by perusing. It appeared from this correspondence, that General Pichegru had maintained communications with the French princes. This discovery was very painful, and particularly to me, and we agreed to say nothing of the matter. Pichegru, as a member of the legislative body, could do but little to injure the public cause, since peace was established. I nevertheless took every precaution for protecting the army against the ill effects of a system of espionage. . . . .The events of the 18th Fructidor occasioned so much anxiety, that two officers, who knew of the existence of the correspondence, prevailed on me to communicate it to the government. . . . .I felt that, as a public functionary, I could no longer remain silent. . . . .During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, distant overtures have been made to me, with the view of drawing me into connexion with the French princes. This appeared so absurd, that I took no notice of these overtures. As to the present conspiracy, I can assure you I have been far from taking any share in it. I repeat to you, general, that whatever proposition to that effect was made me, I rejected it, and regarded it as the height of madness. When it was represented to me that the invasion of England would offer a favourable opportunity for effecting a change in the French government, I invariably answered, that the senate was the authority to which the whole of France would naturally cling in the time of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. To such overtures made to a private individual, who wished to preserve no connexion either with the army or any constituted authority, the only possible answer was a refusal. Betrayal of confidence I disdained. Such a step, which is always base, becomes doubly odious when the treachery is committed against those to whom we owe gratitude, or have been bound by old friendship.

"This, general, is all I have to tell you respecting my relations with Pichegru, and it must convince you, that very false and hasty inferences have been drawn from conduct, which, though perhaps imprudent, was far from being criminal."

Moreau fulfilled his duty as a public functionary by communicating to the Directory the papers which unfolded a plot against the government, and which the chances of war had thrown into his hands. He fulfilled his duty as a man of honour, by not voluntarily incurring the infamy which can never be wiped from the character of an informer. Bonaparte in Moreau's situation would have acted the same part, for I never knew a man express stronger indignation than himself against informers, until he

began to consider every thing a virtue which served his ambition, and every thing a crime which opposed it.

It is not my intention to make a portrait, or even a finished sketch of the trial of which I was a witness. The voluminous documents connected with the proceedings have been collected and may be consulted. I shall content myself with calling to mind the circumstances and incidents which made most impression on me. The two facts which most forcibly obtruded themselves on my attention during the trial were the inveterate violence of the president of the court towards the prisoners, and the innocence of Moreau. But in spite of the most insidious examinations which can be conceived, Moreau never once fell into the least contradiction. If my memory fail me not, it was on the fourth day that he was examined by Thuriot, one of the judges. The result, clear as day to all present, was, that Moreau was a total stranger to all the plots, all the intrigues which had been set on foot in London. In fact, during the whole course of the trial, to which I listened with as much attention as interest, I did not discover the shadow of a circumstance which could in the least commit him, or which had the least reference to him. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses, who were heard for the prosecution, knew him, and he himself declared, on the fourth sitting, which took place on the 31st of May, that there was not an individual among the accused whom he knew, not one whom he had ever seen. In the course of the long proceedings, notwithstanding the manifest efforts of Thuriot, to extort false admissions, and force contradictions, no fact of any consequence was elicited to the prejudice of Moreau. His appearance was as calm as his conscience; and as he sat on the bench, he had the appearance of one led by curiosity to be present at this interesting trial, rather than of an accused person, to whom the proceedings might end in condemnation and death. But for the fall of Moreau in the ranks of the enemy;—but for the foreign cockade which disgraced the cap of the conqueror of Hohenlinden, his complete innocence would long since have been beyond a doubt, and it would have been acknowledged that the most infamous machinations were employed for his destruction. It is evident that Lajolais, who had passed from London to Paris, and from Paris to London, had been acting the part of an intriguer rather than of a conspirator; and that the object of his missions was not so much to reconcile Moreau and Pichegru, as to make Pichegru the instrument of implicating Moreau. Those who supposed Lajolais to be in the pay of the British government were egregiously imposed on. Lajolais was only in the pay of the secret police; he was condemned to death, as was expected, but he received his pardon, as was agreed upon. Here was one of the disclosures which Pichegru might have made; hence the necessity of getting him out of the way before the trial. As to the evidence of the man named Rolland, it was

clear to every body that Moreau was right when he said to the president, "In my opinion, Rolland is either a creature of the police, or he has given his evidence under the influence of fear." Rolland made two declarations: the first contained nothing at all; the second was in answer to the following observations: "You see you stand in a terrible situation: you must either be held to be an accomplice in the conspiracy, or you must be taken as evidence. If you say nothing, you will be considered in the light of an accomplice; if you confess, you will be saved." This single circumstance may serve to give an idea of the way the trials were conducted so as to criminate Moreau. On his part the general repelled the attacks, of which he was the object, with calm composure and modest confidence, though flashes of just indignation would occasionally burst from him. I recollect the effect he produced upon the court and the auditors at one of the sittings, when the president had accused him of the design of making himself dictator. He exclaimed, "I dictator! What, make myself dictator at the head of the partisans of the Bourbons! Point out my partisans! My partisans would naturally be the soldiers of France, of whom I have commanded nine-tenths, and saved more than fifty thousand. Those are the partisans I should look to! All my aides-de-camp, all the officers of my acquaintance, have been arrested; not the shadow of a suspicion could be found against any of them, and they have been set at liberty. Why, then, attribute to me the madness of aiming to get myself made dictator by the aid of the adherents of the old French princes, of persons who have fought in their cause since 1792? You allege that those men, in the space of four-and-twenty hours, formed the project of raising me to the dictatorship! It is madness to think of it! My fortune and my pay have been alluded to; I began the world with nothing; I might have had by this time fifty millions; I have merely a house and a bit of ground; as to my pay it is forty thousand francs. Surely that sum will not be compared with my services!"

During the trial Moreau delivered a defence, which I knew had been written by his friend Garat, whose eloquence I well remember was always disliked by Bonaparte. Of this I had a proof on the occasion of a grand ceremony which took place in the Place des Victoires, on laying the first stone of a monument, which was to have been erected to the memory of Desaix, but which was never executed. The first consul returned home in very ill humour, and said to me, "Bourrienne, what an animal that Garat is! What a stringer of words! I have been obliged to listen to him for three-quarters of an hour. There are people who never know when to hold their tongues."

Whatever might be the character of Garat's eloquence, or Bonaparte's opinion of it, his conduct was noble on the occasion of Moreau's trial; for he might be sure Bonaparte would bear him a grudge, for lending the aid of his pen to the only man

whose military glory, though not equal to that of the first consul, might entitle him to be looked upon as his rival in fame. At one of the sittings a circumstance occurred which produced an almost electrical effect. I think I still see General Lecourbe, the worthy friend of Moreau, entering unexpectedly into the court, leading a little boy. Raising the child in his arms, he exclaimed aloud, and with considerable emotion, "Soldiers, behold the son of your general!" At this unexpected movement, all the military present spontaneously rose and presented arms; while a murmur of approbation from the spectators applauded the act. It is certain, that had Moreau at that moment said but one word, such was the enthusiasm in his favour, that the tribunal would have been broken up, and the prisoners liberated. Moreau, however, was silent, and, indeed, appeared the only unconcerned person in court. Throughout the whole course of the trial Moreau inspired so much respect, that when he was asked a question, and rose to reply, the gendarmes appointed to guard him rose at the same time, and stood uncovered while he spoke.

Georges was far from exciting the interest inspired by Moreau. He was an object of curiosity rather than of interest. The difference of their previous conduct was, in itself, sufficient to occasion a great contrast in their situation before the court. Moreau was full of confidence, and Georges full of resignation. The latter regarded his fate with a fierce kind of resolution. He occasionally resumed the caustic tone which he seemed to have renounced when he harangued his associates before their departure from the Temple. With the most sarcastic bitterness, he alluded to the name and vote of Thuriot, one of the most violent of the judges, often terming him *Tue-roi*;* and after pronouncing his name, or being forced to reply to his interrogatories, he would ask for a glass of brandy to wash his mouth.

Georges had the manners and bearing of a rude soldier; but under his coarse exterior, he concealed the soul of a hero. When the witnesses of his arrest had answered the questions of the President Hemart, this judge turned towards the accused, and inquired whether he had any thing to say in reply?—"No."—"Do you admit the facts?"—"Yes." Here Georges busied himself in looking over the papers which lay before him, when Hemart warned him to desist, and attend to the questions. The following dialogue then commenced. "Do you confess having been arrested in the place designated by the witness?"—"I do not know the name of the place."—"Do you confess having been arrested?"—Yes."—"Did you twice fire a pistol?"—"Yes."—"Did you kill a man?"—"Indeed I do not know."—"Had you a poniard?"—"Yes."—"And two pistols?"—"Yes."—"Who was in company with you?"—"I do not know

* Thuriot, and the President Hemart, both voted for the death of the king. Merlin, the imperial attorney-general, was one of the regicides.

the person."—"Where did you lodge in Paris?"—"Nowhere." "At the time of your arrest, did you not reside in the house of a fruiterer in the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève?"—"At the time of my arrest, I was in a cabriolet. I was lodged nowhere."—"Where did you sleep on the evening of your arrest?"—"Nowhere."—"What were you doing in Paris?"—"I was walking about."—"Whom have you seen in Paris?"—"I shall name no one: I know no one."

From this short specimen of the manner in which Georges replied to the questions of the president, we may judge of his unshaken firmness during the proceedings. In all that concerned himself, he was perfectly open; but in regard to whatever tended to endanger his associates, he maintained the most obstinate silence, notwithstanding every attempt to overcome his firmness.

That I was not the only one who justly appreciated the noble character of Georges, is rendered evident by the following circumstance: Having accompanied M. Carbonnet to the police, where he went to demand his papers, on the day of his removal to Sainte-Pelagie, we were obliged to await the return of M. Réal, who was absent. M. Desmarets and several other persons were also in attendance. M. Réal had been at the Conciergerie, where he had seen Georges Cadoudal, and on his entrance, observed to M. Desmarets and the others, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by M. Carbonnet and myself, "I have had an interview with Georges, who is an extraordinary man. I told him that I was disposed to offer him a pardon if he would promise to renounce the conspiracy and accept of employment under government. But to my arguments and persuasions, he only replied, *My comrades followed me to France, and I shall follow them to death.*" In this he kept his word.

Were we to judge of these memorable proceedings from the official documents published in the Moniteur and other journals of that period, we should form a very erroneous opinion. Those falsities were even the object of a very serious complaint on the part of Coster-Saint-Victor, one of the accused.

After the speech of M. Gauthier, the advocate of Coster-Saint-Victor, the president inquired of the accused whether he had any thing further to say in his defence, to which he replied, "I have only to add, that the witnesses necessary to my exculpation have not yet appeared. I must besides express my surprise at the means which have been employed to lead astray public opinion, and to load with infamy, not only the accused, but also their intrepid defenders. I have read with pain in the journals of to-day, that the proceedings——" (Here the president interrupting him, observed that "those were circumstances foreign to the case.") "Not in the least," replied Coster-Saint-Victor; "on the contrary, they bear very materially on the cause;

since mangling and misrepresenting our defence is a practice assuredly calculated to ruin us in the estimation of the public. In the journals of to-day, the speech of M. Gauthier is shamefully garbled, and I should be deficient in gratitude, were I not here to bear testimony to the zeal and courage which he has displayed in my defence. I protest against the puerilities and absurdities which have been put into his mouth, and I entreat him not to relax in his generous efforts. It is not on his account that I make this observation; he does not require it at my hands; it is for myself, it is for the accused, whom such arts tend to injure in the estimation of the public."

Coster-Saint-Victor had something chivalrous in his language and manners, which spoke greatly in his favour; he conveyed no bad idea of one of the Fieschi conspirators, or of those leaders of the Fronde who intermingled gallantry with their politics.

An anecdote to this purpose was current about the period of the trial. Coster-Saint-Victor, it is related, being unable any longer to find a secure asylum in Paris, sought refuge for a single night in the house of a beautiful actress, formerly in the good graces of the first consul; and it is added, that Bonaparte, on the same night, having secretly arrived on a visit to the lady, found himself unexpectedly in the presence of Coster-Saint-Victor, who might have taken his life; but that only an interchange of courtesy took place betwixt the rival gallants.

This ridiculous story was, doubtless, intended to throw additional odium on the first consul, if Coster-Saint-Victor should be condemned, and not obtain a pardon, in which case malignity would not fail to attribute his execution to the vengeance of a jealous lover.

I should blush to relate such stories, equally destitute of probability and truth, had they not obtained some credit at the time. Whilst I was with Bonaparte, he never went abroad during the night; and it was not surely at a moment when the saying of Fouché, *The air is full of poniards,* was fully explained, that he would have risked such nocturnal adventures.

Wright was heard in the sixth sitting, on the 2d of June, as the hundred and thirty-fourth witness in support of the prosecution. He, however, refused to answer any interrogatories put to him, declaring that, as a prisoner of war, he considered himself only amenable to his own government.

The attorney-general requested the president to order the examinations of Captain Wright, on the 21st of May, and at a later period, to be read over to him; which being done, the witness replied, that it was omitted to be stated that on those occasions the questions had been accompanied with the threat of transferring him to a military tribunal, in order to be shot, if he did not betray the secrets of his country.

In the course of the trial, the most lively interest was felt for

MM. de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, and de Rivière. So short a period had elapsed since the proscription of the nobility, that independently of every feeling of humanity, it was certainly impolitic to exhibit before the public the heirs of an illustrious name, endowed with that devoted heroism, which could not fail to extort admiration, even from those who condemned their opinions and principles.

The prisoners were all young, and their situation created universal sympathy. The greatest number of them disdained to have recourse to a denial, and seemed less anxious for the preservation of their own lives, than for the honour of the cause in which they had embarked: not with the view of assassination, as had been demonstrated, but for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of the public feeling, which had been represented by some factious intriguers as favourable to the Bourbons. Why attempt to deny it? The great body of the people were not then favourable to their cause, as the prisoners soon discovered. In fact, previously to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the French nation, with very few exceptions, were much attached to the consular government, which was mild in comparison with that of the Convention and the Directory; even Moreau, had he not been an especial object of persecution, would have had little cause for hope, and, with respect to the others, if it had not been for the infernal secret police, their abortive plot would have dissolved, or remained covered with an impenetrable veil.

Even when the sword of the law was suspended over their heads, the faithful adherents of the Bourbons displayed on every occasion their attachment and fidelity to the royal cause. I recollect that the court was dissolved in tears, when the president adduced as a proof of the guilt of M. de Rivière, his having worn a medal of the Count d'Artois, which the prisoner requested to examine; and, on its being handed to him by an officer, M. de Rivière pressed it to his lips and his heart, then returning it, he said that he only wished to render homage to the prince whom he loved.

The court was still more deeply affected on witnessing the generous fraternal struggle which took place during the last sitting, between the two de Polignacs. The emotion was general when the eldest of the brothers, after having observed that his always going out alone and during the day did not look like a conspirator anxious for concealment, added those remarkable words which will remain indelibly engraven on my memory, "I have now only one wish, which is that, as the sword is suspended over our heads, and threatens to cut short the existence of several of the accused, you would in consideration of his youth, if not of his innocence, spare my brother, and shower down upon me the whole weight of your vengeance."

It was during the last sitting but one, on Friday the 8th of June, that M. Armand de Polignac made the above affecting appeal in favour of his brother. The following day, before the fatal sentence was pronounced, M. Jules de Polignac addressed the judges, saying, "I was so deeply affected yesterday, while my brother was speaking, as not fully to have attended to what I read in my own defence; but being now perfectly tranquil, I entreat, gentlemen, that you will not regard what he urged in my behalf. I repeat, on the contrary, and with more justice, if one of us must fall a sacrifice, if there be yet time, save him; —restore him to the tears of his wife; I am single. Like him, I can meet death unappalled;—too young to have tasted the pleasures of life, I cannot regret their loss."—"No, no," exclaimed his brother, "you are still in the outset of your career; it is I who ought to fall."

At eight in the morning, the members of the tribunal withdrew to the council-chamber. Since the commencement of the proceedings, the crowd, far from diminishing, seemed each day to increase; this morning it was immense, and though the sentence was not expected to be pronounced till a late hour, no one quitted the court for fear of not being able to find a place, when the tribunal should resume its sitting.

Sentence of death was passed upon Georges Cadoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, de Rivière, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajolais, Roger, Coster-Saint-Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaut, Burbau, Lemercier, Jean Cadoudal, Lelan, and Merille; while Jules de Polignac, Leridan, General Moreau, Rolland, and Hisay, were only condemned to two years' imprisonment.

This decree was heard with consternation by the assembly, and soon spread throughout Paris. I may well affirm it to have been a day of public mourning;—even though it was Sunday, every place of amusement was nearly deserted. To the horror inspired by a sentence of death passed so wantonly, and of which the greater number of the victims belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was joined the ridicule inspired by the condemnation of Moreau; of the absurdity of which no one seemed more sensible than Bonaparte himself, and respecting which he expressed himself in the most pointed terms. I am persuaded, that every one who narrowly watched the proceedings of this celebrated trial, must have been convinced, that all means were resorted to, in order that Moreau, once accused, should not appear entirely free from guilt.

Bonaparte is reported to have said, "Gentlemen, I have no control over your proceedings; it is your duty strictly to examine the evidence, before presenting a report to me. But when it has once the sanction of your signatures, woe to you if an innocent man be condemned." This remark is in strict conformity with

his usual language, and bears a striking similarity to the conversation I held with him on the following Thursday; but though this language might be appropriate from the lips of a sovereign whose ministers are responsible, it appears but a lame excuse in the mouth of Bonaparte, the possessor of absolute power.

The condemned busied themselves in endeavouring to procure a repeal of their sentence; the greatest number of them yielded in this respect to the entreaties of their friends, who lost no time in taking the steps requisite to obtain the pardon of those in whom they were most interested. Moreau at first also determined to appeal; but he relinquished his purpose before the Court of Cassation commenced its sittings.

As soon as the decree of the special tribunal was delivered, Murat, governor of Paris, and brother-in-law to the emperor, sought his presence, and conjured him in the most urgent manner to pardon all the criminals, observing, that such an act of clemency would redound greatly to his honour in the opinion of France and all Europe—that it would be said the emperor pardoned the attempt against the life of the first consul, that this act of mercy would shed more glory over the commencement of his reign, than any security which could accrue from the execution of the prisoners. Such was the conduct of Murat; but he did not solicit, as has been reported, the pardon of any one in particular.

Those who obtained the imperial pardon, were Bouvet de Lozier, who expected it from the disclosures he had made; Rusillon, de Rivière, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, d'Hozier, Lajolais, who had beforehand received a promise to that effect, and Armand Gaillard.

The other ill-fated victims of a sanguinary police underwent their sentence on the 25th of June, two days after the promulgation of the pardon of their associates.

Their courage and resignation never forsook them even for a moment, and Georges, knowing that it was rumoured he had obtained a pardon, entreated that he might die the first, in order that his companions in their last moments might be assured he had not survived them.*

* Napoleon, when at St. Helena, described the conspiracy of Georges, Pichegru, &c., in the following way:

"In different nights of August, September, and December, 1803, and January, 1804, Captain Wright landed Georges, Pichegru, Rivière, Coster-Saint-Victor, La Haye, St. Hilaire, and others at Beville. The four last named had been accomplices in the former attempt to assassinate me by means of the infernal machine, and most of the rest were well known to be chiefs of the Chouans. They remained during the day in a little farm-house near to where they had landed, the proprietor of which had been bribed to assist them. They travelled only by night, pretending to be smugglers, concealing themselves in the daytime in lodgings which had been previously procured for them. They had plenty of money, and remained at Paris for some time without being discovered,

M THE CRAYON DRAWING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE. ENGRAVED BY HENRY

JOACHIM MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

BONAPARTE AND COIGNET.

although the police had some intimation that a plot was going on through Mehée de la Touche, who, although paid as a spy by your ministers, disclosed every thing to the French police. He had several conferences with Drake, your chargé d'affaires at Munich, from whom he received large sums of money. Some of the brigands who had been landed, were arrested and interrogated. By their answers it appeared that a man named Mussey, who lived at Offenburg, along with the Duke d'Enghien, was very active in corresponding with and sending money to those who had been secretly landed on the coast; and most of whom could give no good reason why they had ventured to return to Paris at the imminent hazard of their lives, as they had not been included in the amnesty. The list of the prisoners and their answers on examination were submitted to me. I was very anxious, and looking over it one night, I remarked that one of the number, named Querel, was stated to be a surgeon. It immediately struck me that this man was not actuated by enthusiasm, or by a spirit of party, but by the hope of gain. He will therefore be more likely to confess than any of the others; and the fear of death will probably induce him to betray his accomplices. I ordered him to be tried as a Chouan; and, according to the laws, he was condemned to death. It was not a mock trial, as Warden thought: on the contrary, while leading to execution, he demanded to be heard, and promised to make important disclosures. Information of this was brought to me by Lauriston, and Querel was conducted back to prison, where he was interrogated by the grand judge Réal. He confessed that he had come from England, and had been landed in August, 1803, from Wright's ship, along with Georges and several others. That Georges was then in Paris, planning the assassination of the first consul. He also pointed out the houses where the other conspirators and himself had stopped on their way to Paris. Police officers were immediately sent to the place he had designated; and from the result of their inquiries it appeared he had told the truth, and that since the time he had described, two other landings of similar gentry had been effected by Wright, with the last of whom there had been some person of consequence, whose name they could not discover, and they soon expected another cargo. The Duke of Rovigo, as I told you once before, was immediately sent to Beville with a party of the police, in the hope of being able to seize them. An emigrant, named Bouvet de Lozier, who has since been employed in the Isle of France, was also arrested. After he had been confined for some weeks, he became desperate, and hung himself in the prison one morning. The gaoler, who heard an uncommon noise in his room, went in and cut him down before life had departed. While he was recovering his senses he burst out into incoherent exclamations that Moreau had brought Pichegru from London. That he was a traitor, and had persuaded them that all the army were for him, and that he would prove the cause of their destruction. Those expressions excited an alarm. The police knew that a brother of Pichegru's, who had once been a monk, lived in Paris. He was arrested and examined. He avowed that he had seen his brother a day or two before, and asked if it were a crime. Moreau was immediately arrested, and large rewards were offered by the police for the apprehension of Georges and Pichegru. Pichegru was betrayed by one of his old friends, who came to the police and offered to deliver him into their hands for a hundred thousand francs paid on the spot. Georges still continued to elude the vigilance of the police. I proclaimed the city of Paris to be in a state of siege, and no person was allowed to quit it unless by day, and through certain barriers, where were stationed people, to whom the persons of the conspirators were familiar. About three weeks afterwards, Georges was betrayed and taken, after having shot one of the men who tried to arrest him. All his accomplices were subsequently taken. Pichegru did not deny having been employed by the Bourbons, and behaved with great audacity. Afterwards finding his case desperate, he strangled himself in prison. The rest of the conspirators were publicly tried in the month of May, before the tribunal of the department of the Seine, and in the presence of all the foreign ambassadors in Paris. Georges, Polignac, Rivière, Coster, and sixteen or seventeen others were found guilty of having conspired against the life of the chief

magistrate of the French nation, and condemned to death. Georges, Coster, and seven or eight more were executed. Rivière was pardoned partly by the prayers of Murat. I pardoned some of the others also. Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was commuted into banishment to America. Jules de Polignac, confident of the Count d'Artois, and many others were also condemned to imprisonment."—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

A few days after the death of Pichegru, Captain Wright was found dead in his dungeon, in the Temple, with his throat cut from ear to ear. A dreadful mystery rests on this dark affair. Bonaparte laboured to make it be believed, that this British officer sunk under the weight of his own remorse, and the scorn of other men, at finding himself implicated with assassins, and put an end to his own existence in order to escape degradation and a public execution. But on the other hand, it was confidently asserted, that Napoleon's police, after *torturing him in his dungeon*, to extort evidence touching matters of which he was wholly ignorant, murdered Captain Wright, in order to conceal so abominable a transaction. There is no doubt of that gallant officer's innocence. Bonaparte would scarcely have dared to execute him publicly, and Captain Wright, a day or two before his death, so far from being in a state of despair or despondence, was heard to speak cheerfully of his release.—*Editor.*

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